

July 10, 1963

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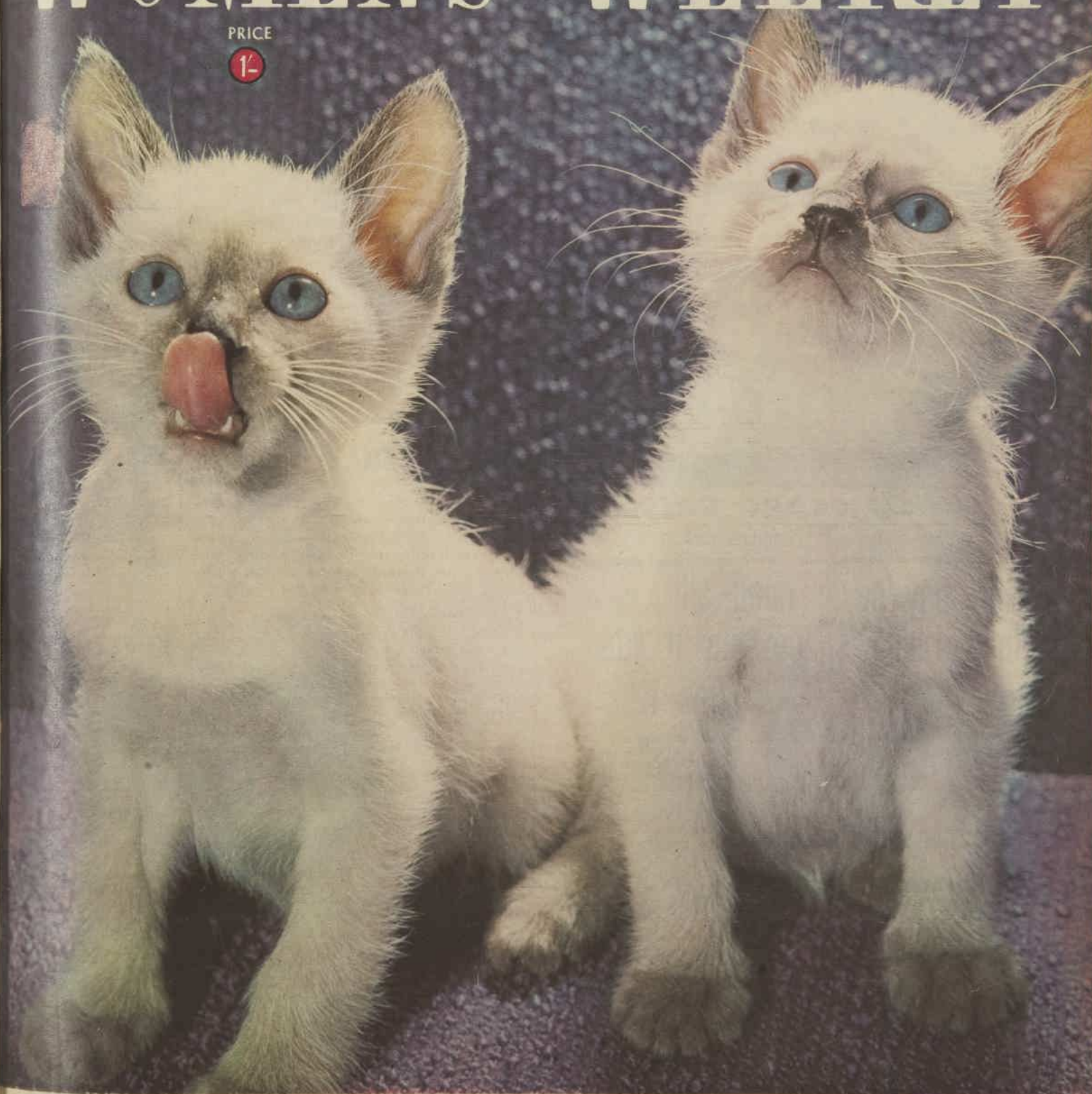
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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

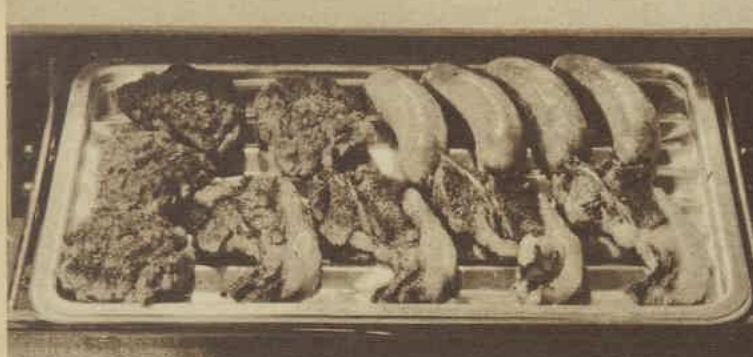
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The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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JULY 10, 1963

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● In "The Mouse On The Moon" (pages 18, 19), author Leonard Wibberley continues the saga of the Duchy of Grand Fenwick which made millions laugh when "The Mouse That Roared" was made into a film with Peter Sellers as the star.

IN "The Mouse On The Moon," Leonard Wibberley has written a very funny spoof on the race to the moon, with side glances at the rival nations—Russia and America.

When we asked young French artist Phillippe Reder, of Kings Cross, N.S.W., to illustrate the serial, he read the novel—the first he has read in English—with the help of a dictionary.

Phillippe formerly lived in Algeria.

REMEMBER "A House From the Past," inspired by a Sydney man's boyhood love for regal old Fernleigh Castle, in Rose Bay, shown in color in our June 19 issue?

Mrs. Noeline Thorley, of Lake Macquarie, has written:

"The Ferns," as Fernleigh Castle was originally called, began as a stone cottage built for my grandfather, the late C. Roberts, of Roberts Hotel, on the corner of Market and George Streets, Sydney.

"My mother, Charlotte Roberts, was married from 'The Ferns' in 1874.

"As a matter of interest, in the 1850s Roberts Hotel had a special business lunch—a grill with young potatoes—for 6d."

Our Cover

● Siamese kittens, two of a litter of seven, were five weeks old when this picture was taken by staff photographer Ron Berg. The mother, Ash Nam Phung Kong ("Honey Gold"), and the kittens are owned by Miss Gloria Books, of Manly, N.S.W.

MRS. ELLEN PRESTON, of Taringa, Queensland, has sent us a letter from her great-niece, Miss Jenny Smith, of Burton-on-Trent, England.

Miss Smith wrote:

"I am very thrilled each week when I receive the copy of The Australian Women's Weekly which you send me.

"All the family likes reading it. I also take the copies to work, where two men are considering migrating to Australia. They like to look through the papers to get a picture of the Australian way of life.

"I like the paper for many reasons. I save all the recipes, and now have a collection—typed and filed—of 1000.

"I also like all the fashion features and the knitting and handicraft patterns."

THIS WEEK'S WINNERS



3rd

MARVILLE NATIONAL BAKING QUEST

NATIONAL WEEKLY WINNER

Mrs. S. Graham, Clapham, Adelaide, S.A., wins a Philips Transistor Radio. For her recipe, see page No. 41.

120 OTHER WEEKLY WINNERS

Each wins a set of 6 multi-colour Agee Pyrex ramekins.

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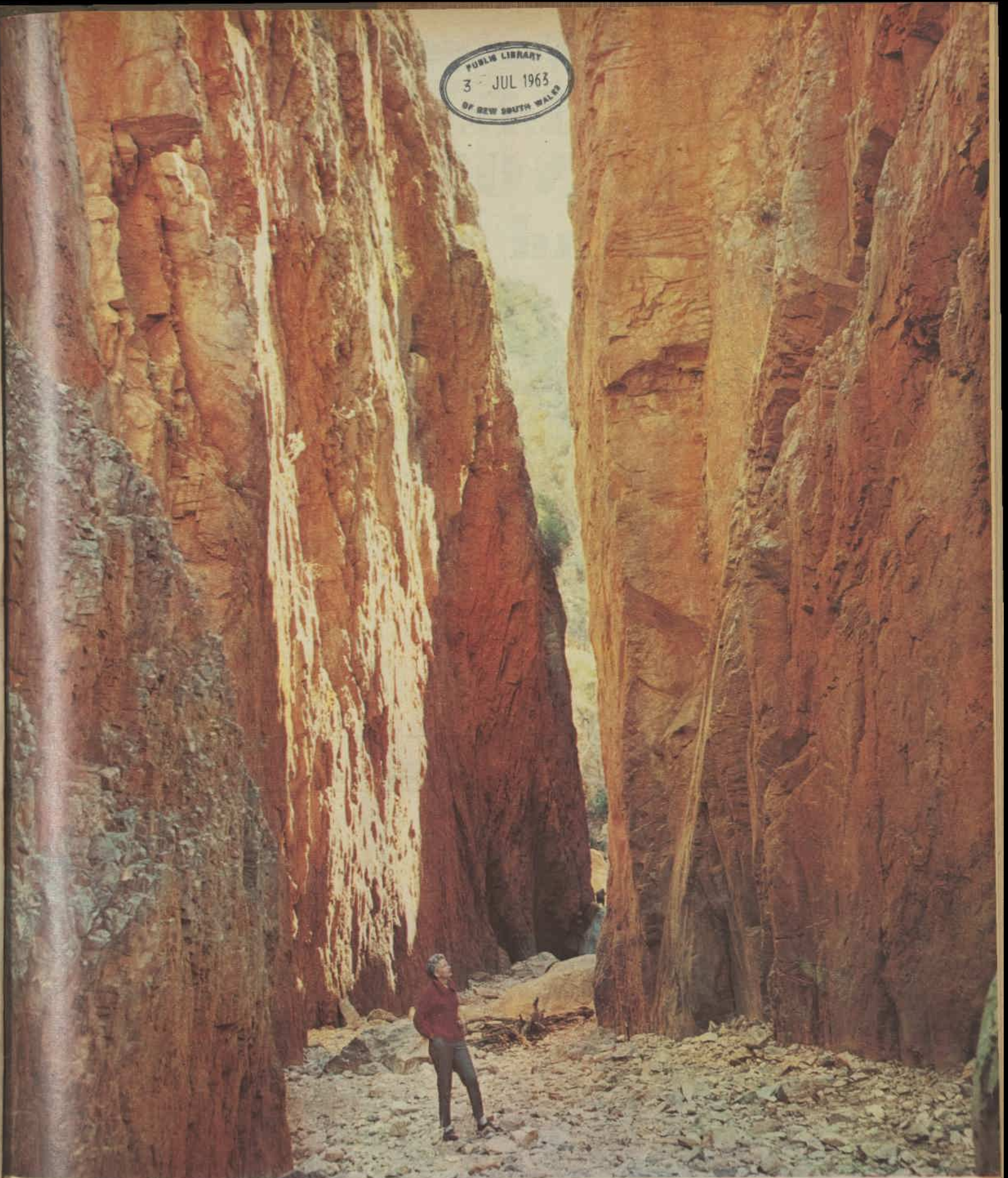
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Enter now! Prizes worth £11,050 include 5 Ford Falcon Deluxe Sedans. Entry forms at your grocer's.





BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

THE CLIFFS OF GOLD

THE WALLS of Standley Chasm, Northern Territory, painted gold by the sun, tower over staff photographer Adelle Hurley. The chasm — 20 to 30 ft. wide and up to more than 500 ft. deep — cuts through the MacDonnell Ranges, linking a wooded valley to the heart of the mountains. It is 30 miles west of Alice Springs. The floor of the chasm is carpeted with white pebbles and boulders. Adelle took this unusual and striking study, pointing up the insignificance of humans in the majestic natural setting, by readying the camera and having her husband press the shutter release.



LIZ with her sealyham, Taffy.

So big a star, but . . .

Liz Taylor is NOT all tears and temperament

● So much of an idol is this queen of the screen that fans expect every story about her to be inflated and larger than life. Thus they lose sight of the career actress behind the image . . .

TO get the true picture I interviewed Liz Taylor on the last day of the filming of "The V.I.P.s," made at Elstree, with co-star Richard Burton.

Liz is being paid a million dollars for her role, plus a substantial share of the profits.

The unit had been in the studio for over three months, and there had been the usual

clashes of temperament — from Orson Welles, even from Burton.

Liz, the most film-starry film star in the world, notoriously unreliable and in delicate health, had been consistently punctual, dependable, and quite robust.

When I arrived on the set, Burton and Liz, cast as a millionaire tycoon and his wife, were scheduled to make a dinner-party scene on a luxury yacht.

Stand-ins and extras

waited about. They had been there all morning.

But by midday Liz was still being made up.

The atmosphere on the set was genial. There was no sign of impatience.

The two in charge were "Puffin"—Anthony Asquith, the director — and "Tolly," otherwise Anatole de Grunwald, the producer.

As we waited, Puffin filled me in on the film facts.

Without any humming or ha-ing, he quickly dispelled the myth that Liz was difficult, tricky, temperamental.

"Elizabeth Taylor is frightfully easy to work with—a real professional," he said.

"She's a fantastic technician.

"It's amazing the way she can just switch on—Leslie Howard was the same."

At 12.20 there was a stir. "Here she is!"

By FRANCIS WYNDHAM

A stately procession slowly approached: Liz, with hair piled elaborately high, in a white evening dress and out-size jewels, escorted by Burton and followed by a little entourage of secretaries, attendants, friends.

They climbed up on to the set.

The atmosphere immediately relaxed and intensified; laughter became louder, movements brisker. The day's work had at last acquired a focus.

Burton recoiled in mock horror at the sight of the pseudo-yacht.

"Yachts have unpleasant associations for me," he said. "The last time we were on one, as guests of an Italian friend, we kept on stumbling over photographers.

So famous

"It was supposed to be a private occasion, but our host had invited them along, too."

Then he and Liz took their places on the set. The simple scene, without dialogue, was soon over.

Puffin introduced me to Liz.

When one meets someone as famous as this it is im-

possible to be unaware of the fame itself as a kind of emanation, both enhancing and inhibiting.

The most trivial remarks become laden with ridiculous significance: Even "How are you?" or "I'm so pleased to meet you" acquire overtones.

What, in fact, can one say to Elizabeth Taylor?

The famous face, unnervingly familiar, smiled at me patiently—or, rather, at a point just over my shoulder.

I said: "What does it feel like on the last day of a film?"

"Oh, I don't know. At present I just feel one great big nothing."

"Knitting"

Richard Burton, who was standing protectively beside her, said, "She'll feel it tonight. Tonight there'll be tears."

"Have you," I pursued, "any plans for another film after this?"

"I'm never, never, never going to make any more plans ever for the rest of my life."

I don't think she meant this as a joke, but Richard Burton turned it into one.

"She's going to take up knitting," he said. "Two plain, one purl . . ."

Just then a nearby technician dropped part of an arc lamp with a nerve-jangling crash.

Liz quivered with shock and let out a piercing "Ouch."

But immediately she laughed, touched the technician, and, calling him "Love," scolded him gently.

Every day while she was filming at Elstree, Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton had lunch alone together at a nearby pub called The King's Arms. One would have thought that the other people in the dining-room, the men drinking in the bar, the waitresses might have betrayed some surprise or interest when the fabulous apparition entered with her exotic coiffure, her ermine-trimmed dress, her gigantic emeralds and diamonds worth £A170,000.

But they all ignored her and her handsome companion, continuing to munch and mumble as phlegmatically as extras on a film set, while the stars ate their way through the menu of mushroom soup, roast beef and

Lunch at The King's Arms



LIZ listens . . .



and watches . . .



and sets a curl . . . but never takes her eyes off Burton.



Leaving the table, she follows close on his heels.



RELAXING over a drink. "I love Richard in all his Welsh darkness," Liz once said. (Picture taken on the last filming day of "The V.I.P.s.")

two veg., choice of trifle or cheese.

They drank champagne with this unromantic meal, gazing into each other's eyes just like lovers on the movies . . .

The afternoon's work was due to start at two o'clock: the pair were back from the pub and on the set by 1.55. There was nobody there.

Eye-sequins

"I hope you will note," said Burton, "that Miss Taylor, who has a reputation for being late, is actually early! It's everybody else who is late."

Meanwhile she had settled herself in a chair and was calmly, painstakingly making up her face with the help of one of her entourage.

One by one, tiny silver sequins were applied to her lids to give her eyes the glinting, glittering, triangular look associated with Cleopatra.

Gradually the unit returned from lunch—amused and disconcerted by the punctuality of the stars.

Burton, enjoying the situation, said, "We've been waiting for ages."

And when Puffin and Tolly appeared: "You're all so late, I've been making up the extras myself! Gross inefficiency!"

"You wait till I produce a film," said Liz. "There just won't be a film."

I asked her: "Do you still feel that you're English?"

"Yes, I do, definitely. I feel very English." (But her accent and to a great extent her mannerisms seem American.)

"If you ever have any spare time, how do you like to spend it? What interests you?"

"Reading. I love reading."

"What kind of books do you like best?"

"I like every kind of book."

"What are your admirations? For example, among other actors, among directors, and writers . . ."

"I have a lot of admirations. I admire Richard Burton as an actor. And Montgomery Clift is a very fine actor."

"So is Rex Harrison. Katharine Hepburn is a lovely actress."

"And I think Tennessee Williams is wonderful—I loved acting in his films."

"I remember reading that Tennessee Williams admired you as an instinctive actress, with a raw quality that has nothing to do with technique. Anthony Asquith just told me that he admires you as a great technician, a consummate professional. Which do you agree with?"

"I agree with Tennessee Williams that I am an instinctive actress. But of course you must have technique. Puffin is wonderful. I love working with him."

"Have you a favorite part?"

"I don't think so—but Cleopatra is the part I feel most involved with. After all, she took up five years of my life."

"Did you feel after five years that you understood the real Cleopatra better than at first?"

"No. Nobody has ever understood Cleopatra. I don't think she understood herself."

Every so often throughout this conversation the woman helping Liz to make up and adjust her gigantic head-dress would let out a peremptory cry: "Daisy May."

But Daisy May never materialised.

It was now time for Liz's close-up in the yacht dinner.

She was to lift a glass of champagne to her lips.

"We want two moods," said Puffin. "One sad, one merry."

Burton offered to help induce these moods, performing behind the camera for her benefit.

To make her merry he walked briskly forward saying: "So you see there I was alone with this girl, and then who should come in but her father . . . There is now meant to be an outburst of spontaneous merriment."

"Obedient"

And so there was. Elizabeth Taylor laughed delightedly, then shook her head reproachfully at him.

For the sad close-up Richard Burton walked slowly toward her intoning a poem.

When he reached the word "beauty" he repeated it with languorous, hypnotic effect: "Beauty . . . beauty . . . beauty . . ."

An expression of exquisite sadness obediently crossed Liz's beautiful face.

After the shot, Liz came back to us accompanied by Taffy, her Welsh scalyham. It was suggested that she should be photographed with the dog.

"Well, that's goodbye to the dress, but never mind," she said, sitting down.

Taffy jumped on to her lap and began to chew her ring. "She loves to teethe on diamonds," remarked Liz.

Taffy snapped dangerously near the neck of her mistress, who was teasing her in a joking cockney accent like Eliza Doolittle's.

"She gets on beautifully with my Siamese cat," said Liz.

"See what the cat did to me the other day?"

She stretched out her foot to reveal a vicious scratch on the ankle.

"They think everything is a toy—even a human limb."

"Taffy adores the contraption Elizabeth had to wear when she hurt her leg," said Burton, indicating a truss-like object made of pale pink plastic, rather chewed at the edges, which was lying on the mauve sofa.

"Don't you, Taffy?"

He threw the surgical appliance to the scalyham, who began to worry it happily.

I said to Liz: "Have you ever thought of acting on the stage?"

"Yes, indeed I have. I would like to very much."

"Would it be in London or New York?"

"I would prefer London."

We discussed Liz's head-dress shown in the pictures, which was designed for her by Alexandre, of Paris. "These leaves are made of real hair, you know," she said.

Extra hair

"Somewhere there's a bald woman going about," said Burton, "who if she ever sees this film will say, 'Why look. My hair. I recognised it immediately!'"

"The dress is my own," said Liz. "Givenchy designed it for me."

Someone introduced the subject of food and wine, and the conversation turned to a restaurant where both were supposed to be very good. "The bill was probably enormous," Liz said. "But by then we were too stoned to notice!"

RICHARD BURTON
—moody, handsome.

"You know all that wine talk," said Burton, "about 'witty little wines' and 'I think you'll be amused by its presumption' and so on."

"Well, some people take it more literally than you'd expect."

"I had dinner with a Frenchman once who suddenly burst out laughing in the middle of the meal."

"I said 'What are you laughing at?' and he said: 'It's such a witty wine.'"

"And that's not affected!" said Liz ironically.

Then she said to David Steen, who had been photographing her throughout the conversation:

"Is there anywhere else you'd like me to go? Apart from the obvious place, of course!"

"Because I think I should start changing my dress and my hair and make-up for a scene in London Airport."

"And then I've finished. Daisy May!" she suddenly shouted. "Where is that Welsh . . ."

"Girl," suggested Richard Burton.

"Broad," said Elizabeth Taylor firmly.

She got up. "Now I must get undressed and then

dressed again. It's so boring at this time of day."

It was four o'clock. She went into the dressing-room.

About an hour later she emerged wearing street clothes, was escorted to the London Airport set by her entourage, acted her last little scene with professional finesse, was finished by 5.50 in accordance with the Technicians' Union rules, returned to her dressing-room, changed once more into her own clothes, and drove off punctually to London.

Her behaviour all day—and, it seems, throughout the making of the film—had been tactful, friendly, unpretentious, and competent.

The only sacred monster left in Hollywood—the one film star who can impose her whims on a producer and get away with it because she has the box office solidly behind her—turns out not to be a monster after all; the most famous *femme fatale* of her time reveals a decidedly domestic streak.

Is it, perhaps, this simplicity—curiously touching, evidently sincere—that is at the heart of her myth?





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Grandmother still packs an ace

MRS. ALMA HISCOX, 71, of Coff's Harbour, N.S.W., still plays competitive tennis in the second division.



● Blue-eyed Alma Hiscox could take the title for the most popular tennis partner at Coff's Harbour, in northern New South Wales.

FOR any player this is nice going; for Mrs. Hiscox it's remarkable, because she's 71 and has been playing competitive tennis for nearly half a century.

When photographer Ernie Nutt and I called at her home she was dressed in tennis rig, ready to play.

"I suppose you think I'm too old even to beat a carpet," she said, her eyes twinkling, "but I can still show those young 'uns a thing or two about tennis."

"If I'd known as much about it when I started 47 years ago I might have been a champ, but I can't hit the ball so hard now."

However, she can still hit it hard enough to win tournament matches in the local second division. And 12 years ago — when she was a mere 59 — she won the A Grade mixed doubles and ladies' doubles championships of Coff's Harbour.

Her partner in the mixed doubles was her husband, who died two years ago.

When the draw is out for the Coff's Harbour tournament doubles matches, those partnering "Old Foxy" Hiscox are delighted.

As one burly man said: "You couldn't have a better partner. She's so tricky with those smart shots, I'd rather play with her than against her any day."

I asked Mrs. Hiscox if there were any local players as old as she is.

"I'm not old"

"As old, dear? But I'm not old. All the other players are younger, that's all — except one gentleman, Mr. Harry Richards."

"He's 72 or 73, but he's been playing only a couple of years, so I don't suppose you'd put him in my class, would you?"

Mrs. Hiscox has two daughters — Beryl Gatenby, of Dorrigo, and Marjorie Blain, of Grafton — and seven grandchildren aged between 11 and 21.

"They're a wonderful lot," she said. "But they aren't much help in improving my tennis. I beat them all."

By CYNTHIA ROBINSON

She says players are not as tough as they used to be.

"I play in this dress and cardigan all the year, and even after a tough game I feel as fresh as a daisy," she said.

(She insisted on removing the cardigan for these pictures, "to protect Coff's Harbour's warm-weather reputation.")

"But these young ones, who've got nothing on but a long blouse they call a tennis dress, are panting like steam trains after a couple of sets."

Mrs. Hiscox does all her own housework and gardening, including mowing a formidable area of grass, and says tennis keeps her fit.

She never needs medical treatment, takes a headache powder "once in a while when I get a touch of arthritis in the shoulder of my serving arm."

"But I never let on to anyone, I wouldn't want them to think they had to play easy because I was an old crock."

She has no intention of giving up competitive tennis.

"This year when the club made me its first life member and sent back my 30/- annual subscription I was as thrilled as if I'd won the lottery."



MRS. HISCOX takes a forehand drive. Known to her opponents as "Old Foxy," she admits she is a tricky player, and can still beat her grandchildren. She was a local champion at 59.



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Page 7

SKI TIME IN THE SNOW COUNTRY



ALTHOUGH good snowfalls are late in covering the Alps this year, lots of winter-sport enthusiasts have been enjoying holidays in the crisp mountain air of Perisher Valley and Thredbo. Conditions are good on the heights for skiing, but the "Christmas-card look" has been missing from the villages.

The scarcity of deep snow has been "an ill wind" which has blown in a good direction for novices. They can practise in the safe snow-carpeted mountain basins.

FIRST-TIMERS trying their luck at Thredbo included Mr. and Mrs. Peter Ramsden, of Coogee, and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Bell, of Double Bay. They teamed up with Victorians Mr. and Mrs. John Gardiner, of South Yarra, for skiing instructions on the top of Mt. Crackenback, and consoled one another as they fell in the icy snow.

RECENTLY wed Robert Simpson and his bride, formerly Mrs. David Lloyd Jones, honeymooned at a friend's lodge at Thredbo before going on to Victoria to settle into their new home at Hawthorn. While in the snow country they made an afternoon trip to Perisher to say hello to old friends Tim Allen, Mr. and Mrs. David Gunning, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Walder, and Mr. and Mrs. Russel North Ash at the "Marritz Lodge."

INCIDENTALLY, Mrs. Walder won snow fashion honors with her eye-catching jacket of kangaroo fur. Alpine fashions are dazzling. Skiers in colorful pencil-slim stretch-pants, hooded parkas, and sweaters in brilliant shades present a picturesque scene as they ski silhouetted against blue skies and snow-capped peaks.

SCENE-STEALERS at Thredbo were young devotees Graham and Robert Wilkie, the four-and-a-half-year-old twin sons of Mr. and Mrs. David Wilkie, of Cronulla. Rugged up in pale blue ski pants, matching bulky-knit jumpers, and striped "beanies," they looked so alike I even heard their mother introducing them by their wrong names!

DUSK is the signal for gluhwein parties to begin. It's an Austrian drink made from hot wine and spices, and just the thing to warm the bones on those cold, cold evenings. The snow revellers drink it as they sit round roaring log fires, joining in happy songs which float over the slopes, breaking the great silence of the Alps.

—ITA BUTTROSE

ABOVE: Mr. John Culliton, of Collaroy, helps his wife adjust her skis before they set off for an exhilarating run down the snow slopes of Thredbo last week.

Pictures by staff photographer KEITH BARLOW.



ABOVE: A family of skiers, Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Schebesta, of Roseville, and their ten-year-old son Fred, who have been staying at Perisher Valley. Mrs. Schebesta knitted the matching sweaters worn by the family in this picture specially for the snow.

AT RIGHT: Miss Diana Cooper, of Perisher Valley, admiring the snowman built by youngster Anne Chidgey, of Pennant Hills. Anne and her brother, Ian, are spending a week's holiday with their mother, Mrs. Jim Chidgey, at The Man from Snowy River Hotel, Perisher Valley.



ABOVE: Miss Diana Maddox, of Darling Point, picked up a few pointers on good skiing from top professional ski instructor Mr. Leonhard Erhartner, of Austria. Mr. Erhartner is spending the winter season at Thredbo Alpine Village.



ABOVE: Miss Philippa Sceats, of Clontarf, Mr. Geoffrey Elder, of Rose Bay, and Miss Beverley Miller, of Kiama (on the right), were among youthful holiday-makers staying at Thredbo.



AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. John Gamble, of Kangaroo Point, were among scores of visitors who made the twenty-minute trip in the chairlift for a day's skiing on the top of Crackenback Mountain.



ABOVE: Attractive snow fan Miss Helen Wills, of Moaman, made her second visit to the snow country when she spent the weekend at Thredbo. She stayed at the Alpine Ski Club and skied with friends, including Mr. David White, of Muncellbrook, and Mr. Gavin Thompson, of Darling Point.



AT LEFT: Country skiing enthusiasts (from left) Mr. Robert Stitt, of "Billo-bong," Marsden, Miss M'Lisa Roberts, of "Wilga Hill," Condobolin, Miss Judy Senior and Miss Anne Senior, of "Foxdown," Grose Vale, and Miss Sue Anderson, of Marsden, who have been holidaying at Thredbo Village.

ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Vohralik, of East Lindfield (couple in the centre), joined in a gay singalong with (from left) Mr. Fritz Feiersinger, Mr. Hans Weigl, and Mr. Jean Ecuyer around the bar of "Marritz Lodge," at Perisher Valley.

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PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER SOME COUNTRY AREAS, N. TERRITORY

London model on

THREE FACES OF NAOMI

(whose features
change personality
to suit the
photographic pose)



1. FASHION PLATE.

"Not much room at the top"

● One of London's most-photographed glossy-magazine models, Naomi Leon, now visiting Sydney, says that of the estimated 4000 glamorous girls who try to storm London each year as high-fashion models, only about six find room at the top.

POSSIBLY 50 will do reasonably well, with regular work bringing them in about £20 a week," said Naomi.

"Others will take £12 a week. Jack-of-all-trades jobs with wholesale fashion houses.

"They will run messages, make the tea, take a turn at the switchboard, and perhaps do some typing, all for the sake of the chance to model when buyers want to look at a range, or to pose for trade pictures.

"The rest just seem to 'sink' into London."

Naomi says there are no hard-and-fast rules about what it takes to become a good model, apart from photographing well and an ability to work hard.

She points out that photographic models and mannequins who model clothes are in entirely different categories, and being good at one rarely means being able to do the other.

Top "must"

"Photographic models earn more than mannequins, possibly because having a photographic face is much rarer than the ability to show clothes."

The first "must" for a girl wanting to succeed at either type of modelling is to join a reputable agency.

"This is very important," she said, "because in London, anyway, some are far from reputable.

"The good agencies are very picky and choosy about accepting anyone unless they think she really has talent.

"My agent, Jean Bell, who limits her books to about a hundred models, won't take a girl under 5ft. 6in. tall, unless she has a fantastic face or some special quality that makes her different in an interesting or exciting way, as well as having good hands and legs."

Naomi says "being at the top" for a photographic model means regularly greeting the public from the pages of such magazines as "Vogue" and "Harper's Bazaar."

"Once a girl is in this prestige bracket she can command five guineas an hour," she said, "and there's more work than she can cope with."

"Staying at the top means working long hours, keeping fit, and having lots of rest."

"The top girls have little time for partying. They're too tired at the end of a day to want anything but an early night."

As an instance of the stamina needed by a model in everyday routine work, Naomi cited a vodka advertisement for which she modelled a few months ago.

She was to epitomise the spirit of the vodka, dressed as a sprite in an ethereal white chiffon gown, poised on the sand dunes of an isolated beach bathed in the fiery light of the setting sun.

"I left home at 8 on a bitterly cold morning, and after a long drive to the coast took up my position on the

beach in a howling March gale.

"I stood there from 3.30 p.m. until 7.30 p.m. posing for pictures, with nothing between me and the wind coming straight from the Pole but my strapless white chiffon dress."

Tony's ideas

"By the time the last shots were taken I was so numb I couldn't walk, and had to be carried from the beach back to the car."

"When I got home after my 'day's' work it was 3 a.m.—the following morning."

Naomi says there were usually perils involved in doing fashion shots for Lord Snowdon, Princess Margaret's husband, when he was photographer Antony Armstrong-Jones.

"Tony was full of off-beat ideas for pictures," she explained.

"On one occasion he had a brainwave that the pictures we were to do of a mackintosh coat I was to model for 'Vogue' should be taken with me paddling in the River Thames, opposite Battersea Power Station."

"As time went on I found myself in deeper and deeper water until finally I was up to my waist in the Thames with the coat practically flapping round my ears. Ugh!"

Another outing she recalled with a shudder was going to Covent Garden Market to model a spring suit.

visit to Australia



2. **INGENUUE.**



3. **SOPHISTICATE.**



"Tony had an inspiration the suit should be shown in a setting of crates and crates of apples, with dozens of loose apples cascading down on my head.

"The client, who was there too, finally objected to apples bouncing round everywhere, but not before an audience of about 200 market porters had gathered to increase my misery — with catcalls, whistles, and wisecracks."

Although Naomi grew up in a world of fashion—her mother had a wholesale fashion business—she never considered modelling as a

career until several months after she left school four years ago, when her mother told her it was "time she thought about a job."

"I looked an absolute gawk at the time," said Naomi.

Scraggy hair

"I was 5ft. 9½in. tall (I grew five inches between the ages of 11 and 14) and skinny. I wore my scraggy hair in a pony tail caught with rubber bands, and lazed about in jeans and sweaters.

"All I wanted from clothes was comfort."

She began her grooming by having her hair cut and styled.

"This gave my morale such a lift I went off and bought cosmetics which I experimented with, then had some photographs taken which I sent to Jean Bell's model agency.

"A couple of days later I was waiting for a bus when a photographer introduced himself and asked if I would like to pose for some pictures for 'Vogue.'

"I'll never forget the look of horror on the face of the fashion editor when he presented me to her.

"'Use HER as a model!' she exclaimed."

In no time—four years ago—Naomi had made the front cover.

She considers she has retained her place in the forefront by not letting success go to her head ("this is a model's most dangerous temptation") and always dressing to suit her personality and set off her figure.

NEVER has she played down her height.

"I've never been uncomfortable or self-conscious about being tall," she said. "My mother is also tall, and my father was 6ft. 2in.

"Often I emphasise my height by wearing clothes

with an unbroken line and high heels.

"I strictly avoid fussy clothes and itty-bitsy little pieces of jewellery.

"If I wear a ring it has to be a big one, and my bracelets are heavy and chunky."

Naomi says the paths of London's established professional models and girls of the world of Christine Keeler and Mandy Rice-Davies never cross.

"Livid"

"It makes us really livid to hear them called models," she said.

"Mandy Rice-Davies was pointed out to me as she

danced with a film star at a nightclub, but we have never met, nor are we likely to.

"She looked incredibly young — far more like 14 than 17 — and had a rather vacant expression."

To Naomi, the Christines and the Mandys are typical of the teenagers who get inflated ideas about themselves because they happen to be the prettiest girls in their own circles.

They leave home and make for London, convinced they'll find success overnight as models.

"But few of them make the grade," she said. "Pretti-ness is not nearly enough to make a model."



RED LAMBSWOOL SUIT with fine red check revers and back-buttoning sleeveless hipster blouse. Naomi wears it without the coat for cocktails or informal dining and dancing. **LEFT**, she wears a jade lace wool outfit, which is also from her personal wardrobe.

Color pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg. The sepia pictures are from Naomi's album of modelling shots.

Why is this
man welcome
wherever
he goes?

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is the aim of your Friendly Electrolux Man. As a key member of a world-wide organisation founded in Sweden 44 years ago, he offers you the world's most advanced appliances.

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## It seems to me

SOME friends of mine keep tropical fish in their sitting-room. On a recent visit I was so taken with the creatures that I began to think of getting some of my own.

I asked a few searching questions.

Were they an expensive hobby? Not as expensive as horses, I was assured.

Did they take up much time? Not more than the study of racing news.

What about holidays? It seems that you can empty them into a plastic bag and take them to a boarding-house for fish.

One aspect appealed to me in theory. I didn't see how one's affections could be engaged by fish, and therefore mishaps to them wouldn't bring grief.

"Ah, but you could be so wrong," said another friend of mine. "People won't be unkind to a cat, dog, or bird, but . . ."

She went on to tell, with a reminiscent gleam, of a party she once attended. The hostess had a bowl of goldfish.

Present was a life-of-the-party man. As the evening wore on he announced that he was thirsty, dipped his glass in the fish bowl, scooped up a small fish, and swallowed the lot.

The hostess, said my friend, was furious. She never spoke to him again.

I DON'T know who first coined the word-unflappable, but at present it is applied exclusively to the British Prime Minister, Mr. Macmillan.

I'm tired of unflappable already. Besides, that long-established word imperturbable LOOKS more like Mr. Macmillan.

ALL credit must go to Canada's Minister for Health, Miss Judy Lamash, a former 50-a-day smoker, who threw her last cigarette butt over Niagara Falls.

Having made such a dramatic gesture of renunciation she will go through extra misery, because the subject will be continually mentioned to her.

The best way of giving up smoking (so I am told—I haven't tried) is not to tell anyone else.

When offered a cigarette you simply say, "Not just now."

The worst part for givers-up is when they slip back and people make joking remarks. I have heard examples of this which made me marvel at the gentle spirit of the weakening one.

I am afraid I would pick up the nearest paperweight and aim it. Which is why I have not yet tried really hard to stop. Smoking is a lesser vice than murder.



A NEWS item in the London "Daily Mail" sent me scuttling to the files to find a letter which I received early last year from a Member of the House of Commons.

Perhaps I should state right away, without further attempts to mislead, that the letter concerned a new alphabet and the writer was Sir James Pitman, Conservative M.P. for Bath and grandson of the shorthand inventor.

A couple of weeks earlier I had written a paragraph expressing scepticism about this New Augmented Roman Alphabet, which has 43 characters, no capitals, and uses phonetic spelling.

Sir James' first letter was stern, confident, but kind. One should not make hasty judgments, he indicated. He sent me some information and hoped that when the report of the London University Institute of Education was released I might eat my words.

It looks as if the time is approaching when I may have to do that.

The report mentioned by Sir James has now been issued. The alphabet will be introduced experimentally at 12 to 14 London schools this September. In a report last month Mr. Maurice Harrison, director of education for Oldham County Borough, said that the success of the new alphabet at Oldham schools had been "staggering."

He claimed that using the conventional alphabet less than 1 per cent. of primary schoolchildren could read fluently after five terms. Using the augmented alphabet more than 57 per cent. could read fluently after the same period.

Incidentally, after I answered Sir James' first letter, I had another from him inviting me, should I come to England, to have a meal at the House of Commons.

Oh, to be in England, now that so much is happening in the House of Commons!

Guess what's happened means Hooray?  
We have passed the shortest day.  
Soon the evening bus will loom  
Clearer from the circling gloom.  
If you wonder why I sing  
Prematurely thus of spring,  
Truth is, spring's reality  
Lets one down so frightfully.  
Always cold or wet or late,  
Best anticipate the date.  
Let's be cheerful while the rain  
Drips upon the window-pane,  
Dream of temperatures in store  
(Upper seventies and more),  
Disregarding winter chills  
And the radiator bills.  
Does this seem absurd to you?  
Confidentially—me, too.



# WORTH REPORTING

EVERY afternoon on Hong Kong's commercial radio station a friendly Australian voice says, "Good afternoon, ladies!" And Mary Collins has begun the women's programme.

Mary Collins, of Young, N.S.W., has become well known in Hong Kong during three years of going round the city to get her radio interviews.

"My tape-recorder is as good as a passport, especially with the Chinese," said Mary. "They reverence show business, and greet me with smiles and deep bows."

The session, "For the Ladies," includes talks, features, music, household and current affairs.

She recently introduced "Ship Ahoy," a programme

of interviews with sailors and their request tunes.

Mary made her radio debut in her home-town as "Babs" on Station 2LF's children's programme. When her family moved to Sydney she worked as a secretary at another station, won two singing competitions, and became a regular radio and stage performer.

During an extended visit to a friend in Kuching, Sarawak, she appeared weekly on Radio Sarawak.

"On my return to Sydney I had a yen to get back to the Far East, so I came to Hong Kong," she explained.

For the past year Mary has also been writing a social column and doing stage and TV shows.

Currently she is voice-dubbing children's cartoons for Stephen Bosustow (creator of "Mr. Magoo"), who has studios in Hong Kong.

## Three for the open road

IN the next five months a small red car with a green tarpaulin-covered roof-rack will tackle some of the toughest roads outback on its way round Australia.

In it will be Maria Muller, 27, from Holland, Ann Ramp, 23, from Germany, and Peggy Chambers, 30, from New Zealand.

Maria, a former high-school teacher at The Hague and ex-stewardess on the Willem Ruys, has been in Australia for 18 months. Ann, whose family lives in Jindabyne, N.S.W., came from Heidelberg three years ago.

Peggy is a Maori from Gisborne.

The girls met in the staff mess of the Snowy Mountains Authority, where they all worked as waitresses.

They've estimated the cost of the trip at about £150 each. Extras for the car (which is Peggy's) and camping gear cost £200.

The girls called at our Melbourne office after going south from Cooma.

They left for Adelaide, and from there they plan to go to Perth, Port Hedland, Broome, Derby, Darwin, Alice Springs, Ayers Rock, and Tennant Creek.

At Mt. Isa they will send the car by train to Townsville. From there they will drive north to Cairns, then to Brisbane, and across to Cunnamulla and Bourke.

Two pumpkins in the boot are a going-away gift from "a fellow in the Snowy who thought they'd keep us going."

There is also a shovel, axe, and rifle—just in case.

They will have music wherever they go. In the luggage are Peggy's guitar, Maria's mouth organ, and Ann's melodica.



THREE FOR THE OPEN ROAD (from left), Ann Ramp, Peggy Chambers, and Maria Muller. They have taken six months off from work to drive round Australia.

WE'RE rather intrigued by the fare—culture with a dash of frivolity—being offered at the opening of an art show at 265 Avoca Street, Randwick, N.S.W., on July 5.

There'll be an exhibition of 150 paintings by the Cumberland Art Society, some musical entertainment, and a fashion show of sportswear, furs, and luxury lingerie.

The Cumberland Art Society, formed three years ago, is a group of young artists whose work is founded on French Impressionism.

Their show, sponsored by the P. and C. Ladies' Auxiliary of Sydney Boys' High School, will continue until July 11. It will be opened by artist Judy Cassab (Mrs. Kampfer), who has two sons attending the school.

## Traveller has a mission

THIRTY-FIVE thousand miles in two years—that's the travel logged by Joyce Lewis, of Gilgandra, N.S.W., secretary of Fido (Federal Inland Development Organisation).

For three years Fido has been battling to get the Government to build a 1000-mile highway from Camooweal, north-west of Mount Isa, through Queensland to Bourke, N.S.W. Small, dynamic Mrs. Lewis has been in the front ranks since the fight began.

In June, 1961, when we reported one of the early meetings at Bourke, Mrs. Lewis had just been elected secretary of Fido (her grazier husband is president).

Since then she's travelled by bus, train, and light aeroplane all over Australia, rallying graziers, businessmen, and women's organisations to the cause of the road.

She told us recently that the women of the far north often felt neglected.

"They have a sense of insecurity—of being isolated from the rest of Australia," she said.

## Children's day in Paris

IN Paris, Thursday is virtually children's day," artist Moya Dyring told us. "There's no school on Thursday, and the parks are filled with children watching Punch and Judy shows, taking donkey rides, sailing boats."

"In the Luxembourg Gardens the children have their own theatre where they watch puppet shows or classics like Cinderella. They absolutely adore it."

Moya Dyring has spent much of her time painting children since her last trip home to Australia more than three years ago.

"Children playing are the same the world over, of course," she said. "But

studio is in a 17th-century building on the Isle St. Louis, not far from Notre Dame Cathedral.

The building is an historic monument, and under Paris law the facade must not be altered.

But the interior was wrecked so that the Germans could not move in during the World War II occupation of Paris, and the tenant-owners are now restoring it.

"Paris is my working place," she told us. "But I come home to exhibit every three years. It takes about that time to do enough work for my Australian shows."

"This time I've concentrated on portraits and sketches of children, and of landscapes round the island."

"Many famous Impressionists and Post-Impressionists painted there—among them Cezanne and Utrillo. It is a challenge to give my own interpretation of a well-known subject."

NAME chosen by Peter Cazalet, the Queen Mother's racehorse trainer, for his hotel: "The Chaser."



Artist Moya Dyring on the balcony of her Paris apartment.

small French girls seem to have that inborn delicacy of movement which is the secret of the Frenchwoman's chic."

A former Melbourne woman who has lived in Paris since 1935, Miss Dyring is at present in Australia to exhibit her work. It was recently shown in Perth, and her 10-day exhibition at the Barry Stern Galleries, Sydney, opens on July 3. After that come Brisbane, Canberra, and Melbourne.

Miss Dyring's apartment-

## FIRST WITH SOCIAL NEWS

HAVE you heard from Pamela?

She writes to her friend Amanda—and to you—every week in the Sunday Telegraph.

Pamela's Letter is an amusing, chatty guide to Sydney's social life—the parties, dances, weddings, farewell and welcome-home gatherings.

Maybe you don't get to all the big social occasions. Neither does Amanda. That's why Pamela writes to her every week and tells her what's going on.

Keep in the picture yourself. Take a look next Sunday at Pamela's Letter in the Sunday Telegraph.

## NEXT WEEK

## 150 SEWING HINTS

One hundred and fifty sewing hints—on dressmaking and soft furnishings with many short-cuts to save time and tempers—are in an eight-page feature you can pull from the paper and keep.

To begin it is a detailed design to trim a blouse with panels of sequins and beads for glamor evening wear. Just trace the design on your material and sew with sparkling baubles.

General sewing hints include:

- Facts about fabrics.
- How to get the best results from your sewing-machine.
- How to choose patterns for children.
- How to measure windows for curtains.
- How to get a really professional finish.

## They built a house for retirement

Ten years before Mr. Bert Eastman retired from the Tasmanian Public Works Department he and his wife started to build a house for their retirement.

Mrs. Eastman tells the story of the house, which she and her husband built almost entirely themselves.

Pictures show the Eastmans at work on the beginning of their home and the finished building.

## £2250 Contest

Announcing a £2250 "Happy Mother and Baby" Contest which we are conducting in conjunction with H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd. Full details and entry form next week.

## Veal recipes

Veal—light and delicate—is always tender, even the cheaper cuts.

With an appetising selection of veal recipes are cooking hints to get the finest flavor.



DO YOU?...



PAINT YOUR NAILS



PUT ON A FACE



HAVE A COLD



FEEL SAD AT TIMES



LOVE FRUIT



EAT HAMBURGERS



GO TO THE BEACH



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Scotties. Now you can  
take one Scottie, and another floats up.  
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neatly folded for you,  
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# The hillbillies hit it Television rich

● I love "The Beverly Hillbillies" (ATN 7, Sundays, 6.30 p.m.).

THEY'RE so corny and—so far, at least—so endearingly ignorant of civilisation's joys and perils.

Viewers met the Clampett family when ATN premiered the series last week.

They (the Clampetts, not ATN) were living happily in a sort of house in the hills, miles from the back o' beyond.

There was Granny (Irene Ryan) and her moonshine still, stalwart Pa (Buddy Ebsen), and pretty Elly May (Donna Douglas), who "whumped th' tar outa" wildcats and wanted to keep the handsome strangers she caught in the backwoods.

There was also irritating cousin Jethro (Max Baer). I shall be able to baer him only if he overplays his role less blatantly in future. However, let's not split hairs.

Then boom! The Clampetts found 125,000,000 dollars' worth of oil in their backyard swamp. So they moved to live in Beverly Hills. Cousin Jethro drove them in his four-wheeled vehicle, having thoughtfully removed the brakes because they were playin' up.

## Mad romp

And that set the scene for what should be a mad collection of TV romps. Predictable comedy, mind you. But very funny as well.

This is, I think, the charm of "The Beverly Hillbillies." It is pretty easy to guess what's coming next, which is ego-flattering. The script is spattered with lines like:

● "An airfield is one o' them fields sittin' up in th' air."  
● "With your money you can afford the Taj Mahal."  
● "O.K. I'll take it."



● Raymond Burr pets Hardtack, the dog Natalie Trundy asks him to defend in "The Case of the Golden Oranges"—TCN, next Tuesday, 8.30 p.m.

● "Have you got a telephone?" "A what?"

While the gags may be predictable, though, you find yourself (or I did) laughing helplessly at them. And THAT is a triumph. So are "The Beverly Hillbillies."

## Raymond Burr takes over

IS it a mirage? Is it Superman? No. It's Raymond Burr, back with the "Perry Mason" series (TCN, Tues-

By

DAWN JAMES

days, 8.30 p.m.) after a month's illness.

Goody! Having seen three of his stand-ins—Bette Davis, Michael Rennie, and Hugh O'Brian—I've decided there is no one quite like Mr. Burr to punish poor old D.A. Ham Burger (William Talman).

Of the three, I liked Mr. O'Brian best. He has the quixotic - raising - of - one-eyebrow down to a fine art.

★ ★ ★

I DON'T mind if he sulks. I don't care if he is surly. But, just once, I wish Vincent Edwards would be "Ben Casey" N.D. (Neat Doctor) and do up the top buttons of his surgical tunic.

## Light side of the law

SYDNEY TV is positively awash with giggles these days. Not to be left out, ABN2 last week introduced their new comedy series.

It's "Brothers in Law" (Wednesdays, 7.30 p.m.), all about the way English courts aren't. And it is amiable entertainment.

The series chronicles the experiences of young barrister Roger Thursby (Richard Briers) in his first year as a pupil in Chambers.

I would not choose to be defended by jolly Roger. He is twitchily nervous and he is, as someone remarked on the programme, no Perry Mason.

(Also, for some insane reason, he reminds me of A.B.N.'s presentation announcer Bruce Webster. I'm not sure why, since Mr. Webster is anything but twitchy; possibly it's because both men have the same air of shining simplicity.)

Be that as it may, though, Mr. Briers is certainly laugh-worthy.

Last week he was suddenly called on to defend a determined ne'er-do-well who just "never took to honest work." Prompted by the client, who knew his legal onions, Roger found himself instructing the learned judge (Walter Hudd) in judicial duties.

His Honor did not particularly appreciate this. And I cherish Mr. Hudd's performance, which was a masterpiece in tired resignation.

Tired resignation is not the effect the series has on its viewers, however. It's rather fun to watch the light side of the law for a change.

★ ★ ★

A PALM - FRONDED award to ATN's "Adventures in Paradise" (Tuesdays, 10 p.m.) for last week's most startling statement:

Plantation owner Reginald Owen was musing about his problems. It was very sad, you see, because he lived on a remote little island and to his marriageable daughter didn't meet many men.

"She craves the excitement of MELBOURNE, Honolulu, or San Francisco," he said.

## FLINTSTONES BABY CONTEST

# Last chance to win sea trip

This is the final week for Part 1 of our Flintstones Baby Contest. No entries will be accepted after 6 p.m. on Friday.

TO win a return voyage to England for two by Sitmar, plus £250 spending money, here's all you do:

Decide on a birthweight for the Flintstone baby.

(The popular Paleolithic parents-to-be, Fred and Wilma, are expecting their baby any Monday now. We know it will be a Monday. That's when "The Flintstones" weekly programme is telecast, at 7 p.m., by TCN9.)

Clip the entry coupon from this page. Fill in the "baby's estimated birthweight" and add 25 words or less in the space allowed for "Why I like 'The Flintstones'" programme.

Then send the completed coupon to The Flintstones Baby Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney . . . and, as the winner, YOU could be sailing comfortably overseas in the near future. With £250 in your pocket, too.

Remember, the contest closes at the end of this week.

After all the entries have been received, TCN9 will invite a celebrity guest to select the winning birthweight by drawing it from hundreds of different weights in a barrel.

● In Part 2 of the contest, the New South Wales baby born closest to the Flintstone birthtime can win a £100

savings account with the E.S. and A. Bank.

For further details just keep watching "The Flintstones." When the TV baby is born, TCN9 will give complete how-to-enter information for this section of the contest.

## TO ENTER

1. All entries for The Flintstones Baby Contest must be received by 6 p.m. on Friday, July 5.

2. Entries should be addressed: The Flintstones Baby Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

3. Each entry must be written on a coupon cut from The Australian Women's Weekly.

4. Entries must give an estimated birthweight for the baby and state, in 25 words or less, "Why I like 'The Flintstones'."

5. Contestants may send as many entries as they wish, but each entry must be on a separate coupon. There is no entry fee.

6. The Sitmar prize will be awarded to the entry with a birthweight the same as, or nearest to, the winning weight selected by TCN's celebrity guest.

7. In the event of a tie the prize will be awarded to the tied entry which, in the opinion of the judges, gives the best "Why I Like 'The Flintstones'" reason.

This competition is governed by the rules as published in The Australian Women's Weekly issue dated June 19.

## ENTRY COUPON

### THE FLINTSTONES BABY CONTEST

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

"Why I like 'The Flintstones'" (use 25 words or less):

BABY'S ESTIMATED BIRTHWEIGHT .....lb. ....oz.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

More poise, more freedom.  
Millions of girls use Tampax.



You feel cool, clean, fresh.  
Tampax never betrays you.



Odour can't form. Disposal is easy. Insertion, too.



No need to remove for baths . . . or for swimming.



Tampax is completely comfortable. No belts, pins, pads.



Tampax internal sanitary protection in Regular and Super absorbencies, is available wherever such products are sold.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) just send name, address and 7d. in stamps to: The Nurse, Dept. A, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.

## I'M POUNDS BETTER OFF

Because I Take

## FORD PILLS

Ford Pills keep me free from irregularity, sick headaches, tiredness and depression. I'm always sparkling with health and energy and never away from work. No wonder I'm pounds better off!

Ford Pills are safe and sure . . . and so economical, too! Regain good health, feel fit and well, buy a tube of Ford Pills today.

Slim off your overweight—write for a free FORD PILLS DIET CHART to G.P.O. Box 4155, Sydney.

Get your Ford Pills in red and gold plastic tubes for 6/- and 3/6 everywhere

## FORD PILLS

## NEW Carnation Magic Crystals

burst instantly into fresh flavor skim milk

for less than

6d. a pint

Dissolves instantly—completely—in cold water

FOR COOKING DRINKING OR WHIPPING TRY IT TODAY!







Tommy Hanlon

## TOMMY HANLON'S Thought For The Week

Momma once said: "Of all the things that get me mad at your father, I think the worst is when he brings up his old girl-friends" . . . (And I'll bet that's true of you, right?). "You know, when he says 'I saw Ellen today on the street and she sure looks great. Hasn't aged a bit' (As if you had.) Or, even worse: 'She's still slender and she's sure kept her figure.' And you've perhaps put on a few pounds. Or, even worse: 'You know, she doesn't have one grey hair.' And there you stand looking like Whistler's mother. Doesn't it drive you mad?"

**MOMMA'S MORAL:** There's nothing a wife loves more than a double chin—on her husband's old girl-friend.

## DID YOU KNOW?

THE best-selling Soviet novel about life in a Siberian prison camp during the Stalin era, "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich," is being considered for an hour-long dramatisation on—the Bob Hope series. Nothing funny about Siberian prisons, but comedian Hope will appear as a straight man.

HERBERT LEONARD, producer of the award-winning series "The Defenders," is planning to aim his cameras at Washington's government offices for a series called "Capitol Hill." Many congressmen and senators would be used in the series to give an authentic look.

YOU'D hardly think of thrift in connection with the £14 million film "Cleopatra"—but some of the fabulous equipment is already beginning to earn an honest penny in other fields.

In the current B.B.C. serialised version of "Julius Caesar," the players are wearing the same Roman togas that were used for "Cleopatra."

In the course of making that epic the costumes travelled to and from California, Rome, Egypt, and Madrid and are now back in London, where they were originally made—with a smile on the face of the toga.

THIS could get to be a trend. Last December the B.B.C. televised the Ibsen drama "Hedda Gabler," starring Ingrid Bergman, Ralph Richardson, Trevor Howard, and Michael Redgrave, after the play was co-produced by the B.B.C. and the American C.B.S. Only trouble was: C.B.S. couldn't find an American sponsor prepared to pick up the bill for that stellar cast—300,000 dollars (£150,000).

## Television

The company has now announced that never mind, it will stage the play in the U.S., sponsor or not. The date: December 9, just one year after the British TV audience saw the play. (Note:—ABC-TV has bought "Hedda Gabler" for future showing.)

THE marathon British TV production of "War and Peace," which won the first international Emmy Award from the American National Academy of Arts and Sciences, is to be offered for sale overseas. The programme (by the northern company, Granada) runs three hours and has a cast of 40 and is an attempt to condense into TV terms Tolstoy's epic without losing its sense of huge range and perspective.

MILBURN STONE, "Doc Adams" of "Gunsmoke," deserves the tag "local boy makes good." He was born in Burrton, Kansas. Dodge City, Kansas, setting of the "Gunsmoke" series, is just a few miles away.

BRITAIN is now exporting American talent—to America. A television variety show made in London with Bob Hope, Jo Stafford, and James Darren has been sold by the British producer Independent Television Corporation to the Columbia Broadcasting System in the U.S. for telecasting in August.

ZINA BETHUNE, starring in "The Nurses" as a beautiful young student nurse, is keeping up the family tradition. Her mother, Ivy Bethune, plays the part of the head nurse in "The Doctors," another TV series.



*No  
broken  
sleep...*



### Medic relieves congestion simply and surely

Medic medicated vapour brings relief from the discomfort of congestion and coughs of colds . . . You can spray Medic at night without disturbing or waking your children. Medic will bring them relief while they sleep. Medic eliminates the fuss of nose drops and chest rubs . . . Spray Medic in rooms for soothing relief from the coughing and discomfort of colds. Medic contains special ingredients that help kill airborne germs . . . help protect against the spread of infection.

Available only from your family chemist — Only 9/6



## Television

# "THE HUNGRY ONES"

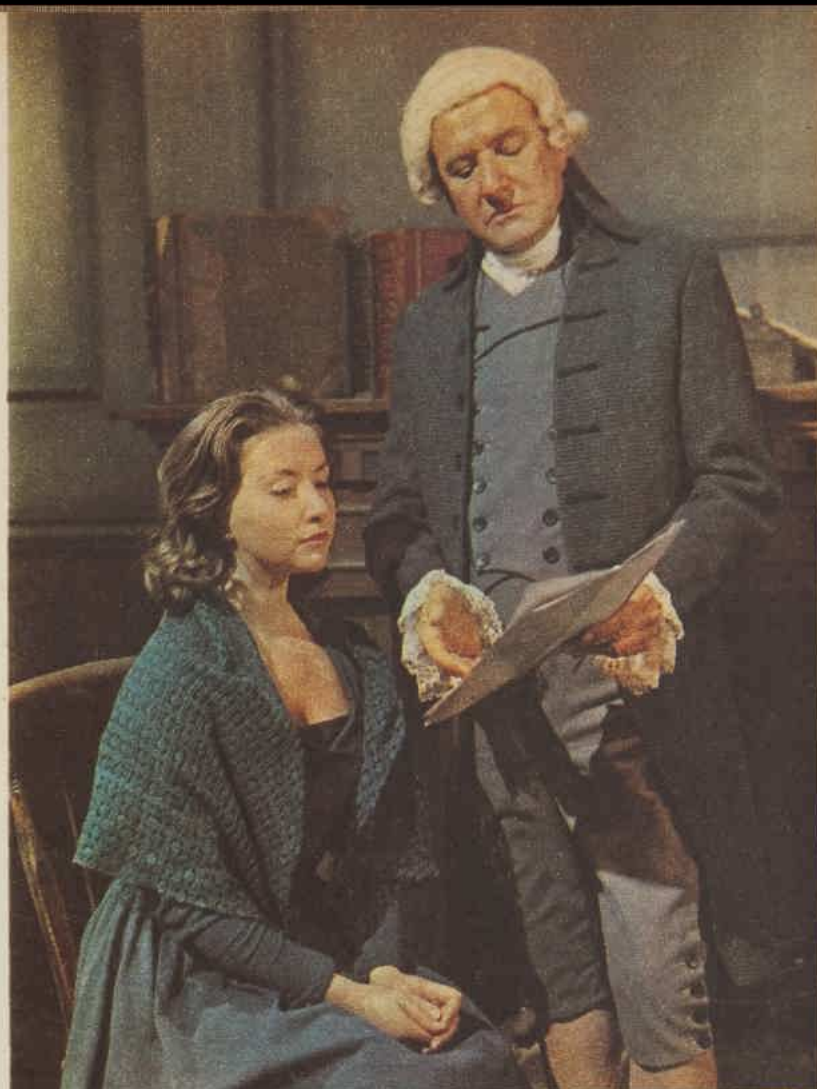
● ABC-TV's fourth Australian serial — again based on historical fact — is "The Hungry Ones," by Rex Rienits. It is the story of Will and Mary Bryant's dramatic escape from the N.S.W. colony in 1790 when, with seven other convicts, they sailed to Timor in an open boat. The serial was produced by Colin Dean, with decor by Quentin Hole.



IN TIMOR PRISON after their voyage from Australia, Mary and Martin (John Ewart) watch Cox (Tony Crerar) and Bird (Mark McManus, right) in a hand-to-hand test of strength.



GOVERNOR PHILLIP (Edward Hepple) instructs Will Bryant (Leonard Teale) to organise a fishing fleet, giving the convicts their chance to escape from the N.S.W. penal colony.



HEROINE Mary Bryant (Fay Kelton) talks with James Boswell (Laurier Lange) as the serial begins at Britain's Newgate Prison in 1792. The story is then told in flash-back, with Mrs. Bryant as the narrator.



GAME OF DRAUGHTS in Timor Prison with convicts, from left, Butcher (Stan Polonski), Lilley (Chris Christensen), Morton (Stewart Ginn), and Allen (Owen Weingott).

The saga of "The Hungry Ones," told in ten half-hour episodes, begins on the following dates: SYDNEY—ABN2, Sunday, July 7, 7.30 p.m. ADELAIDE—ABS2, Sunday, July 14, 7.30 p.m. BRISBANE—ABQ2, Sunday, July 21, 7.30 p.m. MELBOURNE—ABV2, Sunday, July 28, 7.30 p.m. PERTH—ABW2, Sunday, August 4, 7.30 p.m. HOBART—ABT2, Sunday, August 11, 7.30 p.m.



# THE MOUSE ON THE MOON

**H**IS Excellency the Count of Mountjoy, Prime Minister of the Duchy of Grand Fenwick, the world's smallest sovereign nation, located on the northern slopes of the Alps between Switzerland and France, was preparing his annual budget speech which was to be given to a meeting of the Council of Freeman, the parliament of the Duchy, on the following week.

He had before him the figures which were to be incorporated in his budget and they irritated him. He came of a long line of prime ministers, ambassadors and regents. He was of that unique breed of European (almost gone in our days) whose families have, through the centuries, provided their countries with their principal servants.

Previous Counts of Mountjoy—the title dated back to the founding of the Duchy in the early part of the fifteenth century—had made notable contributions to the history of their times. Words which they had uttered at periods of crisis were still repeated with respect in the chancelleries of Europe.

Perhaps the most noted of such sayings was the consolation offered by the then Count to Napoleon Bonaparte after the latter's defeat at Waterloo. Coming upon the disconsolate Emperor shortly after the battle, he said, "Cheer up, Sire. You can't win 'em all." The utter collapse of the Emperor and the crushing of the morale of the Imperial Armies of France has often been attributed to his remark.

For such a man, descendant as stated of a long line of august statesmen, it was galling to be dealing with a budget whose total figures could be expressed in the round in twenty thousand pounds. The breakdown of the figures was painful in the extreme, though the various headings had a most impressive ring to them.

"Allocated to the Armed Forces for the

To page 21

"I'm the only ruler in Europe who has to wear a cloth coat, and I want a fur one," Gloriana told the despondent Mountjoy.





Beginning a new serial—the latest novel  
by the author of “The Mouse That Roared”

**LEONARD WIBBERLEY**







## fresh air is the difference...

The good pink look of ham! Cold roast beef in a hefty sandwich! Cold chicken—as only it can taste in a snack at midnight!

In your refrigerator, it takes more than mere cold to hold the hearty taste these good foods should have. It takes fresh air, too. Any good refrigerator will cool the air which surrounds your food. The big difference in Westinghouse is its unique FRESH-COLD system which ensures constant and complete air movement. Circulating air is fresh air. Fresh air means fresher, tastier food.

This season, too, Westinghouse have perfected the new concept in home refrigerators—a completely self-contained and independently operated home-freezer (100 lb. of frozen food storage) together with the most spacious refrigerator you can own—all in the one glistening cabinet. It's the Westinghouse Supreme Automatic TWO-DOOR 143.

Remember, too, your Westinghouse retailer's trade-in offer makes Westinghouse easy to own, and there's superb after-sales service too (though you'll probably never need it).



### AND FRESH-COLD PRICES START WAY DOWN LOW (below 150 gns.)

|         |                                                    |          |
|---------|----------------------------------------------------|----------|
| RAD 99  | 9 cu. ft. ....                                     | 149 gns. |
| RGD 99  | 9 cu. ft. with pushbutton defrost ...              | 169 gns. |
| RAD 111 | 11 cu. ft. ....                                    | 189 gns. |
| RBD 121 | 12 cu. ft. with pushbutton defrost ...             | 219 gns. |
| RCD 139 | Combination refrigerator/freezer ....              | 269 gns. |
| RED 143 | 2-Door Supreme Automatic refrigerator/freezer .... | 289 gns. |

*Prices slightly higher in some areas*

*Illustrated is the Westinghouse 2-door Supreme Automatic 143*



YOU CAN BE SURE..IF IT'S

# Westinghouse



Defence of the Nation and Continuance of the Independence of its People." That was one heading, and the Count fancied it would sound well when he gave it forth to the attentive parliament. But the sum which followed — one hundred and twenty-two pounds, eighteen shillings, and sixpence, three farthings — completely spoiled the effect.

And the breakdown of this was indeed pathetic — thirteen pounds, two shillings, and sixpence for new bow-strings; seven pounds, eighteen shillings, and sixpence for English goosefeathers, with which to fletch arrows (the army of Grand Fenwick had relied through the centuries on the longbow as its principal weapon); four pounds, nine shillings, and sixpence, halfpenny for bow grips. And so on.

"Bah!" cried the Count of Mountjoy.

He turned to the next item on the budget with the brave heading, "Development of Internal Communications." Oh, it sounded well enough, but it consisted of an expenditure of thirty-one pounds, fifteen shillings for the repair of twelve miles of roadway (all the same road in fact) that wound through the Duchy.

The Count of Mountjoy had, in vain, in previous years pleaded that this portion of the budget be greatly enlarged (it was about the same every year, as were all the other items) to permit of a bold plan for straightening parts of the road in places where it wound around the mountainsides. But nobody would listen to him.

**T**HE Grand Fenwickians liked their roads narrow, winding, and dangerous to a degree, although since there were no cars in the Duchy and the fastest method of travel was by bicycle, the danger was not extreme.

"A modern road programme, straightening out the more tortuous sections by the construction of bridges and cuttings wherever required," the Count had argued, "would provide a considerable increase in through-traffic between France and Switzerland, with resulting revenue to ourselves."

"Fill the graveyards," said David Bentner, the solid phlegmatic leader of the Opposition. Representing the workingman of Grand Fenwick, David Bentner had a curious resort to cryptic sentences of this sort in debate, the meaning of which, he intimated, was fully understood by workmen like himself, but utterly lost on aristocrats like the Count of Mountjoy, who, never having worked with their hands, were thereby out of touch with all common sense.

"A good motor road, linking Switzerland and France, and passing through our borders, could not fail to bring a most beneficial increase in tourists to our country," Mountjoy had continued.

"Fill the graveyards," said Mr. Bentner, faithful as an echo.

"We are practically the only country in Europe which is unvisited by tourists, winter or summer, and all because of our lack of facilities, for those which we have to offer can be described in one word — medieval," continued the Count.

"Fill the graveyards," said Mr. Bentner, solemn as a bell.

"If the leader of Her Grace's Loyal Opposition would kindly stop reiterating 'Fill the graveyards' and explain what he means by that curious expression, perhaps we can continue with this debate," said Mountjoy, quite exasperated.

"Four cars passed through Grand Fenwick last year," said Mr. Bentner, rising. "There were six geese killed, five ducks, four sheep dropped their lambs early and the ewes died, and Ted Painter's mother has had a ringing noise in her ears ever since, as everybody knows."

"Ted Painter's mother," cried the exasperated Count of Mountjoy, "is eighty-seven years of age, as everybody also knows."

"Wonderful hearing she had until them cars went through," said Mr. Bentner. "On behalf of the working people of this country, I will serve

## Continuing . . . THE MOUSE ON THE MOON

from page 19

notice here and now that I would vote a flat and unyielding 'No' to any plans for making Grand Fenwick a kind of a freeway for French motor-cars headed south and Swiss motor-cars headed north. Besides which, you can't trust the French." Having said this, he sat down to a vigorous round of applause from his supporters, the sentiment "You can't trust the French" being well known in Grand Fenwick, which had been at war with France as late as 1475.

Mr. Bentner, representing, as has been noted, the workmen of Grand Fenwick, was by the curious alchemy of politics a radical conservative. Although the word "con-

servative" to him was an expression close to poisonous, and although he regarded himself as a progressive socialist, the fact was that in the interests of the workingman, he opposed all change in the Duchy.

In any change at all he saw a plot to deprive the people of work, or raise prices beyond their means, or make them produce more for the same pay; and the Count of Mountjoy had more than once remarked that his rival's political slogan should be, "Backwards With Bentner."

Mountjoy, on the other hand, was regarded by Bentner as an irrespon-

sible dreamer who had to be watched closely lest he ruin the Duchy with schemes which would appal a nation as daring in economical matters as the United States of America. The one was the perfect counterweight to the other, and between the two of them, the Duchy of Grand Fenwick, a sovereign nation of fifteen square miles, but of remarkable world prestige, ambled along through the fearful decades of the twentieth century.

The prestige of the Duchy of Grand Fenwick came from its defeat of the United States of America when, desperate for money, it had conceived the plan of declaring war on that nation. It was argued, his-

tory providing an excellent precedent, that if the Duchy declared war on the United States on Monday, it would be defeated by Tuesday and a glorious rehabilitation of the nation as a defeated enemy would certainly be under way by Friday night. But the plan had gone awry.

Tully Bascomb, in charge of the handful of longbowmen sent to invade New York, had fumbled the whole thing and with the capture of a weapon of mass destruction called the Q-bomb, together with its inventor, Dr. Kokintz, won, rather than lost, the war.

The bomb now rested in the Duchy, representing, together with two hundred longbows, several suits of mail, and the necessary arrows, the complete and truly astonishing

To page 52



## a friend in deeds . . .

The sort of friend it's good for a family to have. And it's a handsome friend too, this Westinghouse Wringer-Washer. From the moment it gets into your laundry, you'll love its consistent work-horse readiness: its way of working steadily right through the heaviest wash . . . whenever you want. For hours on end if necessary. Or for ten minutes looking after your dainties. In two models, there's a special low speed for extra protection of these delicate

fabrics . . . as well as surging high-speed power for the heavy clothes.

All this with simple, single-lever control. And what's more, this Westinghouse Wringer-Washer gives you an adjustable wringer! Fast-action pump, big tub! Models 653 and 655 have even the luxury of a timer . . . for automatic control of heating and washing time. And surprise! Your Westinghouse retailer's trade-in offer makes Westinghouse easy to own.

Superb after-sales service too (though you'll probably never need it.)

Illustrated is the Westinghouse 2-speed wringer model 655. AND WASHER PRICES START WAY DOWN LOW (BELOW 50 guineas).

|                                         |         |
|-----------------------------------------|---------|
| Standard Speed model 650                | 79 gns  |
| Standard Speed model 651                | 93 gns  |
| Standard Speed model 652 (heater model) | 99 gns  |
| Standard Speed model 653 (heater model) | 109 gns |
| 2-speed model 654                       | 112 gns |
| 2-speed model 655 (heater model)        | 125 gns |

Prices slightly higher in some areas.



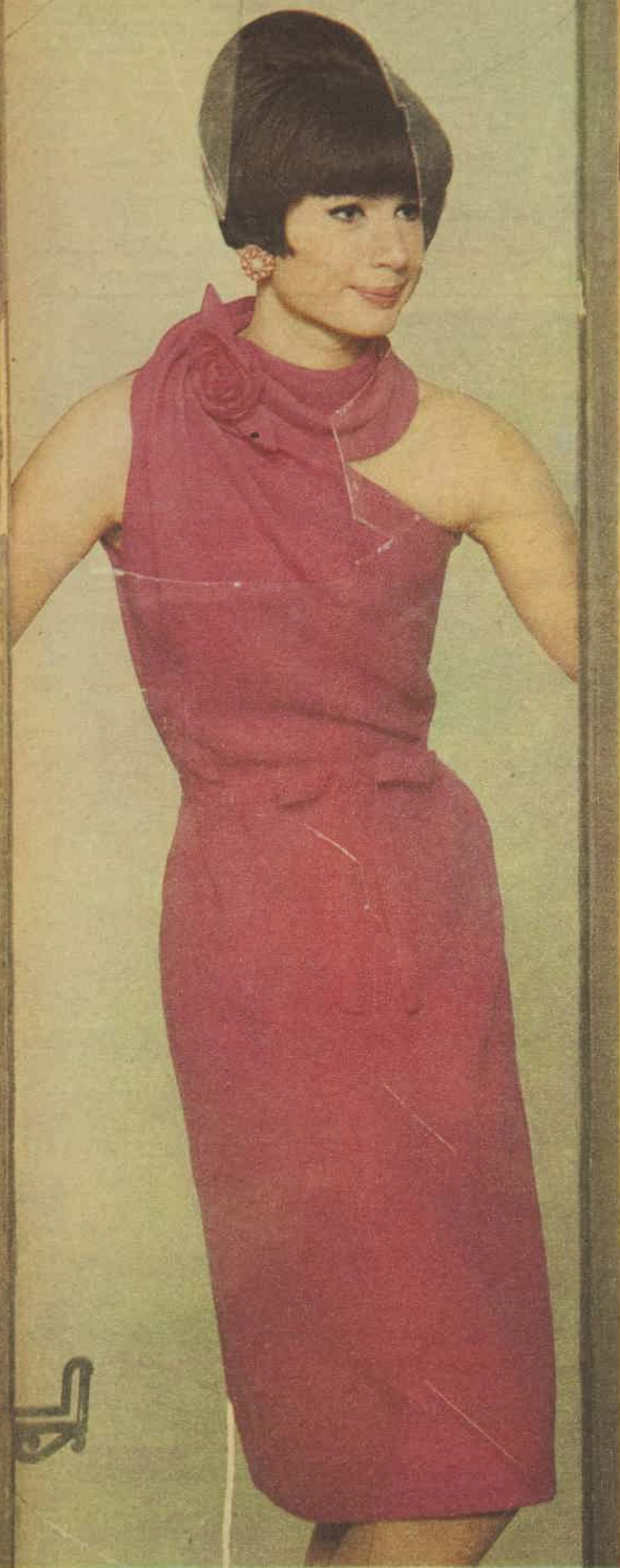
YOU CAN BE SURE...IF IT'S

# Westinghouse



# COLOR NEWS

# The Rush to



**PINK**, in a variety of shades, makes a re-entry into fashion. Pink is not new, but as top Paris designers swing their talent toward pretty feminine clothes it is the perfect color choice to complement this look.

When pink is the right shade it is a beautifier to any complexion—dark or fair. Shades coming up for choice are mainly in flower colors. Carnation, cherry blossom, rose, and hyacinth look just as delicious as they sound.

Shown here are fresh ways to join the rush and make you look like new. The pink parade starts now and soars prettily into spring fashions.

—BETTY KEEP



● Dior's late-day dress (above) in silk crepe. The design is feminine and figure-following in the pretty Heim's spring collection. The jac-  
new Paris way. A self scarf circles ket, loosely tied with a leather  
the wearer's neck and shoulders, cord, is finished with uncuffed  
and is fastened with a single rose. kimono sleeves. The skirt is slim.



# PINK



● In Paris, bathrobe coats of luxury wool are very popular for spring. This one (above), from Nina Ricci, has a roomy silhouette and is self-belted at the normal waistline. Note new look of low shoulder seaming.



● Sleeveless shift in soft wool (above), a charmer to wear from noon onwards. The dress has the new closer-fit silhouette achieved by clever seaming. The collared high neckline is tied at the back.



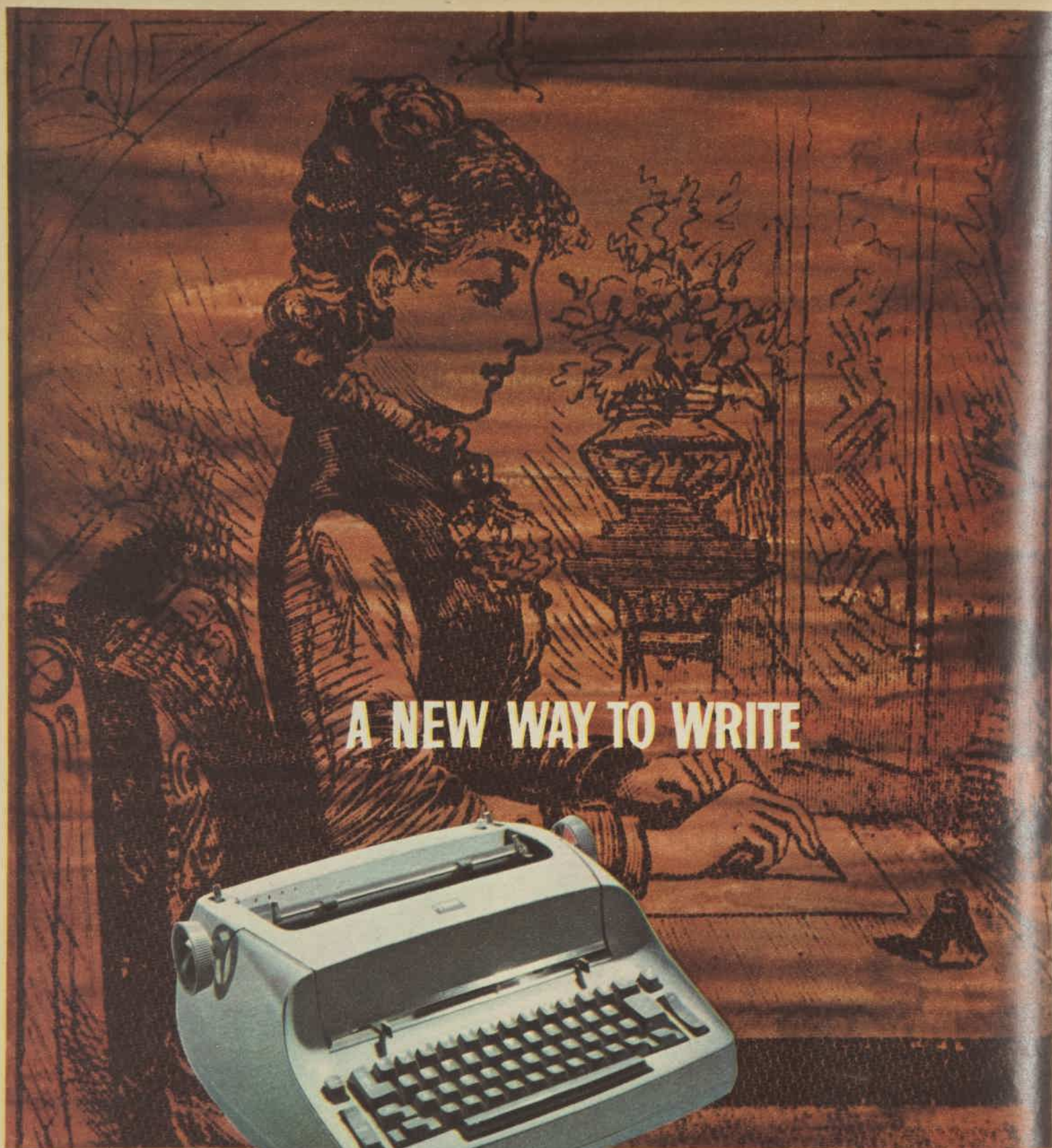
● Town suit prettily at ease (right) in rough-textured tweed. The neatly collared jacket is buttoned all the way down the centre back. In direct contrast, the skirt has a buttoned front panel.

● Softly shaped for day, Cardin's wool coat (left) has a draped back caught low into a self-material bow. Note hat with fluted brim. This hat silhouette appeared in different sizes throughout Cardin's spring collection.



● Two-piece suit by Balmain is worn with a flower-printed blouse and matching turban. The skirt is easy-cut and self-belted.





## A NEW WAY TO WRITE



Until 1867, when the first practical typewriter was invented, it was necessary to shape each letter tediously by hand. And as late as 1933 the typists' productivity was slowed by tiring manual effort. In that year IBM introduced the first commercially successful electric typewriter. Now IBM announces a new achievement . . . a new typing principle . . . probably the most important break-through in office technology since the typewriter itself was first invented. In this new principle all the type characters are concentrated on a single, globe-shaped unit called a typing core. This typing core eliminates typebars, the heavy moving carriage and simplifies the typing mechanism for greater flexibility and versatility. It lifts off and clicks on so easily that you can change type styles in seconds—at last permitting a single typewriter to meet most business needs. This new way to type is simple, surer, faster. Once you have seen the results of single element typing, the standards by which you judge typing efficiency can never be the same again. Single element typing is the heart of the exciting new IBM 72.



*This is the model 72's amazing single element typing core, actual size. It eliminates the moving carriage and all type bars.*

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 10, 1963



# A LITTLE TENDERNESS

To every wife this should be her due — a story

By WILL STANTON

THE fellow said, "I was figuring your wife would be here, but you say she's gone out."

"You know how it is with women," I said, "here today, gone tomorrow."

To tell the truth, I was a little burned up at Ethel. She had gone downtown to get new school outfits for the kids, and not one word that she was expecting a repairman. I had figured that for once I'd have a Saturday afternoon to myself—take a nap, watch the ball game, whatever I wanted. And then this clown had shown up to fix the washer. I went ahead of him down the basement steps.

"My wife did mention that the washer wasn't working right, but I didn't know she'd called somebody to fix it."

"No? Well, like you say, that's how women are." He put his toolkit on the floor and switched on the machine. "Brother—the original Betsy Ross model." He fooled with the dial. "It could be worse, I guess; probably can patch it up so it'll run a little longer."

I lighted a cigarette. "What do you mean—that's how women are?"

"Nothing personal, Mac." He pulled the washer out from the wall. "You learn a lot about human nature in this business. Get so you can size up a person fast. Your

wife was in my shop last week—we had a long talk."

"That was nice."

"Uh-huh. I told her she ought to be on TV." He pried off the back of the machine and leaned it against the wall. "She said she'd thought some of going on the stage."

"Ethel told you that?"

"Didn't know about it, eh?" He nodded wisely. "You want to hand me the crescent wrench?" He pointed to his toolbox. "It's that shiny thing on top."

"I know what a wrench looks like," I said. I handed it to him. "My wife did do some acting in school. The drama instructor said she ought to make it a career, but she never considered it seriously."

"Maybe not then." He had his head and shoulders inside the machine.

"What do you mean, not then?"

He moved back out of the washer. "Marriage doesn't always turn out like you think it's going to. Say your wife is here in the house and the kids are at school or someplace like that. Maybe she's mopping the floor. Well, she gets to thinking." He started poking inside the machine again. "You remember that old song?" He began

To page 63

Ethel smiled happily at her husband as he took her in his arms.



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AND ONLY HEINZ MAKES  
**12**  
BROTHS  
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as only Heinz knows how!



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Twelve different soups and broths in all. And they're just part of nearly 100 Strained and Junior Foods from Heinz. That's variety for you! And no matter which Heinz foods your baby likes best, you can be sure he's getting all the body building goodness he needs. Because Heinz knows what's good for babies, and puts it right there in every handy can.

Trust Heinz to know what baby likes—and needs

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Magic MINUTE is strongly constructed with a sturdy, all-metal case to last longer and work more efficiently than any other sweeper. The silent nylon bearings seldom need oiling and the Magic brush with tufted bristles cleans any surface. Magic's unique dimple touch emptying saves you time and effort. A choice of three colours—Jade, Sapphire, Topaz, and a lifetime of service for just

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Eliminates dust pan and broom. A quick run-over and crumbs and dirt disappear. Colours: Brilliant Blue, Brilliant Green and Venus Rose. £5/17/6

# Magic

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## LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

### Wives look older

WHY are Australian wives so much older-looking than their husbands? For confirmation just look at photographs in the social pages, at your friends, your relatives, yourself!

£1/1/- to "Am I Not Right?" (name supplied), Fingal Bay, N.S.W.

### For brighter cheque books

AS a woman cheque-writer, may I campaign for attractive covers on cheque books instead of the deadly dull masculine ones we have to use now. Also, as a gift notion, I suggest being able to obtain tooled leather or embroidered cloth cheque-book covers. They would be great for the woman who has everything.

£1/1/- to Miss J. Herbert, Prahran, Vic.

### Home-fire lore

IT'S fire-lighting time again in many parts of Australia, and I wonder how many different expressions are used to describe "the makings"? My own family always called for "Sticks and Starters"; my husband's folk said "The Kindling"; and neighbors used "The Faggots." Any others?

£1/1/- to "Firefly" (name supplied), Launceston, Tas.

### Junior glass-chewer

WE can never give our three-year-old anything to drink in a glass, because he bites it and ends up with a mouthful of glass. At home he uses a plastic mug, but it is awkward when we go out, because people often give him a drink before we can stop them. I don't know what to do about it and I wonder if any other mothers have had a similar problem.

£1/1/- to "Worried Mother" (name supplied), Warrnambool, Vic.

### He never had a cold

MY late husband and I were married for 51 years, and in that time he never had a cold or influenza of any kind. Is this phenomenal?

£1/1/- to "Puzzled" (name supplied), Murrumbidgee, Vic.

### Insurance cover for mothers

A HUSBAND and father would feel remiss in not having his life insured. A mother's life is equally valuable, so why not an insurance policy for her, too? In the case of her death her husband would have enough money to engage a housekeeper and avoid having to break up his family group.

£1/1/- to Mrs. P. Sherman, Violet Town, Vic.

### Wedding interlopers

IN every country town, whenever there is a wedding, large numbers of women and girls turn up dressed in shorts, jeans, thongs, sloppy house dresses, old slippers, and some with their hair in curlers. They pack and mill round the church gates and it is impossible to get a snapshot of the bridal party without a bunch of locals in the background.

£1/1/- to "Tidy Tess" (name supplied), Mt. Morgan, Qld.

## Swimming cats

REPLYING to "Cute Cat" (S.A.), whose kitten is fascinated by water: Our cat, now almost three years old, has been surfing since the age of three months. He runs into the surf, then rides the breakers to the beach. He enjoys the hose, too, and won't drink anything but water.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Mary Kenny, Kioloa Beach, N.S.W.

MY cat, "Whisky," also loves to have a bath. I have to lock him out of the laundry when I am washing to prevent him jumping into the tub with clothes being rinsed. I also had to keep an eye on him when my little daughter was having a bath, because, if given the chance, he would get in with her.

£1/1/- to "Mrs. H.R." (name supplied), Cessnock, N.S.W.

I ONCE had a little kitten which I frequently bathed in warm water, and he grew up without the cat-like aversion for it. When bathroom taps were turned on he used to run excitedly around the edge of the bath, dipping his paws in the water. Outdoor water pipes and gully traps also held his interest. I also knew of another cat that liked sitting out in the pouring rain, sometimes for an entire morning, looking very contented indeed.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Clarke, Caboolture, Qld.

OUR cat prefers water to milk. He likes to lap it from a glass, and if his glass of water is not in its usual place he miaows.

£1/1/- to Pam McCarthy, Parkes, N.S.W.

WHEN I was a girl we had a cat which loved to swim in a river running through our property.

£1/1/- to "Mrs. E.T." (name supplied), Bendigo, Vic.

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GODDARD'S, specialists in fine polishes for over 120 years.

## Ross Campbell writes...

THERE are still no signs of a peace settlement in the hair war.

On one side are ranged the teenage schoolchildren of the nation. On the other side are their teachers and head-mistresses.

I shall try to give a fair report of the conflict like a good war correspondent. (Incidentally, I live close to the battle front.)

Looking at the girls' side first, one must feel a certain sympathy for them.

They are faced with a problem, which is simply this: How do you adopt a hair-style of irresistible allure that will make you compare favorably with Liz Taylor, Sandra Dee, and Brigitte Bardot, while at the same time wearing a school hat and uniform?

But the teachers have their worries, too.

### ON THE FRINGE

How, they ask, do you give a lesson to a class of girls who can't see the blackboard through their hair?

And what is the good of a girl's looking tidy from the shoulders down when above she looks like an escapee from *La Dolce Vita*?

The struggle has been particularly intense at Benelong High School.

The girls in 4A arrived this term with their hair parted in the middle and a loop hanging down over each eye. The fashion was started by Gloria Potts, who saw it in a film called *Naples Nights*.

The headmistress, Miss Hawkins, is a tolerant woman, but it was more than she could stand. "If I see any girl tomorrow wearing those—those theatre curtains, she'll get a detention," she said.

But Miss Hawkins could not triumph as easily as that.

Gloria Potts has a cousin who works in a beauty salon and gives

her cut-rate hairdos. Soon Gloria turned up with a new hair-style, something between a Buster Brown and a Cleopatra. It is known as the Cleo Brown, or the Busterpat, and features a fringe that comes down to nose-level.

Next day the whole class had Busterpats. Miss Hawkins went into action again.

"4A, get those fringes away from your eyes and the manes off your collars, or else!" she ordered.

So the battle went on. The girls converted to a modified beehive style, which made them look like fuzzy-wuzzies with hats on.

Miss Hawkins put her foot down, and Gloria Potts replied by coming to school with a blue rinse. She was made to wash it out at lunch-time.

In the long run the girls will probably win. They say Miss Hawkins is tiring. She said resignedly to one of the mothers, "You can lead them to the bobby-pins, but you can't change the way they think."





## "How do you acquire the qualities of greatness?"

A message from **Clare Boothe Luce**  
Playwright, Columnist, and Former U.S. Ambassador to Italy

"We know that the goodness of a man signifies his virtue, his intellectual grasp on moral truths, and his will to put them into action.

"And we know that the greatness of a man is measured by the amount of power he has been able to acquire and use in his lifetime—and the consequences of his exercise of that power.

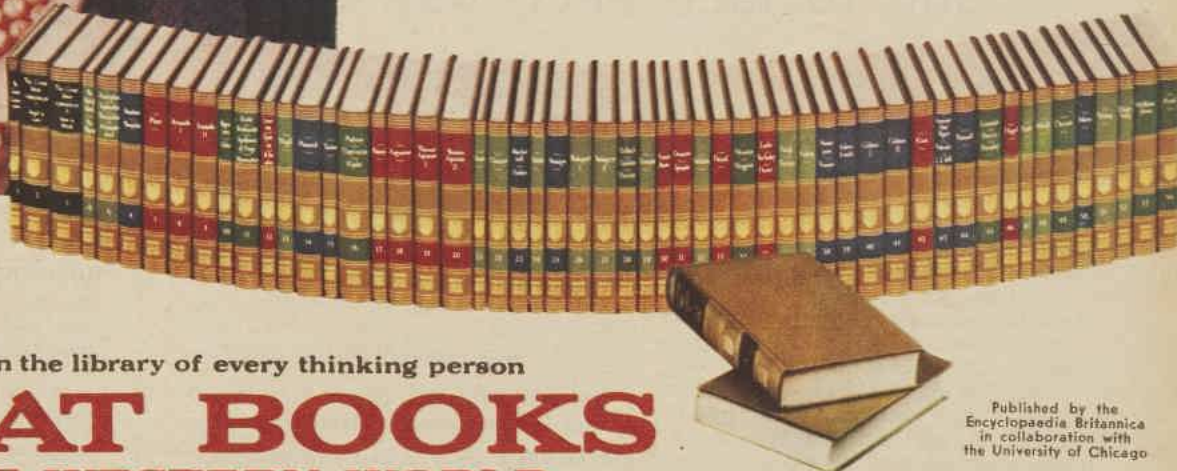
"Perhaps it is the combination of goodness and greatness in rising degrees that makes one man a fine citizen—another, outstanding in his profession.

"Certainly these are times that call for greatness in each of us—personal power to see and understand more clearly what life means, and what we can do about it.

"If you would seek to acquire your own personal greatness and summon the power and certainty within you, you must be willing to learn about things most of us let slide.

"You must be willing to make the effort to understand the basic and eternal thinking which has shaped and aimed our civilization for the past 3,000 years.

"I can't think of a better place to start than with the great books of our Western Culture. Too difficult? Too much work? Not today. For the GREAT BOOKS have been put within the reach of any thinking person by two remarkable volumes called the SYNTOPICON."



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# How restless sleep can menace your family's well-being

Today, more than ever, your family needs natural, refreshing sleep to maintain their health and to face each day with confidence . . .

## Restless sleep saps body-building energy

Did you know the vital organs of your body can re-build themselves only when your muscles are relaxed in *deep* sleep?

This rebuilding is part of a process called Metabolism by which food is converted to repair and build body tissues and provide energy for the body's vital processes and activities.

If you sleep restlessly . . . tossing and turning . . . your muscles are *working*. Thus, your body-building energy is being drained. You awake tired, listless and irritable. You find it difficult to cope with everyday problems. And an irritable person upsets the whole family.

Restless sleep leads to that "run-down" feeling. Your family's resistance to colds and virus infections is lowered. This hazard is increased by the fast pace of modern living because your family's bodies are subjected to increased wear and tear.

## What causes restless sleep?

There are several reasons for restless sleep. Some are simple and others are complex, such as emotional disturbances. But the most common reason is *often* overlooked. It is very fundamental — you may not have enough energy to sleep soundly throughout the night! This problem has come to be called "Night Starvation".

## What is "Night Starvation"?

When you fall asleep, you are like a city preparing for night. Most of your bodily activity slows down and stops. But, like a city at night, certain of your bodily activities continue. They are the ones concerned with your life and well being . . . such as your breathing and blood circulation.

These activities, however, need energy to work. It is estimated they burn 480 calories during the average night's sleep.

If you go to bed with an inadequate supply of energy, it is used too quickly by your body. You begin to suffer from low level hunger. This is "Night Starvation". It isn't strong enough to wake you. But it makes you restless.

You twist and turn. The movement of your muscles makes it impossible for the vital organs of your body to rebuild themselves properly.

## Horlicks banishes "Night Starvation" and induces sound, refreshing sleep

Horlicks is a balanced food that provides the tissue-building and energy-giving elements needed by your body. Because it's readily digested, Horlicks' energy is absorbed quickly into the blood stream. It is at work before you fall asleep. Swiftly and easily, it provides the calories you need to fight "Night Starvation". All night long, Horlicks helps you recuperate from the demands of the day and build up your reserves for tomorrow.

A cup of Horlicks taken each evening before retiring brings back the childhood habit of sound, refreshing sleep. You awake refreshed in the morning, willing to meet daily challenges.

## In 80 years, Horlicks has given sleep to millions around the world

For 80 years, the Horlicks' formula has given millions of people throughout the world the right kind of sleep. In hundreds of tests, Horlicks has proven it gives better and more relaxed sleep.

Today, Horlicks is also used regularly in hospitals all over the world for a variety of illnesses —

sometimes for people who have digestive troubles and also for patients who need a light, nourishing diet to help them build up again.

Providing quality and effectiveness to give you restful sleep has been Horlicks' job since 1883.

## HORLICKS HELPED THIS MOTHER

Dear Sir:

After coming out of hospital with my first child, I found I was getting very tired during the day, even though I was having 8 to 10 hours of sleep every night. I tried Horlicks not really believing it would work. After about 3 days, I was amazed at the difference in my health. I slept soundly and stayed fresh all day.

MRS. M. R., PERTH, W.A.



HORLICKS HAS BROUGHT BACK THE CHILDHOOD HABIT OF SOUND SLEEP TO MILLIONS OF PEOPLE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

# Horlicks



# BACHELOR UNCLE

When Edward's nephews came to stay, little did he guess how different life would be . . . a story

By HUMPHREY KNIGHT



The boys were amused as Edward fondly greeted Betty.

IRRITABLY, Edward shouted into the telephone: "Are you out of your mind?" "Well, practically," answered Angela, who at this particular crisis in her life was desperately in need of brotherly love and help from Edward. "What about Connie?" asked Edward coaxingly. "Why can't she have them?" "Oh, Edward—do try. Connie's in Scotland with Mother."

"Aunt Cecily, then." "No. She'd let them starve." "That," said Edward brightly, "seems an excellent solution."

"I am not," wailed Angela, "asking you to take care of a couple of gorillas. Merely two well-behaved boys. Your own nephews. And it's only for a couple of weeks—"

"Two whole, long-drawn-out weeks? It's frightfully inconvenient. Can't you throw them on the parish? Or into a home?"

"You're a dear," she said. "I'll send them round, with clothes, this afternoon, and I can catch the night plane to Lisbon and Robert. Poor darling, all alone in a foreign hospital. You know what Robert's like when he's ill. He dies a thousand deaths."

"So shall I, looking after Keith and Paul," said Edward sourly.

"Nonsense," said Angela briskly. "It'll do you good. For once in your utterly selfish life you can do a good work or two."

"I much prefer to do good to a somewhat older age group and of a different sex."

"I knew I could count on you," said Angela firmly, and hung up.

Edward sighed, recrossed an immaculate leg, and dialled Lorraine's telephone number.

"Darling—I'm afraid I'm going to have to cancel our evening."

A steady note of anger crept into Lorraine's husky voice. She was not accustomed to being cancelled.

"Why?" she asked coldly.

Edward explained and finished: "So you see, darling, I can't possibly leave them alone on their first evening."

"Can't you get a baby sitter?"

"They're a bit old for that—"

"Then put them down in front of the television. Really, Edward—if you'd let me know sooner—"

"I couldn't, darling. I've only just heard myself."

Edward could visualise Lorraine's ash-blond hair and the haughty curve of her eyebrows.

"Well, couldn't we meet at the Square Peg round midnight? They'll be asleep by then, surely?"

"I'm sorry, but I can't."

"Oh, very well. Enjoy your bachelor evening. I can always go out with Freddie."

Freddie earned twice as much as Edward, and would cancel a rendezvous with Miss World for the chance to take out Lorraine.

Edward ground his teeth and said: "I'll ring you tomorrow, darling."

"Not too early," answered Lorraine sweetly. "I'll probably be late tonight."

At four o'clock, the doorbell of Edward's modern flat rang strident as a fire alarm.

Edward took a last, loving glance round the orderly room before meeting the invasion. He squared his well-cut shoulders, told himself that he was, after all, only thirty-five and in perfect health, so what was he worrying about?

They stood tall and straight as saplings. Keith, although fourteen, stood a broad-shouldered five foot ten inches. Paul was shorter, but made up for lack of inches by

standing tensed as a coiled spring. Edward decided that his natural environment was a trampoline.

"Hallo," he said heartily. "Come on in."

"It's very nice of you to have us," said Paul politely.

"Oh, not at all," Edward replied, a little taken aback at this social aplomb.

"We can look after ourselves all right," said Keith, in a voice as rough as a lumberjack's. "You don't," he went on kindly, "have to worry."

It had been, in fact, almost a year since Edward had seen them. The firm of architects, in which he was a junior partner, had sent him abroad on a big construction job. He had been back in England only a month. Boys, he told himself, ushering them into the sitting-room, grew fast.

"Well," said Edward, "are you hungry?"

"Have you got any Sugared Puff Corn?" asked Keith. Edward winced. "Isn't that for breakfast?"

"We eat it all the time," said Paul cheerfully.

"I'll get some," said Edward, "but what about a cup of tea to start with?"

"Got any peanut butter?"

"Or lemon cheese?"

"I don't normally eat tea," said Edward, feeling for the first time in his life an absolute outsider. "But I've got some bread and butter—"

"Any cup cakes?"

"Sorry—but when we've had tea we'll go out shopping."

"I'll make the tea," said Keith, rising from the sofa like a derrick. "I can cook, you know."

Not to be outdone, Paul said: "And I am awfully good at garnishing. I like making things look nice. It's awfully important with food, isn't it? You see, I'm going to be a commercial artist when I grow up."

Edward went into the kitchen. Keith had cut doorsteps of bread, buttered them, and the kettle was singing on the ring.

"Your fridge wants defrosting," said Keith. "I'll do it for you."

After tea, Edward sat down to make out a shopping list. "Now, what shall we get for supper?" he inquired briskly.

They returned from their foray to the shops loaded with a whole new world of food and a dinner that was for Edward reminiscent of his Navy days. Baked beans, sausages, fried eggs, and tomato ketchup followed by doughnuts.

What had happened, Edward wondered, as he tucked in happily with Keith and Paul (sharp at seven o'clock because someone had a gun and was willing to travel at seven-thirty on the television) to his world of avocado pears, prawn cocktails, and diced kidneys in Marsala?

After supper, Keith readjusted Edward's television set, told him about its lateral hold, and reset the indoor aerial. Edward had never enjoyed so bright a picture.

At ten o'clock (with the boys still glued to the television) the telephone rang.

"Is that a girl-friend?" asked Paul.

Edward lifted a reproving eyebrow. It was wasted.

"Is it? Mummy said you had lots of girl-friends."

"I won't," said Edward with masterly self-control, "know until I've answered it, will I?"

He retreated to the telephone.

"Darling? It's me. What are you doing home at ten o'clock on a Saturday evening? You're not ill, are you?"

"I think," answered Edward brokenly, "that I am starting a nervous breakdown."

He could say this to Betty, whom he also adored because he could talk to her. She was not as glamorous as Lorraine, but she had very much more heart. He explained about Keith and Paul.

"Oh, darling—that must be fun for you."

"Fun? They've only been with me six hours and already they've reorganised my entire life. I, you may be interested to know, haven't a clue about housekeeping, defrosting fridges, operating the television set—"

"Edward—do you want any help?"

"I do—they don't. I need a babysitter. Betty, why not drop round for a brandy?"

"But what would the boys think?"

"Think? They are way ahead of you, darling. Come round and meet them."

Edward replaced the receiver with a new tenderness. Betty was awfully sweet, not at all like Lorraine, of course; she hadn't the poise or sophistication, but good, good all through. Well, there was nothing like being a bachelor. You got the best of both worlds. You had Lorraine for smart occasions, and you had Betty for a crisis like this one, and you weren't really beholden to either.

Paul lifted a dark, knowing eye at Edward.

Edward met Paul's glance—well, they were going to be all men together. He had better establish right from the start that peculiar camaraderie and loyalty that exists in the world of men in defiance of women.

"That," said Edward carefully, "was one of my girl-friends."

"What's she like?" asked Keith with interest.

"Very sweet. She's coming round here to see me in a few minutes."

"Are you in love with her?"

"Well . . ."

Keith inquired practically: "Does she work?"

Edward lighted a cigarette and idly watched an impossibly attractive housewife smearing something glutinous on to a slice of bread.

"Betty," said Edward tenderly, and almost without thinking, "works as a private secretary for a man who should be filled with concrete and sunk at sea. He treats her like a slave. But the salary is excellent and she puts up with it because she needs the money to help her mother."

"Why don't you bop him one?" asked Paul with alarming glee.

To page 65



# Kelvinator announces a new **FOODARAMA**

2 separate doors to give better freezing and refrigeration



**Fabulous! 2-door Kelvinator Foodarama** — Model 663 — 13.6 cu. ft. of net usable space, 3 cu. ft. freezer. Nearly 21 sq. ft. of usable shelf area. Cyclic Automatic Defrost. New 2 H.P. "PolarSphere" Sealed Unit. Price 289 gns. Other Kelvinator models priced from 85 gns.

This is Australia's largest capacity refrigerator-freezer with 13.6 cubic feet of net usable space. Fully automatic Cyclic Defrost ends messy defrosting. More and better features for better living.

This is the Home Freezer-Refrigerator combination you've seen (and envied) only in glossy U.S. magazines.

Featuring two doors, it opens up a completely new and advanced concept of home refrigeration.

With 2 doors you get better freezing and also better refrigeration.

With 2 doors you open the freezer door only when you want your frozen foods — and so you cannot let warm air into the refrigerator section.

With 2 doors you'll find it more convenient and

easier to store and remove food from any section.

And, this new model couldn't care less how often you open its doors — because its bigger "PolarSphere" Sealed Unit gives faster cooling.

Foodarama — new 2-door Foodarama — is here at last! You'll fall in love with it at first sight.

105 lbs. capacity Freezer Separately insulated and refrigerated for more efficient freezing, new Foodarama's freezer compartment holds 105 lbs. of frozen foods — safely stores them for months at a time. It's a fabulous new way to live!

**Cyclic Defrost ends messy defrosting** Now you're finished with defrosting in the refrigerator section forever. Cyclic Automatic Defrost — an advanced method of refrigeration and defrosting just doesn't give frost a chance to build up. No water to empty. There just isn't any!

**Many new advanced features...** We've so much to tell you about this exciting new 2-door Foodarama model we've run out of space. Read more about Foodarama's advanced and helpful features on the next page.

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Your Kelvinator retailer is offering a special Winter-time Trade-in Offer. See fabulous 2-door Foodarama now and get much more for your trade-in!

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## New advanced features of the **2-DOOR** Kelvinator-Foodarama



**True Home Freezer** safely stores food for months. Two big shelves on freezer door for added storage capacity.



### Deep Twin Crispers

have enormous capacity — keep salads fresh and crisp. Also fruit and vegetables stay as fresh as the day they were picked.



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**3 Slide-out Shelves** — pull out at waist-level for maximum comfort — brings food up from to your fingertips for added convenience.

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These are just some of the many exciting features you can inspect at your Kelvinator retailer. The Kelvinator 2-door Foodarama is available with left or right-hand door opening.

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KL336

*Giving is wonderful, but real giving  
is taking, too, Anne was to learn*

# Count up to Happiness

A short short story

By **OLGA HOWAT**

**S**HARP corners in marriage should be taken at a sober speed. Especially if the surface is icy.

Anne walked out on her husband in the middle of a staff party. She had overdressed for a modest affair and felt ridiculously self-conscious about it. The talk turned to the six-week summer holiday ahead and she was asked politely, "Where are you and Peter going this year?"

Irritated by the chatter of cheap bungalows and caravans, of cosy family visits, Anne startled them all.

"Peter and I are thinking of a world trip. After all, we have the time . . ."

And the money! It was written on all their faces. Peter said lightly, "Anne's dreams are larger than my pocket-book, alas," and the tension had been broken.

Anne said goodbye quietly to her hostess and left. She flung herself into the driving seat of her sports car and Peter was already there beside her. Anger at him seethed inside her. Another quarrel boiling up. About money. All their quarrels seemed to be about money and he was so touchy nowadays. She drove in silence, using the powerful car as an instrument of her feelings.

"Don't corner so fast. You'll have us in the ditch," Peter said mildly.

Another sharp corner and she braked too late and they were suddenly in the ditch and it was Peter, flung clear, who screamed, "Anne, Anne! Darling, are you all right?"

Anne was all right, but her arm was pinned under the toppled car and Peter could not lift it off her. She lay still and groped for something to hold on to in a spinning world. She grabbed his hand, but it was a shaking hand, already withdrawing.

"Peter, you'll not leave me?"

"I must get help. To lift the car."

He stood up and took off his jacket, began folding it, then thought better of it. He spread the jacket over her and it smelt of cold chalk, and she shivered. Her right arm felt burningly numb with the weight on it.

"Peter, don't dare leave me." It had always been a nightmare, his leaving her.

"Lie quietly. I'll only be a minute."

"Peter . . ."

He stooped and squeezed her good hand. "I must get help. Count slowly up to sixty, darling, and I'll be back. Slowly now." He tucked her fingers under the jacket again and she heard his steps crunching on the road.

One . . . two . . . buckle my shoe. She was a child again. Three . . . four . . . shut the door. Pick up sticks. Lay them straight. So imperious sounding, but then why not? The good fat hen laid plenty of golden eggs and there were plenty of maids in the kitchen and maids-in-waiting.

Maids, nannies, governesses, even dressmakers and hairdressers, all there to serve little Anne, whose father and mother were so busy they had to leave her most of the time.

"Nineteen . . . twenty," said Anne aloud to the cold sky. "My plate's empty." Faintly she could hear Peter's retreating footsteps and his voice from a long way off wavered in her ears.

" . . . be back, darling."

How quiet it was. An empty road, an empty plate, an empty life. Twenty-one . . . Twenty-two . . . No rhymes now, because childhood was over.

Anne was twenty-two when she met Peter at a dance given to promote funds for a science block to be added to the school where he had started teaching. She was surfeited and dissatisfied, bored with chasing happiness, like a dangling bauble either out of reach or shivered to tinselly glass in her feverish fingers.

Peter was just through his university course on a small grant, but he had a zest for life and a simplicity of purpose that awed her. Miraculously his carefully planned future had stretched to include her from the first moment that their eyes met and fastened.

They had danced in silence, stood aside in silence, bemused and remote from the clapping and chattering, the laughter and the hurrying feet.

Anne's head was whirling. With effort she straightened her thinking. Where had she got to?



*Angrily, Anne left the party,  
followed closely by Peter.*

"Twenty-three," counted Anne clearly. She had had so much to give to Peter. All her love, saved up since childhood, all the wonderful things she had once done joylessly and which now waited anew for herself and Peter to do together.

Peter had accepted with pleasure the things which till then had only existed for him behind plate-glass windows or been pictured in expensive magazines. And for Anne it was the wonderment of an eternal Christmas, a wonderment she never achieved during her childhood.

They had married, however, on Peter's terms. And on his salary.

"Twenty-four . . ." said Anne, raising her head to search the dark road. Her pinned arm was beginning to ache. "Twenty-four." For twenty-four months, for two years she managed on Peter's salary in the tall terrace house by the railway, the house on which Peter had scraped a down-payment and in which she lately sat alone for so many evenings.

Peter went off for a fortnight on a naturalist expedition with some of his pupils and Anne seized her chance. Peter returned to find the house transformed from top to toe by the quickest decorators and the best furnishers in the town. It was the first time since their marriage that they had been separated and he drove up with a bang and a rattle in a shabby box-like car. He leapt from it, passing the glittering coupe at the newly painted gate.

"Hi, darling. Have I come to the right house? And who's our plushy visitor?"

"It's all for you, Peter. Plus the car. My present." Laughingly she added: "Whose old jalopy did you borrow to come home in?"

Twenty-five . . . six . . . seven . . . thirty, gabbled Anne, and tried for the hundredth time to forget the look on Peter's face when he'd explained about the boxy car being his second anniversary present to her, saved up for by hours of after-school coaching.

She had reached fifty. "That car you think so funny," Peter had said angrily, "will cruise at fifty. Sixty, even, going down a hill. It's got a first-class engine."

Engine. Tick, tick. Hurry, hurry. Peter's heart beating. The beat of his footsteps hurrying back to her.

He came back, he loomed over her, tall like Atlas carrying the world on his shoulders. Her world. What, thought Anne, do we want with a world trip when we have our own world right with us?

"They're coming," said Peter. "Any minute now." He knelt, peering into her face. "How's the arm?"

"It aches, but I can wiggle my fingers."

She pulled him down to her. "It's so dark, Peter. Come closer. Let me put my arm under your head."

"It's I who should put my arm under you." He cradled her body, but she struggled to get what she wanted.

"I want to feel safe, Peter."

Gently he eased her against him. The headlights of an approaching, slowing car bathed them in golden light.

"With your arm round my neck," said Peter, "you'll be able to pull yourself up when they lift the weight off you." She could feel his face against hers.

Giving is wonderful when you love, thought Anne, but real giving is taking, too. Her lips moved silently against his cold cheek.

Soon, any minute now, the weight would be gone and they could start anew—together.

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Something exciting has happened to Sunsilk!

# Now it's Sunsilk Beauty Shampoo

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LANOLIN CONDITIONER



LOOK FOR YOUR SUNSILK IN THE NEW BEAUTY BOTTLE  
BOTTLES 4'3 & 6'3 · BUBBLES 1'5

Gives new softness-  
new shine-and  
better behaved hair



## NEW SUNSILK BEAUTY FOR YOUR HAIR



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 10, 1963



# CORONET among the WEEDS

FINAL INSTALMENT

**Ex-beatnik and ex-deb Charlotte Bingham, 20-year-old daughter of Lord Clanmorris, now joins the International Set and writes:**



## "I got along quite well with those kings"

● Of course, I hadn't stopped trying to find a superman, in spite of being a deb and a beatnik and doing a secretarial course. But I thought I'd probably end up being a spinster.

ACTUALLY, I could never decide which was worse, being a maiden aunt or marrying a weed.

Anyway, though I didn't have a superman to swoon over, I had a good collection of weeds. The one I liked best was this terribly rich one.

I wasn't actually in love with him; he just amused me.

I think I liked him best because he was the richest and he had an oil well.

And he thought being rich was a joke. It's no good having an oil well if you don't split your sides about it.

I've forgotten where I met him, this rich weed. Anyway, he used to take me out quite a lot.

My grandmother thought he was swoony. Anyone rich is swoony to her. No, I'm not being mean. That's just how she thinks.

I mean, she doesn't only like rich people, she likes poor people, too, but rich people have this particular appeal to her.

### No chin

She liked it when he sent me huge bunches of flowers and presents. She said that was what she understood.

Everyone swooned when I drove up to champagne parties with this rich weed. They wouldn't have swooned if I'd come by myself. It was the oil well they were swooning about.

I know it's corny, but I never realised till then people really minded about money.

Old Cecil — he was called Cecil, this rich weed — didn't have a chin or anything like

that, of course. But when you've been a deb you don't expect people to have chins.

I mean a chin is a rare luxury. Not something you come across just like that. And the thing is, if you use your imagination, you can pretend they've got chins.

And Cecil could be amusing. At the beginning, anyway, when I hadn't heard any of his jokes.

When I was hearing them the second time round it wasn't easy to imagine he had a chin.

But what got me down about him in the end was the way he kept on telling me about his girl-friends and looking flabby.

I can't bear chinless people talking about girls.

I don't mind if they propose to me, that's quite jokey-jokey, but when they look all flabby and start telling me about their girls I feel sick.

I couldn't stand it when Cecil went on like that. Once when he just wouldn't stop I sang a song, quite loud. We were in a restaurant at the time.

I think I went on going out with him because I didn't like to disappoint my grandmother. She really enjoyed the oil well and everything so much it was selfish to stop.

But it was really torture in the end. He became more and more of a fiend. So I told him he could keep his old oil well and yachts and everything.

My grandmother thought I was mad when I stopped going out with old Cecil. She said she couldn't understand it.

When I said his chin got me down and he made me feel sick, she said that sort of attitude wouldn't get me anywhere.

It was round about that time I did this model course. It was my mother's idea, actually.

She thought I ought to learn to be more dignified. And to sit down properly. She's very keen on that. Me sitting down properly.

Actually we spent practically the whole of the course walking up and down.

### "Pear-shaped"

I know that sounds easy. But you try walking up and down with 14 thin tall girls watching. When you're short and fat, I mean. It's no joke.

They also make you walk up and down in front of a mirror and watch yourself. And look at your shape.

When I was looking at my shape in the mirror, the woman teaching us things said: "You're pear-shaped."

I said: "I hoped I was hour-glass."

But she said no, I had to face the facts, I was pear-shaped. I was a bit depressed, because I hate pears. Specially their shape.

I had a pretty embarrassing time with sports clothes. I brought a pair of trousers and a silk shirt to model.

And I'd just started modelling them when the woman said: "I didn't tell you to bring jodhpurs."

"They're not jodhpurs, they're trousers," I said.

"They don't look like trousers," she said. "They look like jodhpurs."

● "My grandmother says it's unnatural sitting here scribbling. I should be looking for a rich superman." Charlotte is in both pictures.

I got quite good marks, which practically killed me. They said I had a good smile and being pear-shaped wasn't counted against me.

But I was glad when the course was over and I could get right away.

I went to the South of France actually — to join the International Set.

There was this girl who asked me to stay with her. She was definitely an International Set type herself, and I think she liked me because I wasn't.

It made a change, me not being a princess or anything.

She had a pink villa and Italian servants like on the movies. And lots of princes and kings staying.

Continued overleaf

## TYPING HER BOOK



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That was another thing. This girl's mother was mad on kings. Honestly, you'd only got to say you were a king and she'd swoon. She wasn't too keen on me not being in oil or being a princess, but she put up with it.

We spent most of the day on the beach or water-skiing, and then in the evenings we went to night-clubs after dinner.

They were pretty grim. Nearly all the men had bald heads. No honestly. When you looked round all you saw was bald heads everywhere.

Even girls my age were dancing with bald heads. A lot of them were married to them, too.

Apparently their mothers sold them to the first rich wolf that

# CORONET among the WEEDS

came along. My girl-friend was terrified she'd get sold, too.

There was this American who kept on asking her to marry him. He didn't have a bald head but it wouldn't be too long.

And her mother was dying for her to marry him. She wasn't in love with anyone else, but she didn't want to marry him.

I mean I know supermen end up with bald heads, but it's pretty stiff starting off with one.

I met an Italian prince while I was there. He was called Carlo.

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He was typical old Roman play-boy type.

I used to dash about in his sports car with him, and he took me to the casino.

But it was hell if you were on the beach with him because he had those huge biceps. And he did nothing but flex them all the time.

Then he'd walk up and down frightfully slowly swinging his hips.

He thought everyone would swoon about his old muscles. He was really embarrassing.

One thing about the International Set, they're like beatniks. No one's normal. I suppose being a king and things is a bit of a strain.

I got on quite well with these kings actually. I think it was such a change me being normal.

No really, I think they were fascinated.

'Course I didn't stay long enough for them to get bored of

me being normal. They probably would have.

I worked in a typists' pool when I came back from the south of France. You all sit in rows and there's an old woman of about 40 who sits and watches you to see you're working.

It was like one of those old movies with Cary Grant, where he sees someone fabulous typing away in the pool and gets promotion.

I really enjoyed it. All the girls were frightfully nice, and lent me things.

They didn't even mind when they found out my father was a lord.

A lot of people mind terribly. They become awfully peculiar with you, or they spend the whole time asking you if he eats or has a bath, or if he has ever been on a train.

And when you say yes, he does have a bath and he spends most of the morning there reading the football pools, they don't believe you.

Or they hate you. No honestly. They hate you before you've opened your mouth and before they even know you, because they think you think you're superior to them.

If you do anything like making a joke or looking happy, you're thinking you're better than anyone else. Honestly, you've had it from the start.

But none of the girls in the pool were like that. They didn't mind a bit about me. They just went on being the same.

## Goodbye, castle

I wasn't sad about that job, but I was a bit sad about something else.

One of our family's castles got emptied.

It was sold when I was about nine, but most of the stuff got left there.

So, anyway, they sent it over for us to sort it out. It was quite a sight. You try emptying a castle and putting it in a dining-room.

It's funny how wealth goes. I mean one minute there are castles and footmen and coronets and all that, and the next there you are stomping about among brooms and coroneted napkins, and that's all that's left.

There were lots of miniatures of ancestors with smug expressions. It made you wonder what it must have been like then. Because they never doubted they were marvelous.

And of course owning so much stuff only made them think it all the more.

Actually my grandmother's like that.

She's absolutely sure she's better than a whole lot of people. Not in a nasty way at all. She's just quite sure about it. No one's like that now.

It all gave me a strange feeling. Because when you see all your castle sitting in your dining-room you jolly well know that everything like that's finished now.

I mean having family castles and things.

I've got a fixation about the Japanese. I suppose they have weeds in Tokyo, too, but I find it quite fascinating the way they're so inscrutable.

There was this Japanese my mother asked to dinner once. And then he wrote and asked me to have dinner with him.

I was really quite excited. I needed something to cheer me up, as I wasn't working or anything at the time.

We went to a Chinese restaurant in Chelsea. He chose all the food. All really genuine oriental stuff.

We talked a lot about Buddha and cherry blossom and then he

Continued on page 35



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asked me to come and listen to a record in his flat.

I suppose I should have been suspicious, but it seemed a bit rude to say no.

Half-way there in the taxi I did begin to get a bit nervous, though. He didn't look nearly so inscrutable, I mean, I think I did know what he was thinking about after all.

He had one of those terribly quiet flats. With lights over the pictures and a deaf housekeeper somewhere.

I sat on the sofa and he put on a record and asked me to dance with him.

I didn't want to in the least. I like dancing, but not just by myself in someone's flat. Well, not with a friend of my mother, anyway.

Besides, he was quite old. I suppose for one glorious evening he'd forgotten he was.

I said I thought I'd like to listen to his record for a bit first. And then maybe dance later.

So we sat and listened to this record. Him at one end of the sofa and me at the other. Then he said could he recite me one of his poems?

So he did, and while he was reciting it he kept on moving closer and closer. Until I was practically flattened against the side of the sofa. To tell you the truth, I was nervous, not to say worried.

It can be a bit worrying with only a deaf housekeeper about.

We had a bit of an argument about me being a cherry blossom. I said I thought the cherry blossom's mother might be anxious about her.

My mother's no laughing matter sometimes, so it helps every now and then to mutter about her if you're a bit in dickie's meadow.

He looked very sad when I pretended to worry about my mother. He said it would always be the tragedy of his life that I was forbidden fruit.

I said yes it was pretty tragic. So anyway little forbidden old me got in a taxi and went home.

ABOUT this time my people got into a bit of a thing about what sort of job I should do. I'd already gone through a good few jobs.

The trouble was there aren't many jobs for girls who aren't bright and are no good at shorthand, like me.

### Jokey Chloe

In the end my father wrote to an official he knows very well, and I had to fill in one of those silly forms.

You know. What sex? What sex your parents? Are you a vampire? And all that.

Anyway, I got the job and they dumped me in a room with two other girls who spent all day talking about how they washed their cardigans.

It was fantastic. They didn't want to talk about anything else.

Then Chloe came to work in this office, and it made things much better. She was pretty jokey—and anyway she had been at school with me.

She couldn't do shorthand to save her life, and I don't think she knew how to wash a cardigan either. So we got on fine.

Once you've got one other person to laugh with you're all right. I think anywhere would be all right if you had someone to joke with.

Chloe lived in this flat in Fulham with three other girls. They were a pretty funny lot.

They had this funny, nervous look in their eyes as if they were waiting all the time for something. We called them the waiting women.

Two of them were frightfully

# CORONET among the WEEDS

morbid and nervy. The post was always not going to come, the telephone was never going to ring.

And the other one was frightfully smarty-smarty. You know. One has one's hair done at the Queen's hairdresser, one's writing-paper from the Queen's stationer, one's weekends in Berks, Bucks, or Wilts.

One has one's weeny runabout to go to Harrods to meet one's girlfriends for lunch. And one swoons over teeny-minded weeds in Knightsbridge flats.

*Continued from page 34*

Anyway they decided to share a party with Migo and I and hold it in their flat. We sent millions of invitations to weeds and drips all over London. And they all came.

The waiting women were thrilled. It was the only thing they lived for, just to have millions of weeds to swoon over. It was going to be a weed feast.

But afterwards they went back to waiting, and listening for their bells. Nut-case lot.

I went back to my office—but not for long.

Being out of a job meant I became preoccupied with weeds again. And, do you know, there was one man I really thought was a superman—for three days, at least.

Honestly, I was swooning about him for three days. He rang me up all day long and we used to talk for hours and hours.

He could talk away and interest you, and he actually had a chin. It's marvellous going out with a

chin when you hardly ever do.

But on the fourth day I wasn't crazy about him any more.

I don't know why, because he was really very decent indeed, and not a bit a rotter.

I think it was his trousers that did it. I didn't look at his legs the first three days. He was quite amusing, so there wasn't any need.

Then when I saw him the fourth day I suddenly noticed. His legs, I mean.

Well, not his actual legs, but his trousers. They were huge, square, baggy, billowy things.

I couldn't swoon any more after that. For heaven's sake, they were like the things my father wears.

*Continued on page 36*



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## CORONET among the WEEDS

Continued from page 35

My father's all right, but not even his best friend could say he had swoony legs.

So anyway, that was the superman that wasn't.

MIGO was having quite a boring time, too. She was a secretary only she couldn't do shorthand at all. But she was in love with a footballer, which was pretty awful. Footballers are awful people to be in love with.

First of all they never ever love anyone better than their footballs.

Then every Saturday they go stomping off and you have to watch them for hours and hours as they kick this football around, then afterwards they drink beer and talk to all these other men who have been kicking it around, too.

They hardly ever speak to you except during the week. And then they're very tired from having kicked this football around on Saturdays.

I don't know what their fascination is really. My cousin says they're very muscly, but I don't like muscly men.

Anyway Migo used to listen to these very old records, wearing her footballer's scarf, and cry about him. It worried me.

But she said she enjoyed it.

It took her a long time to get over the footballer. I made her burn his scarf and buy jazz records, but it still wasn't too swoony for her.

But when she had got over him, she met her superman!

Chloe and I were bridesmaids when Migo got married. Chloe was very sad because Migo is younger.

She hates anyone younger than her getting married. She says it makes her feel unsuccessful.

Actually I think Chloe goes in for being sad because she knows it suits her. She has these very large brown eyes and when she looks sad they look marvellous.

### "Unnatural"

Now Migo's married, Chloe's learning to appreciate beautiful things. She says that destiny has not mapped out married life for her. Not for her a superman. And she says it's not just in her nature to marry anyone but a superman.

So she is appreciating beautiful things before her eyesight goes.

I don't know, though. If Migo found a superman I don't see why old Chloe shouldn't. Or anyone else for that matter.

MY grandmother says it's unnatural sitting here scribbling. She says I should be out looking for a rich superman instead of being cooped up.

Actually you've probably gathered by now a superman takes some finding.

They're not things you just come across like that.

One friend of mine, she's been looking for one since Adam was a boy. No luck. Weeds and drips. No superman.

One thing though. I think you can class most men. Superman, weed, drip, wolf.

I only met one person you couldn't.

What he was, I think, was a vagabond. I mean a sort of very romantic person.

If I actually told you how I met this vagabond, you wouldn't believe me.

I met him walking along a road.

No, it's true. I was staying with these people in the country.

I quite like staying with people in the country. But I get a bit bored after a bit.

So often I go for walks by myself and sing and bash hedges with a stick.

I was bashing away walking along this road and singing to myself, and I bumped into this man in front of me.

He was just walking along with his hands in his pockets.

I just went on singing and bashing away, when he turned off down this very long straight drive with stone gates.

You know the kind. Waving trees and deer in the park bit on each side.

It was a very sunny day. Sunny and breezy and he walked in a whistly sort of way.

I felt awfully jealous watching him. I just stood by these stone gates and I wished I was walking down this drive in a whistly sort of way, too.

He was just getting practically out of sight when I gave a yell. I don't know why.

He stopped, when I gave this yell, and turned round. And I ran like anything all the way up this drive. When I reached him he didn't seem surprised to see me at all.

He just stood smiling at me. Then I said, did he live there? And he said yes.

So I said I wanted to see round. So he said, okay he'd show me. Just like that.

Don't you think that about all really marvellous things? They're so corny. Perhaps that's why they're marvellous. Because they're corny, corny. And magical and enchanting.

That's what that day I spent with the vagabond was like. I spent this whole day wandering round his house with him and walking in his garden.

And his house was like a movie. Beautiful tall rooms and long windows. So you could just step through them and be in the garden.

We had lunch in the garden and it was the most beautiful garden you've ever been in. No really. It was all fountains and lawns and shady trees.

I can't remember his face.

Not all his features anyway. Except he had blue eyes and very white teeth.

Though perhaps they only looked white because he had this very brown skin.

And he was thin and had a very deep voice. And he was sad.

It wasn't that he was droopy or anything, because he laughed a lot.

He just had this terribly sad quality about him. Like a very happy song that catches in your throat.

And he was easy to talk to. Honestly I don't remember word for word what we talked about. But we never stopped.

I told him things I usually just think and don't tell anyone about.

### He talked on...

He told me about this woman he'd loved. He really had loved her. No really. And he knew what an awful thing love was.

I told him about only having been in love once. With this actor.

I said most people just said it was infatuation. But he said it sounded like love.

What he said, too, was not to get depressed about it. He said it was much worse never to have known what love was really like than to have loved someone and gone away and been unhappy about it.

He said some people never knew what it was like.

Not necessarily just narrow little people either. Often imaginative people who were quite super.

He really could talk, this vagabond. I'd never met someone like that before.

I never have since, come to think of it.

You know all those things you believe in your heart but you're not quite sure you're not a nit believing in them.

He made you sure. Suddenly you knew you were right to believe in them.

He made you not mind about being you.

Not mind about having big hips or a pretty funny face. Or anything.

I never went back to see that vagabond. He might be dead now for all I know.

I just know I won't ever go back. The only reason to go back is to try and recapture.

And how can you recapture magic? You don't even know what it is for heaven's sake.

I don't only believe in magic. I believe in everything corny.

I believe there is a superman. Somewhere.

My mother says I'll end up in a two-roomed flat in Hampstead because I do. She says it's the worst thing to believe in.

But I don't care. I do. Even if I don't find a superman.

### THE END

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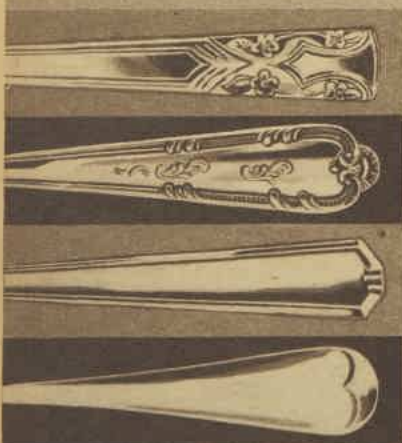
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## AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● The man who said that the chief pleasures of travel were to be found in getting safely home again must have been bats. Hugh and Kay and I have just returned from our much-too-short trip, and I find all it's done is to make me as restless as the sea.

I CAN sympathise, now, with the overseas visitors who huddle in coats and complain bitterly about our houses, being underheated.

We went down through Canberra into the snow country and then west through the mountains and nowhere was I quite so cold as I was getting up the first morning after we arrived home.

It only takes eight days in heated motels and private houses to make you realise that Australian city dwellers have got befuddled by their own propaganda about our moderate climate and spend the winter putting up with a lot more discomfort than is strictly necessary.

Motels were a new experience to me — gorgeous not to have to think of food and catering and cooking for eight days.

I've always been amused by the American (obviously mother of a family) who wrote, "A holiday, I sometimes think, is nothing but a change of sink," and I was determined for once to have the sort of holiday where I didn't have to do the same chores under rather more difficult circumstances.

So I loved the motels. I thought they were the warmest and most comfortable "huts" in the world... they look so attractive when you unlock the door and walk in, so impossibly cluttered five minutes later when you've carried your gear in from the car!

Some we stayed in had a minimal sort of hanging space, some had nothing but two coat-hooks sticking out from a wall, as though hinting that the proper traveller carries nothing with him but a toothbrush, a pair of pyjamas, and an overcoat.

Clutter and all, I enjoyed every moment of them — even the idiot-boxes some of them provide in the form of shower cabinets fitted with patent heat, cold, and volume-control gadgets which alternately boil you, freeze you, and squirt you fair in the face.

### A TV comedy in a motel dining-room

WE found that the food in motel dining-rooms varied just about as much as you'd expect: really good at quite moderate prices in some, abysmally dismal at the same prices in others.

Happiest motel meal I had was in one dining-room where there was a TV set, showing some absolutely ghastly 1930 movie about a "cute" American family of good-hearted dim-wits.

I was cunning. I chose the seat that put me with my back to the TV set. Hugh and Kay, one on the end and the other at the other side of the small table, soon found themselves mesmerised by the screen and munched away staring stolidly at this drivel, thus missing an absolutely first-class comedy show.

Dining alone at a table I was facing was a young man with a long, equine face with no break between the nose and the forehead, excitable eyebrows, and one of those corrugated foreheads that contract and expand to express every shade of emotion. I had a feeling he hasn't had regular access to a TV set.

This programme was just what he wanted. It amused him, it excited him, it astonished him, it unnerved him. He roared with silent

laughter, he ducked and winced when those on the screen should have been ducking or wincing, he missed his mouth with his spoon, and he upset the table's plastic driftwood into his soup. It was one of the best TV shows I've ever seen.

### The mountain moss proved a point

SOMETHING I had never seen before was the delicate, very pale green moss that grows on trees and bushes and fence posts and telegraph poles high in the mountains.

Now we have a piece of it, on a Japanese-looking spray of some unidentifiable leafless bramble, sitting in a vase of damp soil.

The moss doesn't show any signs of withering and dying despite its long trip in the car and the time since it was picked which, don't you think, rather proves my point that city houses and winter mountain-tops have pretty much the same sort of climate?

Driving along, seeing so many new things every day, I began to wonder whether we'd enjoy slow travel the way our grandparents did.

Hugh's rather natural desire to step on it where the roads were good and the car running well led to the usual arguments, with me bleating "Slow down, slow down, I want to see this."

I like to travel hopefully, Hugh likes to arrive. Kay's suggestion was that "Mum'd be a lot happier travelling with a horse and buggy" — and so I would, if it were centrally heated!

At least you'd have time to absorb and remember what you'd seen if you were travelling at a tenth the pace; and if it meant that a holiday had to be ten times as long, I'd be all in favor of it.

### Back home... and we hadn't been missed!

WE got home to find that Di and Mike and the animals had been completely happy in my sister's care (Mike with the usual football bruises and scabs; Di with the usual wail about the "unfairness" of everything going on at school) and that they hadn't really missed us at all.

We were completely staggered by Mike's immediate offer, made with a beaming smile, to wash and polish the mud-caked car, until he explained that the offer had been made because he is "desperately" in need of money.

Football is not enough. He has discovered, within a reasonable bike ride from home, a heated swimming-pool where, for a small sub, he can "train" early in the morning right through the winter months.

If you heard Mike talk about it, you'd realise this is a shocking bit of bad news for John Konrads. It's also bad news for me, since it seems to be my job to haul him out of bed early enough in the morning to take advantage of his subscription.

The day Mike is "desperately" in need of money to buy a book or enrol for some course of study is going to coincide with the day when the sun rises in the west.



# TAKE YOUR PARTNERS FOR HADDIE CORN CHOWDER

Mix them for savoury contrast in a dish that's rich with cream... the full-cream richness Sunshine gives to everything you cook. For 1 lb. smoked haddock and 1 small tin of whole kernel corn use 1 cup of Sunshine Full-Cream Powdered Milk, for real cooked-with-cream flavour. Wash and simmer haddock gently until tender. Drain fish liquid and make up to 2 pints with water. Flake fish coarsely. Put chopped onion and butter in saucepan, saute until tender. Remove

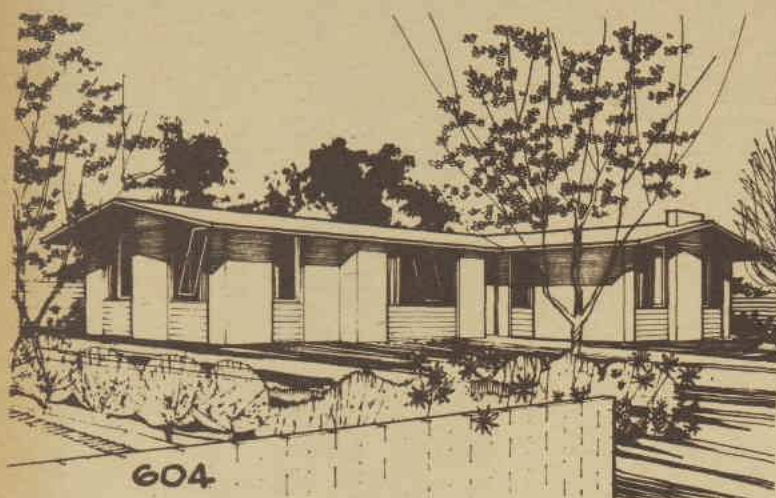


from heat and add 1 cup Sunshine powder (it mixes smoothly) and 4 tbsps. flour (all spoon measures are level, 8 ounce measuring cup). Add the fish liquid slowly, stirring until smooth, bring to boil, add haddock, add salt to taste, black pepper, corn, a little chopped parsley. Heat and serve garnished with bacon if you wish. A Quick Tip for Mixing Sunshine: Use half boiling water and half cold water, in a wide bowl. Scatter on Sunshine and whisk for fresh creamy milk in seconds.





# Home Plans Service



604

● Our plan this week is a modern, three-bedroomed, family home. The L-shaped house would suit a corner block, and there's a private car entrance at the back of the house.

AN unusual exterior feature of Plan 604 is the lower window panels of horizontally lapped timber, as shown in the sketch above.

The low-pitched roof has wider eaves than usual.

This three-bedroomed house can be built in either timber or brick.

A central lobby divides the

house into two distinct areas. Bedrooms are at one end, the kitchen and combined living and dining-room at the other.

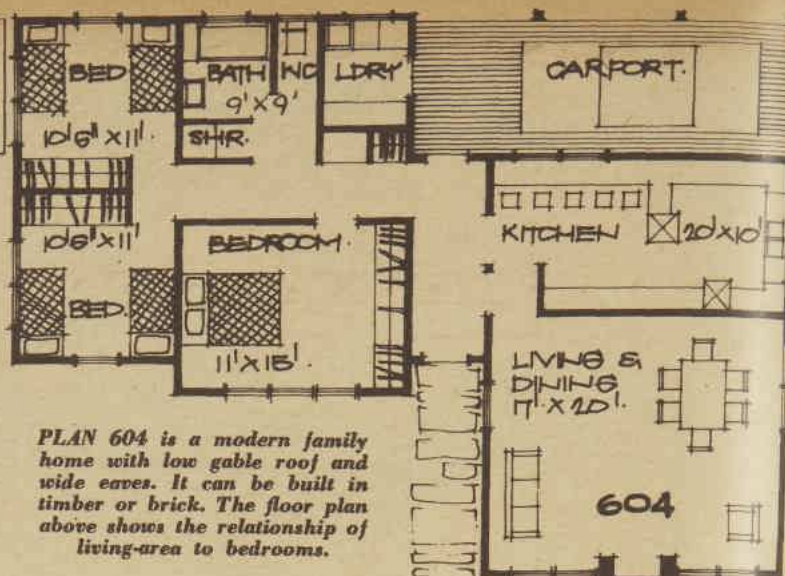
The living area has an open fireplace, with windows either side.

The main bedroom is 11ft. x 15ft. Two smaller bedrooms each will accommodate two people. All bedrooms have provision for built-in wardrobes.

In the kitchen there's a long bench with stools to seat about five people instead of the usual breakfast nook. There is extensive storage space, with a double sink under the window.

The bathroom has a separate toilet.

● **NEXT WEEK:**  
Make wall cushions for a divan.



PLAN 604 is a modern family home with low gable roof and wide eaves. It can be built in timber or brick. The floor plan above shows the relationship of living-area to bedrooms.

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HUNDREDS of home plans are available to readers at our architect-directed Home Planning Centres. All these plans can be modified to suit individual needs.

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## Home and Family

# I married a man I didn't love

● It is just 11 years this month since, at the age of 28, I married the man I chose with my head instead of my heart. And now, as I approach my 40th birthday, I find myself looking back on those years and asking myself: "Knowing what I know now, would I do it over again?"

YES, I think I would. But I hope that when my children grow up they'll marry for love and not know the little heartaches of a story like mine.

When I was 20 years old I fell madly and quite hopelessly in love with a handsome young pilot — I'll call him Tom because that wasn't his name.

That was in 1944 and Tom, a Melbourne boy, was stationed at Bradfield, Sydney, near my parents' home.

He had cousins in our local social club and often came to the weekly dances. He danced with me sometimes, took me home occasionally, and asked me out now and then.

That was all there was to it as far as Tom was concerned — and he treated half a dozen girls the same way, while I suffered agonies of jealousy and despair.

After a few months he was shipped overseas. I never heard from him directly, but gleaned news now and then from his cousins. He came safely through the war and was eventually demobbed in Melbourne in 1946.

I have never seen him since, and to this day I am sure the poor fellow has no idea of the grand passion he inspired in me all those years ago.

From time to time in the three years or so while I pined for Tom I went out with other boys, but couldn't work up the slightest interest in any of them.

### Sheer persistence won

Jim, the man I was eventually to marry, was no different from half a dozen other boys as far as I was concerned. He was just a bit more persistent.

He lived in a neighboring suburb, attended our local dances regularly, and was soon escorting me round.

I enjoyed our outings, though he was quieter than I liked a man to be. Usually I was inclined to go for the "life of the party" type.

Though we'd seen so much of each other, I was still very surprised when a year after we met Jim asked me to marry him.

I just simply had never thought of him that way and told him so. He looked rather crestfallen and told me to think it over. I said I would.

Well, I thought it over for nearly five years, during which time Jim — faithful as ever — kept coming round. A dozen times I tried to end things with him, though rather halfheartedly.

I was now in my middle twenties, most of my girlfriends were married or engaged, even my younger sister had a "steady," and I was afraid I'd be left on the shelf.

What a spineless pair we were! Looking back I think things might have been a lot better if Jim had been more independent and told me I could take his proposal or leave it, or if I had had the moral courage to make the break and go on a vaguely planned overseas trip that never materialised.

But no. After our regular evenings out, I still sighed for Tom, and compared the everyday presence of Jim with Tom's glamorised ghost.

### MARGARINE CONTEST PRIZE

THIS week's progress prize in the margarine baking quest is won by:

Mrs. Shirley Graham, 84 Sturt Ave., Clapham, S.A. Her prizewinning cake recipe is given below.

#### DANISH APPLE CAKE

Four ounces margarine, 4oz. sugar, 8oz. self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 egg.

Filling: Two ounces raisins or sultanas, 2 dessertspoons brown sugar, 1oz. peanuts, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 12oz. cooking apples, peeled and finely sliced.

Melt margarine with sugar, add egg, and beat lightly. Add sifted flour and salt. Spread 2-3rds of mixture into shallow greased 8in. or 9in. square tin lined with greased paper.

Arrange apple slices over top, sprinkle with peanuts, raisins, and ginger, then brown sugar. Place remaining mixture in spoonfuls over top. Bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

### A READER'S STORY

(The writer has supplied her full name and address, but to save her husband and children embarrassment and hurt she has asked to remain anonymous.)

There would have been some excuse if I had been a teenager, but I was by then 26 years old.

I don't want to suggest that Jim was a dull nonentity. He wasn't.

He was reasonably nice-looking, though not handsome, had got a good, well-paid job after he was discharged from the Army, and was very well liked by my family and friends.

In fact, he had everything to recommend him, except that I did not (and could not) love him.

Early the following year I came to a decision. I booked for one of those holiday cruises to Suva and made a promise to myself that if I didn't meet anybody I liked better on this trip I would get engaged to Jim.

Well, of course, I didn't meet anyone. There were ten girls to every man on that cruise and I was no ball of fire. So, quietly and with no feeling much one way or the other, I told Jim I would marry him.

I confessed to him that I was not in love with him, but he was sure that would come later. (It hadn't come in six years, so how optimistic can you get?)

Right through the year we were engaged I kept hoping I'd meet someone else — where, I don't know, because I didn't go anywhere except with Jim.

We had a lovely wedding. Everybody said so. There were 100 guests, "the bride was a vision in white lace over tulle," and we were off to a glamorous honeymoon on a Barrier Reef island.

But from the moment we were pronounced "man and wife" I felt somehow cheated. And to be honest, I still do feel cheated.

Well, we began our married life in a small flatette and I went back to work.

We saved for a year, built a home, saved some more, and then I reluctantly decided to have a baby . . . not because I wanted one, but because Jim was crazy about children and I felt it was my duty.

Julie was born a week before our third wedding anniversary after a long and difficult labor, during which I cursed all men — and poor Jim in particular.

### A daughter made me care

At first Julie seemed to change things. She was small and skinny and the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. She is now eight, still skinny, and still the most beautiful thing I have ever seen.

For the first time in years I seemed to come alive and really care desperately about another human being.

Three years later we had twin sons, Paul and David, just as carefully and thoughtfully planned for as Julie was.

I was not well for three months after they were born and the doctor thought it would be as well if I did not have any more children, at least for a few years.

Outwardly life has been fairly kind to us. Jim has a secure if not spectacular job, we have three lovely children, a nice home, and a second-hand (not too ancient) car. Jim is a good husband and I try to be a good wife.

So why do I feel envious of the young couples with stars in their eyes and four children in four years and mountains of debts and lots of laughter?

Why do I keep wondering what it would be like to love and marry the man you felt you couldn't live without? And would I, given the chance again, marry Jim . . . a good man, but a man I didn't love?

Yes, for me, it was probably the right thing. I have, by all reasonable standards, a good marriage. And if I hadn't married Jim I might still be a bachelor girl in search of a rainbow out of my reach.

But I want something better for Julie and, yes, for the boys. Please, God, let them know the magic I never knew!

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kidneys □ 2 oz. chopped bacon □ cheese.

**method in five easy steps**

melt butter in pan, add rice mix, and brown lightly.

add contents of spice sachet, chopped tomatoes, 1 pt. boiling water, and cover pan.

simmer gently 15-20 minutes.

fry lightly the chopped kidneys and bacon and fold them in when Rice-A-Riso is ready.

transfer to serving dish, garnish with chopped parsley and grated cheese.

serve to four delighted people



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# WINTER PUDDINGS



● Satisfy hearty winter appetites and bring the meal to a fine conclusion by serving a fragrant hot pudding—steamed or baked. In this feature are seven pages containing nearly fifty recipes for wonderful winter puddings.

## DO'S AND DON'TS

### for baked puddings

**BAKED** puddings allow the housewife to express almost unlimited ingenuity and originality as well as economy. Even the simple baked puddings can look and taste delicious.

DO make sure pudding-dish is well greased, especially round lip, so pudding will turn out perfectly or can be spooned out easily.

DO ensure a baked custard or custard-type baked pudding will set correctly by placing dish in baking-tin or other tin filled with hot water to half height of dish. This will prevent pudding cooking too quickly, which might make it curdle.

DO substitute other fruit of your choice when a particular fruit is an ingredient in a recipe — provided the substitute is of equal liquid consistency, so it will not upset balance of ingredients.

DO be sure when making meringue (so often the topping for baked puddings) that

egg-whites are well beaten and stiff before beginning to add sugar, a tablespoon at a time; beat well until all sugar grains have dissolved so meringue won't "weep" on cooling.

DO make sure meringue is taken right to edge of dish to avoid any shrinkage. It's a good idea to start by piling meringue around edge of dish, then swirling it into centre, making soft peaks.

DON'T serve softer-type baked puddings (cobblers, fruit sponges) immediately they're cooked. Allow to stand a short time to set a little — they're easier then to spoon into serving-dishes.

DON'T put baked puddings with pastry-type base into cool oven. They need a hotter oven at first, so pastry will seal and not absorb any liquid in topping.

DON'T always cook and serve baked puddings in big, family-size dishes. Cook them sometimes in small individual ramekins for variety.

## DO'S AND DON'TS

### for steamed puddings

**MODERN** moulds and steamers have simplified preparation and cooking and provide steamed puddings that are light and easily digestible.

DO use a saucepan with a tight-fitting lid if no special steamer is available. Place trivet or wire rack in pan, cover with boiling water, add pudding-basin, cover saucepan, and boil gently. This is a safeguard should water boil away, will prevent pudding burning on base. However, if desired, place pudding on base of saucepan, add water to come half-way up sides of basin, cook in usual way. Don't forget to check water in case more is needed during cooking.

DO select a plain mould or one with wide fluting; pudding is easier to remove from containers of this type. A tube or ring-mould is good for steaming because it ensures complete cooking in centre of pudding. Pudding-basins or tins or casseroles are satisfactory provided they have a tight-fitting cover. Use dariole moulds, custard cups, or small cups of aluminium foil for small, individual puddings.

DO add piece of lemon rind or teaspoon lemon juice or vinegar to cooking water to help prevent discoloration of inside of aluminium saucepan.

DO grease inside of mould or basin well before putting in pudding mixture. Basin should be only two-thirds full so pudding has room to rise. A round of paper, well greased on both sides, placed in bottom of basin will ensure perfect shape on turning out.

DO use a double thickness of greased paper or aluminium foil if basin or tin has no lid. Make this cover  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. larger than top of basin, grease it well on both sides so condensed steam will run off.

DO secure paper or foil firmly round basin with string or tape.

DON'T boil pudding too quickly. This will result in a pudding full of holes and of poor texture.

DON'T refill saucepan with cold or lukewarm water which would interrupt cooking, cause condensation of steam inside mould, and may result in a soggy pudding. Be sure boiling water is used to refill.

DON'T be careless when removing cooked puddings from the simmering water — the steam may burn hands or arms. Oven mittens will give good protection against steam.

DON'T despair if when you turn out your steamed pudding you find it hasn't quite finished cooking. It needs a little further steaming time; ease it gently back into the basin, cover again, cook a little longer.

DON'T forget that steamed puddings can be reheated quite easily, without losing their moistness. Sprinkle with a little milk, firmly encase in aluminium foil, place in moderate oven until heated through. Puddings wrapped in foil can also be reheated in a saucepan; make sure base of saucepan is covered by about  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. of boiling water.

## THESE ARE STEAMED

**YOUR** favorite type of steamed pudding may be a light, tasty sponge or one dark and delicious with chocolate. In this section there is a wide variety of special recipes from which to choose.

### CHOCOLATE LAYER PUDDING

Two ounces butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons milk, 4oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 1 teaspoon vanilla,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons cocoa.

Sift flour and baking-powder. Beat butter or substitute with sugar until creamy, gradually add well-beaten egg; stir in milk and essence, then lightly fold in flour mixture. Divide mixture into 2; to one part, sift in and blend cocoa. Place alternate layers of chocolate and plain mixture into well-greased pudding-basin; cover, steam  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Serve with custard or with a chocolate sauce. Serves 4 to 6.

### LIGHT-AND-LOVELY GINGER PUDDING

One tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon castor sugar, 1 tablespoon golden syrup,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon bicarbonate of soda,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, 1 cup self-raising flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon ground ginger,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cinnamon.

Beat together butter or substitute, sugar, and golden syrup. Add soda to milk, mix in. Sift together flour, ginger, and cinnamon and add, mixing well. Pour into greased pudding-basin, cover with greased paper and pudding-cloth. Steam over boiling water approximately  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Serve with a creamy custard. Serves 4 to 6.

### COFFEE-WALNUT SPONGE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. castor sugar, 2oz. chopped walnuts, 6oz. self-raising flour, 1 desertsapoon instant coffee, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon milk, cream or custard.

Sift flour with instant coffee. Cream butter or substitute with sugar until light and fluffy; add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition; add a tablespoon of sifted flour mixture with eggs to prevent curdling. Fold in remainder of sifted flour mixture, add walnuts, then milk. Turn into greased pudding-basin. Cover with greased wax paper and pudding-cloth. Steam  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Turn out on to warm serving-plate. Serve with cream or custard. Serves 4 to 6.

### CHERRY-COCONUT PUDDING

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. castor sugar, 2 eggs, 4oz. desiccated coconut, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 2oz. chopped glace cherries, 8oz. self-raising flour, 4 or 5 tablespoons milk, glace cherries, slivered almonds.

Cream butter or substitute and sugar until light and fluffy, add eggs one at a time, beat well. Stir in coconut, orange rind, chopped cherries, then add sifted flour and enough milk to make a dropping consistency. Turn into greased 2-pint pudding-basin, cover securely with greased wax-paper. Steam approximately 2 hours. Turn out, decorate with glace cherries and slivered almonds. Serve with cream. Serves 4 to 6.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce-cup measure (which also holds scant 8oz. sugar, 4oz. flour, and 8oz. butter) are used in all recipes in this feature. Use plain flour unless otherwise stated.

### SPECIAL-OCCASION FRUITED PUDDING

One tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon each grated lemon and orange rind,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla, 1 desertsapoon raspberry or plum jam,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup diced mixed glace fruits, 1 tablespoon chopped maraschino cherries, 1 cup flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups milk.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar, lemon and orange rind, and vanilla, until light and fluffy; add jam, fruit, and cherries, mix well. Sift flour with salt. Stir soda into milk until dissolved. Add dry ingredients to creamed mixture alternately with the milk, beating well after each addition. Pour mixture into well-greased mould or basin, cover securely; steam 2 hours. Unmould, serve hot with ice-cream or whipped cream. Serves 4 to 6.

### CHOCOLATE ANGEL PUDDING

Two tablespoons butter or substitute,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups sugar, 1 egg,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  oz. dark chocolate,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon baking-powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar until fluffy, add egg, beat until light. Melt chocolate over hot water, add to creamed mixture, and beat well. Sift flour with baking-powder and salt. Add dry ingredients to creamed mixture alternately with the milk, beating after each addition. Stir in vanilla. Spoon mixture into greased  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -quart mould; cover securely, steam 2 hours. Serve with Creamy Hard-Sauce. Serves 4 to 6.

**Creamy Hard Sauce:** Two tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 cup icing-sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup whipped cream.

Cream butter with sifted icing-sugar, beat in vanilla. Fold in thickly whipped cream. Serve sauce over slices of hot pudding.

### STEAMED ORANGE BLOSSOM PUDDING

Eight ounces flour, 4oz. butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, 1 teaspoon baking-powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, grated rind 1 orange, 2 eggs.

Beat butter or substitute with sugar until creamy, add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add milk and grated rind. Sift flour with salt and baking-powder, add to creamed mixture. Pour into well-greased basin, cover, steam approximately  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Serve with Orange Meringue Sauce. Serves 4 to 6.

**Orange Meringue Sauce:** Two egg-whites,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup orange juice, 1 desertsapoon grated orange rind.

Beat egg-whites until stiff. Add sugar alternately with a little orange juice, beating constantly. Mix in grated orange rind just before serving.

Continued overleaf

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN



continued from previous page

# STEAMED PUDDINGS

## RASPBERRY SPONGE PUDDING

Two ounces butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 4oz. flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 tablespoon raspberry jam, pinch salt, extra raspberry jam.

Sift flour and salt. Beat butter or substitute and sugar to a cream, add beaten egg, mix well. Dissolve soda in milk and add with the jam; stir in sifted flour. Turn into well-greased mould, cover, steam 1 hour. Turn out on to hot dish, top with additional raspberry jam and serve with rich egg custard. Serves 4 to 6.

## LEMON AND CHOCOLATE MARBLE PUDDING

Three ounces butter or substitute, 3oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 6oz. self-raising flour, grated rind and juice 1 lemon,  $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. cocoa.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar, add alternately beaten eggs, lemon juice, and sieved flour, mixing well. Add grated lemon rind to half the mixture, add sieved cocoa to remaining mixture. Place alternate spoonfuls lemon and chocolate mixture into well-greased pudding basin, cover with greased paper, steam  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Turn out, pour Lemon Sauce over. Serves 4 to 6.

Lemon Sauce: Juice and grated rind 1 lemon, water, 2 teaspoons arrowroot, 2 table-spoons sugar.

Add enough water to rind and juice of lemon to make up to  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint; bring to boil. Blend in arrowroot, which has been mixed with a little water, add sugar. Cook, stirring, until sauce is clear.

## PINEAPPLE-CHERRY PUDDING

One small can pineapple chunks, 2oz. glacé cherries, 1oz. butter or substitute, 2 table-spoons brown sugar, extra 2oz. butter or substitute, extra 2oz. sugar, 1 egg,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  table-spoons milk, 4oz. flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt.

Cream butter or substitute with brown sugar; spread round bottom of well-greased pudding basin. Drain pineapple chunks. Arrange  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chunks in decorative pattern, with cherries, on top of sugar mixture.

Sift flour, baking-powder, and salt. Beat extra butter and sugar until creamy; beat egg and add it to creamed mixture, then add milk and flour mixture. Fold in 2 table-spoons finely chopped pineapple chunks. Carefully spoon over fruit in basin, cover, steam  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Serves 4 to 6.



**LEMON AND CHOCOLATE MARBLE PUDDING:** Lemons and cocoa give this dessert its distinctive flavor and make it a favorite, especially with the men of the family. They'll ask for second helpings! Serve it with a special Lemon Sauce or with creamy custard or whipped cream. See recipe on this page.

## DATE AND ALMOND DARIOLES

Two ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup honey, 2 eggs,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon almond essence,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups flour,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons baking-powder,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon each cinnamon, ground cloves, and grated nutmeg,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 1 cup finely chopped dates,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup ground almonds, 1 cup milk.

Cream butter well, gradually work in honey; add well-beaten eggs, then almond and vanilla essence; beat well. Sift together flour, baking-powder, spices, and salt; add dates and ground almonds. Mix fruit and flour thoroughly, add milk which has been scalded and cooled; stir well until thoroughly blended.

Combine the 2 mixtures well. Pour into well-greased individual dariole moulds, cover; steam approximately 1 hour. Or spoon into large well-greased basin and steam 2 to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Serve with Whipped Cream Amandine.

Whipped Cream Amandine: To 1 cup whipped cream add  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon almond essence,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla, and 1 tablespoon toasted, shredded almonds. Combine all ingredients just before serving. Serves 4 to 6.

## RASPBERRY STRATA

Eight ounces self-raising flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, raspberry jam.

Sift together dry ingredients, rub in butter lightly, mix to soft dough with milk. Grease well a mould or pudding basin, fill with alternate layers of dough and jam, beginning and ending with layer of dough. Cover, steam  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Serves 4 to 6.

## CHOCOLATE CASTLES

Two ounces butter or substitute, scant  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup brown sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, pinch salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, whipped cream, Chocolate Sauce (see below).

Cream butter and sugar well. Add egg and vanilla, beat in. Sift flour, salt, and cinnamon; add half flour mixture to creamed mixture. Blend cocoa with milk and add, with remaining flour. Divide between 6 well-greased dariole moulds. Cover with greased paper, steam, with water half-way up moulds, approximately  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Turn out, pour Chocolate Sauce over, top with swirl of whipped cream. Serves 4 to 6.

Chocolate Sauce: Three ounces dark chocolate,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup water,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla, few drops almond essence.

Grate chocolate, add water and cook over gentle heat, stirring constantly, until chocolate has melted. Stir in sugar and salt, continue cooking, stirring, until slightly thickened. Stir in butter, swirl until melted, remove from heat, add almond essence, vanilla. Serve over puddings.

## SHERRY-PRUNE SHAPE

Six ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. sugar, 6oz. dry white breadcrumbs, 3 eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sherry, 1 teaspoon each grated lemon and orange rind, 1oz. chopped mixed peel, 4oz. soft prunes.

Cream together butter or substitute and sugar, mix in breadcrumbs, beaten egg-yolks, sherry, rinds, and peel. Fold in egg-whites beaten to stiff froth. Line base of greased pudding basin with prunes, spoon batter over. Cover, steam 2 hours. Serves 4 to 6.



**PINEAPPLE-CHERRY PUDDING:** The flavors of cherries and pineapple are combined to make this a dessert that is ideal to conclude a winter meal.



**RASPBERRY SPONGE PUDDING:** Any of the jams made with berry fruits can be used, instead of raspberry, in this basic pudding.

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## BAKED PUDDINGS

### APRICOT SAGO CREAM

Four tablespoons sago, 1 pint milk, pinch salt, finely peeled rind 1 lemon, 4 eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, apricot jam, extra  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar.

Combine sago, milk, salt, and lemon rind; cook about  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour, stirring occasionally; remove rind. Beat egg-yolks and sugar until light, blend into sago mixture. Beat 2 egg-whites until stiff, fold in. Pour into greased pie-dish, bake in dish of hot water in moderate oven about 20 minutes. Remove from oven, spread top with apricot jam; beat remaining egg-whites with the  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, pile on top. Bake until meringue is golden. Serves 4 to 6.

### SAUCY RED-CHERRY SPONGE

One large can cherries, 2-3rds cup sugar, 1 tablespoon sago, pinch salt, red food coloring, 2 eggs, extra 2 tablespoons sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla, pinch salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cream of tartar, whipped cream.

Drain juice from cherries, measure out 1 cup juice or add water to make 1 cup. Mix together in saucepan the sugar, sago, and salt. Stir in cherry juice; cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add cherries and enough red coloring to make sauce bright red. Turn into greased 8in. round 3in. deep baking-dish; keep hot.

Separate eggs. Beat egg-yolks until thick, gradually add the 2 tablespoons sugar, beating until smooth. Sift flour gradually into egg-yolk mixture, add vanilla. Beat egg-whites and salt until foamy, add cream of tartar and beat until stiff but not dry. Fold into egg-yolk mixture. Spread cake batter over the hot cherry sauce. Bake in moderately slow oven 30 minutes. Serve warm with sweetened whipped cream. Serves 4 to 6.

**UPSIDE-DOWN PINEAPPLE PUDDING:** This is a tangy fruit dessert that is always popular for family treats or special-occasion meals. It can be served either hot or cold, with custard or with cream. See recipe for this and other special puddings below.

### HEAVENLY BANANAS

Four tablespoons butter, 6 firm bananas, 4oz. cream cheese, 1 small can crushed pineapple, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup boiled rice, 1 cup cream, 1 cup milk, extra sugar.

Melt butter in pan, add the peeled sliced bananas. Brown quickly in butter, place half the slices in base of buttered pie-plate. Cream the cream cheese until very soft, add sugar and cinnamon, beat until light and smooth; fold in pineapple and rice. Spread half the mixture on bananas. Place remaining banana slices on top, then spread with remaining cream cheese mixture. Pour cream and milk over top, sprinkle with extra sugar. Bake in moderately hot oven 20 minutes or until almost all cream is absorbed and top is lightly browned. Serve hot. If desired extra whipped cream can be served with the bananas. Serves 4 to 6.

### UPSIDE-DOWN PINEAPPLE PUDDING

One small can pineapple pieces, 6oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 4oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. castor sugar, 1 egg, 3 to 4 tablespoons milk.

Pineapple Sauce: Rind and juice  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon, pineapple syrup, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons cornflour.

Drain pineapple pieces. Grease a round cake-tin or ovenproof dish and arrange pineapple pieces over in decorative design. Sift flour with salt and ginger, mix in butter lightly with fingertips; add sugar. Hollow out centre, drop in egg. Mix together with enough milk to make soft dropping consistency. Spread mixture over pineapple, bake in moderately hot oven 30 to 40 minutes or until well risen. Turn out on to hot dish, serve with Pineapple Sauce. Serves 4 to 6.

Pineapple Sauce: Blend cornflour with a little of the syrup, then combine all ingredients and heat gently until sauce has thickened.

### ORANGE WALNUT WONDER CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 1 cup orange juice, 1 cup chopped walnuts, Orange Syrup (see below), whipped cream, extra grated orange rind.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar until light and fluffy. Beat in eggs, one at a time. Add grated orange rind, beat thoroughly. Sift flour with baking-powder, soda, and salt. Add dry ingredients to creamed mixture alternately with orange juice; stir in walnuts. Turn into greased 9in. square tin. Bake in moderate oven approximately 45 minutes. Stand tin on cake-cooler; allow cake to cool slightly, then spoon Orange Syrup over top. Cut into squares to serve, top with spoonful of whipped cream, decorate with sprinkling of grated orange rind. Serves 4 to 6.

Orange Syrup: One cup sugar, 2 cups water, 1 dessertspoon finely grated orange rind.

Combine all ingredients, boil gently 15 minutes. Spoon over warm cake.

### SHERRIED APPLE CRUNCH

Four large cooking apples, 3 dessertspoons sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sherry, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, extra 1-3rd cup sugar, 1 egg, whipped cream.

Peel, quarter, and core apples, slice thinly. Arrange in greased 9in. by 9in. by 2in. baking-tin. Mix together the 3 dessertspoons sugar and cinnamon, sprinkle over sliced apples, pour sherry over. Sift flour with baking-powder, salt, and the 1-3rd cup sugar. Beat egg lightly, mix into dry ingredients to make crumbly mixture. Spread over apples. Bake in hot oven 35 minutes or until crust is golden-brown. Serve warm with whipped cream. Serves 4 to 6.

**ORANGE WALNUT WONDER CAKE:** A rich, moist mixture that does double duty as a dessert and as cake slices the next day.



**HEAVENLY BANANAS:** A simple-to-make dessert in which bananas and cream cheese are combined, baked, served hot.

### CHOCOLATE-PEAR PUDDING

One large can pear halves,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup brown sugar (firmly packed), 2 tablespoons cocoa,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup hot water, 1-3rd cup flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt, 1 egg,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 2oz. butter or substitute (melted),  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped walnuts,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla.

Drain pears, reserve syrup for sauce. Arrange pear halves in greased 8in. by 12in. baking-tin. Mix together the brown sugar and 1 dessertspoon of cocoa, sprinkle over pears. Combine  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of pear syrup and the hot water, bring to boil, pour over pears.

Sift flour with baking-powder, salt, and remaining cocoa. Beat egg until light, gradually add sugar and butter or substitute. Add dry ingredients, nuts, and vanilla. Drop spoonfuls on top of pears and spread. Bake in moderate oven 45 minutes. Serves 4 to 6.

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# STEAMED WINTER PUDDINGS

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## FAMILY FRUIT STEAMED PUDDING

Half pound prunes, 1lb. sultanas, 1 cup coconut, 1 cup soft bread-crumbs, 1 cup finely chopped suet, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon bicarb. soda, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, egg cup of brandy or rum, milk.

Heat syrup, dissolve soda in hot syrup. Combine with all other ingredients, adding just enough milk to make firm dropping consistency. Spoon into greased basin, cover securely, steam approximately 2 to 2½ hours. Serve with hot creamy custard. Serves 4 to 6.

## STEAMED HOLIDAY PUDDING

One-third cup butter or substitute, 1 cup brown sugar (firmly packed), 1 egg, 2 tablespoons red wine, 1 cup each currants, raisins, chopped dates, 1-3rd cup each crystallised pineapple, glace cherries, chopped walnuts, mixed peel, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon bicarb. soda, 1 teaspoon each salt and cinnamon, 1-8th teaspoon each ground ginger and grated nutmeg.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar, add beaten egg. Stir in wine, fruits, and nuts.

Sift together flour, soda, salt, and spices, add to creamed mixture,

stir thoroughly. Grease well 6 small or 1 large mould, sprinkle with sugar, fill 2-3rds full; cover. Steam 3 hours for large 1qt. mould, 45 minutes for individual moulds. Serves 6.

## CHERRY-RIPE PETITE PUDDINGS

Six ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 3oz. butter or substitute, 3oz. castor sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 tablespoon finely grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon finely chopped glace cherries, milk to mix, 1 cup chopped raisins, extra 2oz. chopped glace cherries.

Sift flour and baking-powder. Cream butter, add sugar gradually, beat well; add vanilla. Beat egg, add to creamed mixture with lemon rind and 1 tablespoon glace cherries. Fold in flour and baking-powder gradually in 3 additions. After each addition, add 1 tablespoon milk, so preventing the mixture from thickening. Combine raisins and chopped cherries; place 1 tablespoon into base of each of 4 well-greased small moulds. Two-thirds fill each mould with pudding mixture, cover securely, steam approximately 1½ hour. Serve with custard. Serves 4.

## LITTLE LEMON PUDDINGS

Two ounces castor sugar, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2 eggs, grated rind and juice 1 lemon, 4oz. self-raising flour, 4oz. lemon butter, 1 teaspoon arrowroot, 1 pint water.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar until light and fluffy. Add well-beaten eggs gradually with the lemon rind. Fold in sifted flour, mix in lemon juice. Fill 4 small well-greased moulds or basins, cover steam gently 45 minutes. Unmould on to serving-plates, spoon over Lemon Butter Sauce. Serves 4.

Lemon Butter Sauce: Blend the arrowroot with a little of the water in basin. Mix lemon butter with remainder of water in small pan, heat, and stir into arrowroot. Return to saucepan, stir until mixture thickens.

## STEAMED FRUIT ROLL

Eight ounces flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 4oz. finely chopped suet, 3oz. sugar, 4oz. currants, milk to mix.

Sieve flour, salt, and baking-powder. Add suet, sugar, and currants, mix with just enough milk to give fairly soft dough. Place on greased and floured pudding-cloth, shape into a roll. Roll up cloth and tie both ends, leaving room for pudding to expand. Steam 2½ to 3 hours. Serve with Lemon Caramel Sauce. Serves 4 to 6.

Lemon Caramel Sauce: Quarter cup butter or substitute, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon corn-flour, 1 cup cold water, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Melt butter, combine with sugar and cornflour dissolved in the water. Cook in double boiler and bring slowly to boil, stirring well. Add lemon juice. Cover until ready to serve. Should mixture thicken too much while standing, place over low heat, heat slowly, then thin to desired consistency with little hot water; beat with wooden spoon until smooth.

## STEAMED FIG PUDDING

Quarter pound dried figs, 1lb. self-raising flour, 3oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, 3oz. golden syrup, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon each cinnamon and ground ginger, 1 egg, pinch salt, milk.

Cut figs into small pieces. Cream together butter or substitute with sugar, vanilla, and salt. Add egg and beat well. Add the slightly warmed golden syrup, spices, sifted flour, and figs, adding just enough milk to make light batter. Fill into well-greased individual small moulds, filling ¾ full. Cover, steam approximately 1½ hour. Serve with a coffee-flavored custard sauce. Serves 4 to 6.

## ORANGE-SYRUP PUDDING

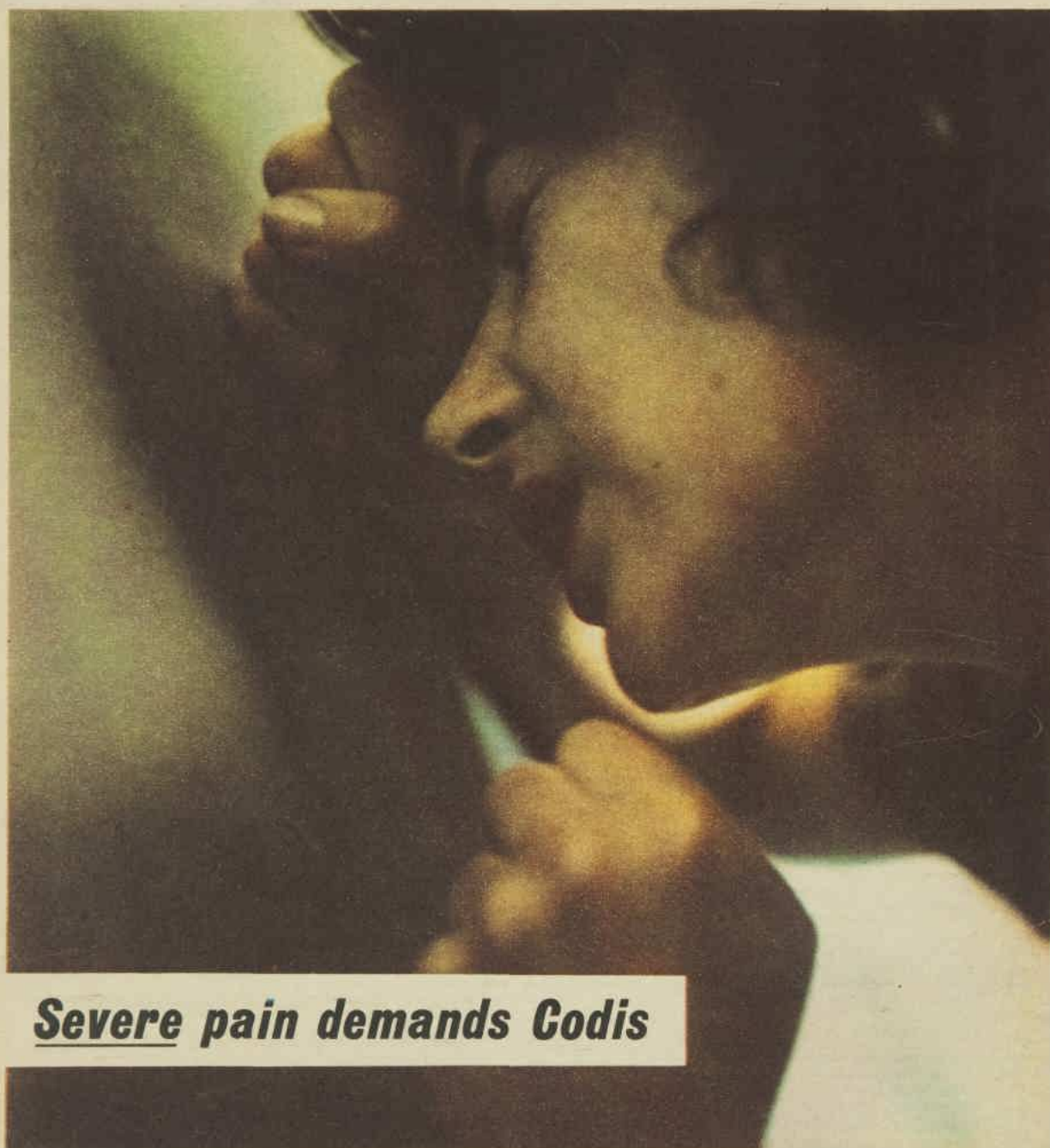
One and a half tablespoons golden syrup, 3oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, grated rind and juice 1 large orange.

Grease well a pudding-basin, put golden syrup into basin and tip to coat sides. Beat together butter or substitute with sugar until creamy; add egg, beat well. Add grated orange rind. Sift flour and salt, add to creamed mixture alternately with orange juice to make fairly soft mixture. Add a little milk if orange is small and there is not sufficient juice. Spoon into basin, cover, steam 2 hours. Serves 4 to 6.

## HUNGARIAN FRUIT MOULD

Five ounces soft bread cut into dice, 4oz. castor sugar, 3oz. sultanas, 2oz. mixed peel (finely cut), grated rind 1 lemon, 2 eggs, 1 pint milk, 1 cup sherry, 1oz. loaf sugar.

Put loaf sugar into saucepan, brown lightly, add milk, and stir until sugar dissolves; cool slightly. Add beaten eggs, then sherry. Strain over dry ingredients, let stand to soak 1 hour. Put into greased basin, cover securely with greased paper, steam 1½ to 2 hours. Serves 4 to 6.



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# Baked Winter Puddings . . . from page 45

## APPLE DUMPLINGS WITH CINNAMON-FUDGE SAUCE

Two and a half cups sweetened apple sauce, 1 cup flour, 1½ teaspoons baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1½ tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 dessertspoon grated lemon rind, ½ cup milk, extra 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon white sugar, ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg.

Spread apple sauce in greased 8 in. by 8 in. by 2 in. pan, heat in oven 5 minutes while preparing topping. Sift flour with baking-powder, salt, brown sugar. Cut in the 1½ tablespoons butter or substitute, add lemon rind. Pour in milk all at once, mix only until dry ingredients are dampened. Drop dough on to hot apple sauce, making 6 dumplings altogether. Wet back of spoon and make depression in each; put in each dot of butter, little sugar, sprinkle with nutmeg. Bake in very hot oven 20 minutes or until dumplings are golden-brown. Serve with Cinnamon-Fudge Sauce. Serves 6.

**Cinnamon-Fudge Sauce:** Four ounces dark chocolate, 2 dessertspoons water, 2 dessertspoons milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ½ teaspoon cinnamon.

Melt grated chocolate over hot water. Stir in water and milk, cook, stirring until slightly thickened. Remove from heat, stir in vanilla and cinnamon. Serve warm over dumplings.

## DATE-NUT COFFEE DESSERT

Four ounces butter or substitute, ½ cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup grated apples, ½ cup chopped dates, 1 cup chopped brazil nuts, 1½ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon instant coffee dissolved in 1 cup hot water and cooled.

Separate eggs. Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add egg-yolks, apples, dates, nuts. Sift flour with baking-powder and salt, add alternately with cooled coffee to fruit mixture. Beat egg-whites until stiff, fold in. Pour into greased 1½ quart ring-mould. Bake in moderate oven 45 minutes. Cut into wedges to serve. Serve with Mocha-Rum Sauce. Serves 4 to 6.

**Mocha-Rum Sauce:** Half cup sugar, 1 tablespoon flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1½ teaspoons instant coffee, 1 cup hot water, 1 egg-white, 1 tablespoon rum.

Dissolve instant coffee in hot water, set aside to cool. In small saucepan blend sugar, flour, and salt, stir in cooled coffee gradually. Cook over low heat until mixture thickens, stirring constantly; boil briskly 2 or 3 minutes. Remove from heat, cool to lukewarm, fold in stiffly beaten egg-white alternately with rum. Chill before serving.

## CINNAMON-RICE

One cup uncooked rice, 4 cups milk, 1½ tablespoons butter, 1 cup sugar, 4 eggs, grated rind 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Soak rice in milk 2 hours. Then cook over low heat 20 to 30 minutes or until rice is tender; set aside to cool. Cream butter, work in sugar gradually and well. Beat eggs until frothy, add sugar mixture and rice, fold in lemon rind and ½ teaspoon cinnamon. Pour into casserole, sprinkle with remaining cinnamon. Stand in pan containing hot water, bake in moderate oven 45 minutes. Serve with whipped cream. Serves 4 to 6.

## LEMON-COCONUT DELICIOUS

Three eggs, ½ cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon flour, grated rind and juice 2 large lemons, pinch salt, ½ cup desiccated coconut, extra ½ cup sugar.

Separate eggs, beat yolks with ½ cup sugar until light; beat in milk, flour, rind and juice of lemons, salt. Stir in coconut. Beat egg-whites with extra ½ cup sugar until stiff but not dry. Fold into lemon-coconut mixture. Turn into deep tin, casserole or soufflé-dish, set in pan of hot water, bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes or until pudding is puffed and brown. Spoon

into serving-dishes, ladling lemon sauce from bottom of dish over pudding. Serves 4 to 6.

## TANGY LEMON DELIGHT

Three eggs, 2oz. fresh white breadcrumbs, 2oz. sugar, ½ pint milk, juice and grated rind 2 lemons.

Separate eggs. Mix breadcrumbs with sugar in saucepan, pour boiling milk over. Add little of hot milk to beaten egg-yolks, stir back gradually into breadcrumb mixture. Heat gently, stirring, until thick. Cool, stir in lemon juice and rind. Whisk egg-whites until stiff enough to stand in peaks, fold in. Pour into greased ovenproof dish, bake in

moderate oven 40 minutes or until set. Serves 4 to 6.

## BANANA-RUM BAKE

Twelve bananas, ½ cup rum, 2 eggs, ½ cup butter or substitute (melted), ½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg, ½ cup flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder.

Mash bananas with rum, stir in beaten eggs, melted butter, sugar, and spices. Sift flour with baking-powder, add banana puree. Bake in greased ovenproof dish in moderate oven 1 hour. Serves 6.

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## APRICOT JAM WINS £5

● A richly colored, well-flavored apricot jam made with dried apricots and pumpkin wins the £5 prize.

This unusual jam would be an excellent choice to make for school, church, or charity fetes later in the year because the addition of pumpkin, which can be bought, usually very cheaply, cuts down on expense.

## DRIED APRICOT AND PUMPKIN JAM

Half pound dried apricots, 2½lb. sugar, 1½ pints water, 8 table-spoons lemon juice (lemons must not be too ripe), 1lb. good colored pumpkin.

Soak apricots overnight in 1 pint of water. Next day peel pumpkin and cut up roughly. Cook gently in remainder of water and lemon juice until quite soft. Then add apricots, cook about 10 to 15 minutes longer. Add sugar and cook until jam thickens and jells when tested. This should not take long.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. L. Edwards, "Bonnie Doone," Railway Parade, Hazelbrook, N.S.W.

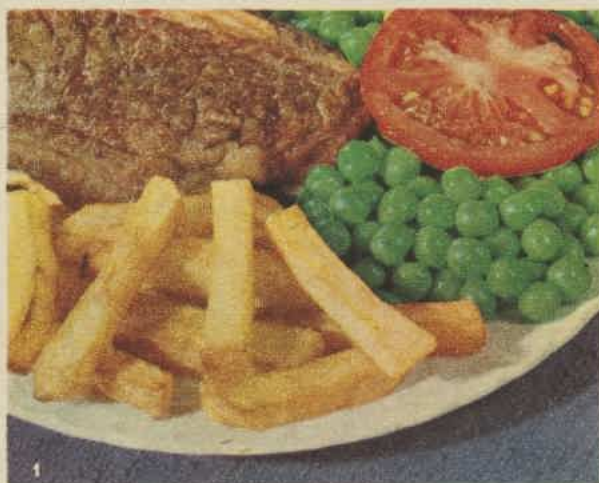


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**1. FRYING** Chips are fried in deep Copha which must be hot, but no blue haze should be showing. Copha is also ideal for shallow frying such things as eggs, bacon, lamb's fry, chicken.  
**2. COCONUT ICE** ½ lb. Copha, melted, 1 lb. icing sugar, sifted, ½ lb. fine desiccated coconut, 2 egg whites, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence.  
**Method:** Mix together the sugar, coconut, egg and vanilla. Then stir in warm (not hot) Copha,

and mix well. Line a cake tin with greaseproof paper and spread in it one-half of the mixture. Colour the remainder pink and spread over white layer. Stand in a cold place to set.

**3. BISCUITS** 6 oz. plain flour, 1 egg, 1 oz. sugar, 2 oz. Copha shortening, 1 tablespoon milk, glaze cherries to decorate.

**Method:** Place sifted flour, sugar and egg in basin. Add melted Copha and milk. Beat. Roll out

on a floured board, thinly. Cut into shapes, decorate with a cherry and bake in a moderately hot oven.

**4. ICING** 2 oz. Copha, 3 tablespoons milk, 12 oz. icing sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

**Method:** Melt Copha over gentle heat. Add milk, vanilla and sifted icing sugar and beat well. Colour if required and stir till the mixture thickens sufficiently to pour onto cake.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 10, 1963



# BAKED WINTER PUDDINGS . . .

Continued from page 47

## CARAMEL PEACH-SLICE

One large can sliced peaches, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 dessertspoon butter, extra 1 tablespoon butter, 1-3rd cup firmly packed brown sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder.

Drain peach slices, arrange in well-greased 9in. pie-dish, sprinkle with lemon juice. Combine sugar, cinnamon, and dessertspoon of flour, sprinkle over peaches, dot with 1 dessertspoon butter. Cream together 1 tablespoon butter, brown sugar; blend in slightly beaten egg. Sift together flour and baking-powder, add to batter, blending well. Spread batter over peaches. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes, until golden brown. Serve hot with Fluffy Caramel Sauce. Serves 4 to 6.

Fluffy Caramel Sauce: One tablespoon butter, 1 cup firmly packed brown sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup cream.

Separate egg. Cream butter with brown sugar. Beat egg-yolk until thick and lemon-colored, add cream. Combine both mixtures in top of double saucepan over boiling water. Cook 5 minutes or until mixture coats spoon, stirring continuously. Fold mixture into stiffly beaten egg-white. If mixture separates while standing, fold together gently just before serving.

## CHOCOLATE CUSTARD

Two cups milk, 2oz. dark chocolate, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 3 eggs, 1 1/2 teaspoons vanilla.

Separate eggs. Heat milk and chopped chocolate over hot water until chocolate is melted. Beat well until mixture is well blended. Sift together flour, sugar, and salt. Add melted butter and slightly beaten egg-yolks, mix well. Add the chocolate, milk, and vanilla, blend. Beat egg-whites to soft peaks, fold gently into pudding. Turn into well-greased 8in. round casserole, set in pan containing hot water to half depth of casserole; bake in moderate oven 45 minutes. Serve warm with cream. Serves 4 to 6.

## PEPPERMINT RICE

Three ounces rice, 1 pint water, 1 pint milk, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon honey, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon butter, 6 or 8 peppermint cream sweets.

Wash rice, simmer gently in the water until absorbed, stirring now and then. Add milk, simmer gently 15 minutes. Allow to cool 2 minutes. Beat eggs and honey together, pour rice and milk into buttered pie-dish, add eggs, honey, and salt; mix gently. Dot with butter, stand dish in a dish of cold water, bake gently until set in moderately slow oven (30 to 40 minutes). Remove from oven, top with the peppermint creams, allow to melt a little, swirl with fork into marbled effect. Serve hot or cold. Serves 4 to 6.

## CARAMEL BREAD PUDDING

One and a half pints milk, 1 cup brown sugar firmly packed, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 tablespoon butter, 3 eggs, 4 slices stale bread, 1 cup chopped nuts, peanut butter.

Cut crusts from bread, spread on both sides with peanut butter; cut into fingers, arrange in well-greased pie-dish. Scald milk; when hot add brown sugar, salt, and butter, mix in well, pour gradually on to beaten eggs. Tip back into saucepan, cook few minutes longer, stirring all the time, without boiling. Remove from heat, add vanilla, pour over bread in pie-dish, sprinkle with chopped nuts. Bake in moderate oven until set. Serves 4 to 6.

## BUTTERSCOTCH-DATE PUDDING

One cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup chopped dates, 1-3rd cup milk, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 and 1-3rd cups boiling water, pinch salt.

Sift flour, baking-powder, and salt; add white sugar and dates, mix to stiff dough with the milk. Turn into greased casserole. Mix brown sugar and butter with the boiling water, pour over cake mixture. Cook in moderate oven 1 hour. Serves 4 to 6.

Continued overleaf

## READERS' HOUSEHOLD HINTS

● A prize of £1/1/- is awarded for each of these useful household hints sent in by readers.

TO teach a little girl to knit stocking-stitch, give her a red needle for the purl stitches and a white one for the plain. She will learn quickly by associating each stitch with a different color.—Mrs. S. De Courcy, 19 Salisbury Rd., Ipswich, Qld.

When making biscuit pastry, add about one tablespoon of custard powder to the mixture. This gives it a finer texture and flavor.—Miss M. Woolley, Pierpont St., Stanthorpe, Qld.

If you roughen the edges of rubber sink plugs with steel wool, they will never come out during the washing-up.—Mrs. K. B. Harding, 65 Balacava Rd., Earlville, Cairns, Qld.

Join a bulky sweater with bobby-pins before making up. You can try it on, fit it correctly, and be sure the bobby-pins won't slip out.—Mrs. Elaine Caldwell, 114 Attunga Rd., Newport Beach, N.S.W.

When baby graduates from pram to pushcart, fix the old wire pram basket

on to the cot. It is very handy for holding toys and books for early-rising toddlers. A small plastic box with a couple of biscuits and some seedless raisins might even ensure you an extra 15 minutes in bed on Sunday mornings.—Mrs. D. Zlatie, 61 Park Rd., Surrey Hills, Vic.

Cut patches for small children's clothes from a contrasting color in animal or flower shapes. They are decorative as well as practical.—Mrs. J. Eaglesham, 34 Walgett St., Katoomba, N.S.W.



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### Collectors' corner

• Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, gives information about a reader's vases.

*This vase is one of a pair. Markings are crossed swords and a star.—H. Manningfold, Geelong, Vic.*

Your beautiful vases (one shown at left) are German porcelain and were made at Meissen during the first quarter of the 19th century. They bear the mark of the Marcolini period (1774-1814).

## BAKED WINTER PUDDINGS

... continued from previous page

### MOCHA-FUDGE CUSTARD

Custard: Three eggs, 2oz. sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon grated nutmeg, 1 pint scalded hot milk,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon vanilla, 1 dessertspoon instant coffee.

Fudge Topping: Two ounces icing-sugar, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons cream, 1oz. dark unsweetened chocolate, 1 teaspoon instant coffee, 2 tablespoons melted butter.

Beat slightly eggs, sugar, and salt, then beat in nutmeg, hot milk (in which the instant coffee has been dissolved), and vanilla. Pour into baking-dish or casserole. Put into pan half-filled with hot water.

Bake in moderate oven until custard has set or until a knife inserted 1in. from edge comes out clean. Spread over the fudge topping. Serves 4 to 6.

Topping: Mix icing-sugar, salt, and cream. Blend in melted chocolate, instant coffee, and melted butter.

### FLUFFY ALMOND CREAM

Two ounces blanched, shredded almonds, 2oz. flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, 1 cup milk, 2oz. butter,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar, 4 eggs, extra shredded almonds (toasted), 1 teaspoon almond essence.

Sift flour and salt into basin. Make well in centre, pour in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup, less 1 dessertspoon, milk; stir gradually, starting from centre, until flour is moistened, then beat vigorously until batter is smooth and free from lumps. Put remaining milk into saucepan with butter, when boiling add sugar and the flour batter. Cook over gentle heat, stirring constantly until thick; cool slightly. Beat in the 4 egg-yolks one at a time, beating vigorously after each addition. Fold in the 2oz. blanched almonds and almond essence, then stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn mixture into greased casserole, sprinkle with toasted almonds. Stand casserole in pan containing hot water about half depth of dish, bake in moderate oven approximately 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Or bake in 6 individual custard cups about 45 minutes. Serves 6.

### SPICY APPLE CAKE-PUDDING

One cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon grated nutmeg,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon ground cloves, 1 cup butter,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  cups peeled finely chopped apples,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped walnuts.

Sift together flour, baking-powder, and spices with salt. Cream butter and sugar well, add egg, beat well again. Blend in water, vanilla, dry ingredients. Stir in chopped apples and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup walnuts. Turn into well-greased 9in. layer-tin, sprinkle remaining nuts over. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes.

### APRICOT SPONGE MERINGUE

Two eggs, 2oz. castor sugar, 2oz. flour, pinch salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon baking-powder, 1 small can apricot halves, 1 dessertspoon rum.

Meringue: Two egg-whites, 2oz. castor sugar, 2oz. icing-sugar.

Beat eggs with 2oz. castor sugar in large bowl over hot water. Continue to beat until mixture is thick. Sift together flour, salt, and baking-powder, fold into egg mixture. Pour into greased, paper-lined 8in. sandwich-tin, bake in moderate oven 15 minutes or until firm. Turn out to wire rack, cool. Place on oven-proof serving-dish. Drain apricots. Combine about  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of apricot syrup with rum, pour gently over sponge. Top with apricot halves. Serves 4 to 6.

Meringue: Beat egg-whites until stiff enough to stand up in peaks. Add 1oz. of the castor sugar, beat again. Fold in remaining castor sugar. Sift in icing-sugar, stand bowl over saucepan of hot water. Whisk again until mixture will stand up in peaks. Swirl over apricots, bring well down to sides of cake to seal. Bake until golden.

### CHOC-ORANGE PUDDING

Two ounces cornflour, 1 pint milk, 4oz. grated chocolate, 2oz. sugar, 2 eggs, grated rind 1 orange, extra 1oz. sugar.

Separate eggs. Blend cornflour with little of the milk. Put remaining milk with 3oz. of the chocolate into saucepan, heat to scalding. Pour on to cornflour mixture slowly, stirring all the time. Return to saucepan and simmer gently, stirring until mixture thickens; remove from heat, cool slightly. Stir in the 2oz. sugar, egg-yolks and orange rind. Whisk 1 egg-white in basin until very stiff, fold gently into chocolate mixture. Turn into lightly greased ovenproof dish, bake in slow oven approximately 10 to 15 minutes. Whisk remaining egg-white in basin until stiff. Gradually beat in the 1oz. sugar. Pipe this meringue in stars on top of chocolate pudding. Return to oven to brown meringue; lightly; sprinkle with remaining grated chocolate. Serves 4 to 6.

### BAKED SULTANA PUDDING

Two ounces butter or substitute,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 1 egg, grated rind 1 lemon,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sultanas,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  cups self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Sauce: One cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon golden syrup,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup boiling water, juice  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar and lemon rind; add egg, beat well. Sift flour and salt, add half to creamed mixture. Add sultanas and milk, then remaining flour. Turn into greased casserole. Boil sauce ingredients 2 to 3 minutes. Pour over pudding. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Serves 4 to 6.

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# MAGNOLIAS



● *Magnolia soulangeana* has a glorious flowering in spring; leaves follow on.

Gardening Book — page 164

EVERGREEN or deciduous, dwarf or gigantic, there are more than 80 species of magnolia. Those mostly seen in Australia are fairly easy to grow if you avoid ground that's either boggy or heavily limed.

The best climates are cold to temperate and reasonable quantities of water are a necessity.

The best-known deciduous group is *Magnolia soulangeana*, a family of hybrids originally raised by crossing *M. denudata* and the colorful *M. liliflora*. They grow up to 20ft. and produce lovely blooms, tulip-shaped and in shades of cream, mauve-pink, and purple.

*M. liliflora* itself grows to about 12ft. Its flowers are long and pointed, rich purple on the outside and nearly white inside.

Another deciduous magnolia is the species called *stellata*, with star-shaped blooms of snowy white borne on shrubby plants that rarely exceed 10ft.

*Magnolia denudata* (or *conspicua*) is also known as the yulan, its Chinese name. This grows to about 30ft.

The evergreen *Magnolia grandiflora*, from America's deep south, grows to 60ft. high and (don't forget if planting) about the same across. The big cup-shaped cream flowers appear in spring.

*M. liliflora* can be raised quite easily from cuttings. Most of the others are usually propagated by layering (pegging down a low branch) in summer or autumn.

The pungent evergreen small tree or shrub known as the port-wine magnolia has been reclassified in recent years as *Michelia figo*, although it is often still listed in the catalogues as *Magnolia fuscata*.



● *Magnolia denudata* is a strong-growing tree covered with showy blooms.



● A variety of *M. denudata* (also called *M. conspicua*).

Gardening Book — page 165

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



## Burnt pans swirl clean

## with

## Steelo Soap Pads



The first swirls get off all the burn and rough stuff. Billions of Steelo "scrub bubbles" cut grease so fast you scarcely need to scrub. Round and round with a few more swirls and there's that Steelo brightness. All pots and pans — old as well as your precious new ones — start looking better and brighter, inside and out, when you take to them with Steelo Soap Pads. There is extra coconut oil in every pad (and coconut oil is so kind to hands). Steelo Soap Pads are also rust resistant.

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armament of the country. Possessed of the bomb, Grand Fenwick had formed a League of Little Nations with the smaller countries of the world, and had been able to enforce an atomic inspection of the other nations. An uneasy peace between East and West ensued.

But the inspection, the result of coercion rather than sincere agreement, was not working. Atomic rearmament was going on in spite of it. The bigger nations grew bigger and more menacing. The smaller nations dwindled to insignificance. The rivalry for control of the earth was even being taken into space, so that mastery of the moon and the planets was now part of the ambitions of East and West.

It was not surprising, then, that it maddened the Count of Mountjoy, coming as he did of such distinguished diplomatic lineage, that

## Continuing . . . THE MOUSE ON THE MOON

from page 21

he should be concerned with a budget of less than twenty thousand pounds while his counterparts in other nations juggled with billions and calculated the orbit to the moon and East vied with West for the mastery of space. The Count had an active and imaginative mind which operated on the grand scale.

But, as Prime Minister of so small a nation, his scope was tremendously reduced and all the plans which he could evolve within the scope allotted to him were frustrated year after year by the arch conservatism of the Opposition led by Mr. Bentner.

These plans did not only include the straightening of the twelve miles

of road through the Duchy to encourage tourism. Even dearer to the Count's heart was the modernisation of the plumbing in the castle of Grand Fenwick, in which he had his apartments. He had fought for this project for fifteen years and got nowhere. Such plumbing as the castle had was in a word barbarous. The Count was compelled to wash in water brought to his chambers in a ewer, for when the castle was built at the close of the thirteenth century, no piping had been put through the walls.

The water was obtained from a well in the courtyard and then

heated in a cauldron over the kitchen fires. By the time it came to him up three hundred steps of a circular staircase, it was invariably tepid if not downright cold.

The services of two men and a boy were required to get sufficient water heated and rushed to the Count's apartments so that he might bathe in a hip bath which was two hundred years old and leaked dismally from some unlocatable hole.

What applied to the Count, of course, applied to Her Grace the Duchess Gloriana XII, ruler of Grand Fenwick, and her consort, Tully Bascomb, and all the other occupants of the castle. But, try as he might, the Count could never

get the Council of Freemen to vote sufficient funds to install modern plumbing, or agree to borrowing the money from the United States, which he was sure would sanction the loan.

Angered at the impossibility of obtaining from the obdurate Bentner so small a convenience as hot and cold water throughout the castle, the Count pushed the budget material aside on his desk and went off to see Dr. Kokintz, the eminent developer of the Q-bomb, now, alas, an almost archaic weapon with the possibility of a neutron bomb in sight.

He found Dr. Kokintz in his study in the castle, seated before a fire and deeply immersed in a book on birds, for he was devoted to ornithology and his study was gay with cages of birds, which he cared for himself.

"Ah, good evening, Mountjoy," Kokintz said when the Count entered. "I have just had the most exciting news from Bascomb. Two bobolinks have been found in the forest. Bascomb did not see them closely, but he believes they are male and female. Just think of it. There have been no bobolinks in Grand Fenwick in all its history. Now these two little visitors come to us and perhaps will make their home in our forest. I am going down to the forest tomorrow with Bascomb and we are going to spend the whole day trying to get a picture of them. I can assure you that the Audubon Society will be very interested. In fact, astounded. But as you know there is a shrike about, in the southern edge of the forest, and his presence is very serious indeed."

"A shrike?" asked Mountjoy.

"Yes, A butcher bird. They are demons among birds, nipping the heads of their fellow creatures and devouring them. It would be appalling if the shrike were to discover the bobolinks and perhaps kill one or the other of them. We may have to kill the shrike. Bascomb says it can be done, though it may take a day or two. He says unfortunately there are no funds in his budget for this kind of work. Do you think something could be managed when you make your budget speech next week? The bobolinks are very important."

**S**AVAGELY Mountjoy said, "Yes, I expect Bentner will permit the expenditure of a few shillings to protect two bobolinks. But I was hoping for conversation of a somewhat larger scope when I came to see you."

"Ah," said Kokintz, "you have no feeling for birds. It is a pity. They are so cheerful and bright at all times. Indeed, of all creatures birds are the busiest and gayest. And in times such as these, my friend, we need their company."

The scientist rose and, going to a cupboard, brought forth a bottle of Pinot Grand Fenwick, that noble wine for which (perhaps even more than its defeat of the United States of America) the Duchy was famed throughout the civilised world.

He placed two glasses on a small table before the fire, fumbled in his pocket, and took out an old-fashioned clasp-knife he had had since he was a boy. The knife was almost a museum piece, containing not only several blades but also an implement for the removal of stones from horses' hoofs, a gimlet, a screw-driver, a can-opener, and a corkscrew.

Kokintz opened the corkscrew, and, while Mountjoy shivered in agony that so great a wine should be tapped by so ignoble an instrument, drew the cork. Then he carefully poured a glass of the Pinot for himself and another for Mountjoy, and then with a slight salute, and again to the horror of the Count, drained his glass in one swallow.

"That," said Mountjoy, "is Premier Grand Cru 'Fifty-eight — the greatest Pinot we have produced in fifty years."

"Very good, too," said Kokintz, on whom this rebuke was utterly lost. He poured himself another glass, and then, taking an apple out of his pocket, cut a piece from it

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with his clasp-knife and put the piece in the bars of a cage containing two black-and-white rice birds.

"They like a piece of apple now and again, but too much is bad for them."

"Who do you think will be the first on the moon?" asked Mountjoy, desperate to head the conversation in a direction worthy of his mentality.

"A monkey," said Kokintz. "You remember our little childhood saying? Well, first man on the moon is a monkey." He chuckled at the thought. "A monkey and maybe a mouse. After that—a man. If, of course, the monkey survives and can be brought back."

"Do you think it will be a Russian monkey or an American monkey?" asked Mountjoy.

"African, most likely," said Kokintz. "They are harder."

"But will it be in a Russian rocket that takes it there or an American rocket?"

Kokintz shrugged. "Who am I to say?" he asked. "I read what I can here. But it is what one cannot read that is important. I would say, however, that the Russians are likely to succeed first. They have already put a rocket on the moon. They have already orbited an astronaut several times around the earth; so has the United States, but the Russians were first. They are probably ahead in the only remaining problem, which is that of getting a rocket back from the moon."

"That is a really difficult problem. The earth's gravity, which as you know is several times greater than that of the moon, will accelerate the speed of a rocket approaching earth tremendously. And the increasing density of the atmosphere around the earth would produce such a terrible friction that the rocket is likely to burn up like a meteor."

"Of course, there are ways of combating these difficulties which are well known to physicists. But I would suspect that the Russians are further ahead with the actual work and are therefore likely to succeed before the United States of America."

**M**OUNTJOY broke in at the last to ask, "What is the major problem involved in getting a rocket to the moon?"

"Energy," replied Kokintz, seating himself again by the fire. "Fuel. The discovery of a source of energy sufficiently powerful to project the rocket from the earth to the moon. Present fuels are oxygen-activated—that is to say, they burn oxygen to release their energy. Some of them are liquid, some solid with built-in oxygen, for, as you realise, there is no oxygen available in space. But none of these fuels is much more than primitive. An entirely new energy source is required for space travel."

They fell silent for a while, Mountjoy envying those nations whose budgets could command research into so fascinating a problem and Kokintz engaged with the whole field of energy, of which man knew so little.

What was energy? It was a form of matter. All matter could be converted into energy if the key for the conversion could be found.

And the corollary of that statement was that all energy could be converted into matter—an even more fascinating prospect. Nothing was ever destroyed and all things were therefore eternal, though they changed their forms. He found the thought greatly comforting.

His mind wandered off into this infinity of the inter-relationship of energy and matter, and the Count of Mountjoy, seeing him thus preoccupied, left the room disconsolate, to return to the petty problem of the budget of Grand Fenwick.

When he had gone Kokintz continued staring at the low heavy oak table before him as if upon its top lay the whole universe and all its mysteries. He was a pudgy man in his late sixties with a figure that would have done credit to a teddy bear.

One of the world's greatest phys-

## Continuing . . . THE MOUSE ON THE MOON

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siciata, he was essentially a simple man, and his colleagues agreed that it was his basic simplicity which made him so great a scientist. He had an ability to see clearly through the most complicated issues, never distracted by fascinating pitfalls to the side.

He did most of his work with paper and pencil, and since it irritated him to be without a pencil when he needed one he carried a dozen or more on his person so that the breast-pocket of his jacket bulged with pencils of many kinds. Tully Bascomb had once counted the number of pencils Dr. Kokintz had about his person and found seventeen.

When Dr. Kokintz wanted to test any calculation he had conjured up, he sent the ingredients off to the Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton, or to the California Institute of Technology or some such institution, and these were always glad to do whatever he required.

So he sat, staring at the table top, when suddenly there was a little pop and the cork flipped out of the bottle of Pinot on the table before him. Kokintz stared at the bottle and the cork, and then looked from them to the fire.

"Boyle's law of the expansion of gases," he said to himself. And then, because such was his type of mind, he began to wonder exactly what rise in temperature had taken place inside the bottle to cause the fumes from the wine to become sufficiently agitated to push the cork out of the bottle. Was it the same for all wines? Certainly not. That would depend on their volatility, which was related to their alcoholic content. But was there something about Pinot Grand Fenwick, a wine prized throughout the world for its bouquet and its health-giving qualities? . . .

Dr. Kokintz picked up the bottle and then did something that would

have horrified the Count of Mountjoy. He measured a portion of the Premier Grand Cru '58 into a beaker and then poured it into a retort, and fumbling around for a match—he was a pipe-smoker and never had any—found one at last and lit a Bunsen burner under the retort.

He became so interested in what he was doing that he was still at his work, his desk littered with books and technical reports from scientists in every corner of the globe, when the following day dawned.

Dr. Kokintz was extremely tired, having had no sleep at all when Tully Bascomb called on him the following morning so that they could get pictures of the bobolinks for their report to the Audubon Society.

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in their  
favour

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Try Alka-Seltzer — it really works!

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## Continuing . . . THE MOUSE ON THE MOON

from page 53

Tully was politically the most important man in the Duchy of Grand Fenwick, being the consort of the regnant Duchess Gloriana XII, a somewhat wilful young lady of twenty-three. He was at one and the same time her adviser, her investigator, and her conscience, in so far as it was concerned with the affairs of the Duchy. But he held her in the greatest reverence and made no effort himself to become the ruler of Grand Fenwick or to detract from the regard in which she was held by her people.

His own devotion to Gloriana, who was both his wife and his ruler, was a magnificent example to the five thousand seven hundred and sixty-three inhabitants of Grand Fenwick, whose loyalty and love for the pretty Duchess had indeed deepened since her marriage to Tully Bascomb.

Besides his position as Ducal Consort, Tully was also (by virtue of his own talents) Grand Marshal of the Duchy, meaning, in modern terms, Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces, and also Chief Steward (which in modern terms would be the equivalent of Secretary of the Interior). It will be understood that the various Government posts in Grand Fenwick still retained their medieval titles.

As Chief Steward, Tully's duties included supervision of the Forest of Grand Fenwick — an area of no more than three hundred acres lying at the bottom of the valley whose mountainous walls marked the boundaries of the country. He had travelled much in his youth, but was fond of forestry, and together

with Dr. Kokintz had contrived to turn the Forest of Grand Fenwick into a sanctuary of wildlife.

"Been working?" asked Tully, glancing around the disorderly office and sniffing the air, in which there was a strong smell of wine.

"Ah, yes," said Kokintz, rubbing his eyes. "Yes. A little work. The chemistry of wine has been curiously neglected. Some research has been done here and there, but no real digging. Now what did I do with that residue?"

HE went over to his workbench and its litter of books, pipettes, retorts, and beakers and peered around, clucking impatiently to himself. Then he started patting his pockets and took out of them a large pipe and then the apple of which he had given a piece to the rice birds. The apple had gone brown in the area which was cut and he examined this brown color with interest and for a moment seemed to have forgotten the object of his search.

"The residue," said Tully gently.

"Huh?" said Kokintz. "Ah, yes. The residue." He turned once more to his hazardous search, being rewarded after a little time by the discovery of an envelope into which he peered mildly and

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

then, folding it up, put in his pocket.

He turned to Tully. "What have you got that camera for?" he asked.

"We are going to get pictures of the bobolinks," said Tully, who was quite accustomed to Kokintz's absent-mindedness.

"Of course," said Kokintz. "Yes. Here, let me carry those plates for you." He took a number of the photographic plates from Tully and stuffed them into the pocket of his coat and the two left together for the forest. On the way Tully began to feel apologetic about dragging the scientist away from his work and, to ease his conscience, said if what the doctor was doing was very important, perhaps they could return on the following day and get the pictures of the bobolinks.

"Oh, no," said Kokintz. "It is no great matter. It is just a little research." He offered nothing further, and they trudged along in silence until they came to the border of the forest, which was ringed about by a fence of rails. They climbed the fence and, pushing through the tangle of last year's bracken, for the month was March, came at last to the area in which the bobolinks had been seen.

Here they constructed a shelter of brushwood for their camera, which was focused on the topmost branches of a beech tree in which the birds had been spotted the previous day. They waited through the forenoon and the greater part of the afternoon and were rewarded with twelve exposures, of which three promised to be excellent, being taken through a telescopic lens.

During this waiting Kokintz took out one of the innumerable pencils which he always carried in the breastpocket of his coat and made a great quantity of calculations on a large block of paper which he had brought with him.

He fell asleep shortly after midday, and Tully, glancing at the pages on which the doctor had made his calculations, was surprised to find a picture of a bottle of wine on one of them. Nearby was scrawled, "Temp. 68deg. F." and below that, "Thrust 20lb. per square inch minimum."

NONE of this made much sense to him, though he concluded that the doctor was busy with the problem of the fermentation of Pinot Grand Fenwick. When they had exposed all their plates they returned to the castle and Dr. Kokintz said that he would develop the negatives himself.

While Tully and Dr. Kokintz were in the Forest of Grand Fenwick, the Count of Mountjoy was making his daily call on Her Grace the Duchess Gloriana. He found the Duchess propped up in bed and leaning through one of the slick American magazines which formed her favorite reading. At the sight of it the Count had a moment of misgiving. Gloriana had several times mentioned the prospect of taking a vacation abroad with her consort, and the finances of the Duchy could not extend to such a trip.

"I hope you haven't decided to bore me with the budget figures, Bobo," said Gloriana, eyeing the Count severely. "I'm not in a mood to talk about it now, and, in any case, you know I like to have Tully with me whenever money has to be discussed."

"No, Your Grace," said the Count meekly.

"Well, sit down, then, and have a little toast," said Gloriana. "The marmalade is

over there, but there's only one knife and that's got butter on it."

The Count smiled and helped himself to toast and marmalade. He was much older than the Duchess, old enough, in fact, to be her father, and that by a handsome margin. As a baby she could never pronounce his name, Mountjoy, and called him Bobo instead, and that was the name she used except when she was very angry with him.

"Your Grace was thinking of going on a vacation?" asked the Count, eyeing the magazine meaningly.

"No," said Gloriana. "Not a vacation. Something better than a vacation — for a woman, at least."

"Oh?" said the Count cautiously.

"Bobo, would you help me to get something that I really need desperately? I just have to have it." Her voice and manner had all the direct and disarming simplicity of a child's. It was the tone of voice that Gloriana had used on him with success ever since she was five years of age, and Mountjoy knew that he was helpless in the face of it. He tried to temporise.

"I must know what it is before I can promise," he said.

"That isn't very gallant," said Gloriana. "It isn't what I expect of you. You used to be always willing to do what I wanted. Now you're getting old and cagy."

"I am still Your Grace's devoted servant," said Mountjoy, "though I admit to the weight of years."

"Now, you're trying to be pathetic," said Gloriana. "But it won't work. Tell me, how can you pretend to be my devoted servant when you won't promise to get me what I want without knowing what it is first? What's devoted about that? If you're devoted you don't bargain with people. You just do what they ask."

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## Fashion FROCKS

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 10, 1963



Mountjoy knew he was beaten and was mildly surprised that he had, in view of his past experience, nurtured even the faintest hope that the outcome would be different.

"I promise, Your Grace," he said, "whatever it is you want I will use my best endeavors to get it for you."

"Bobo, you're a darling," said Gloriana. "And I didn't mean that about getting cagy and old. You are the only man who really understands women. Absolutely the only one. Tully doesn't at all."

"Thank you, Your Grace," said the Count of Mountjoy. "What is it that Your Grace desires?"

"A fur coat," said Gloriana.

"A fur coat?" cried Mountjoy, astonished.

"Yes," said Gloriana. "An Imperial Russian sable coat. They're absolutely divine. One of those. Just look at it. Isn't it heavenly?"

She threw the copy of "Holiday" to the Count of Mountjoy and he picked it up to examine a picture of a woman swathed luxuriously in an Imperial Russian sable fur coat. Glad in the rich, deep black fur, the woman looked like an empress, and for a moment the Count of Mountjoy recalled with nostalgia the great days in Europe before World War I when women attended the opera at Covent Garden or in Paris clad in just such furs, and men wore top hats and cloaks lined in white or red silk, and talked of grouse-shooting in Scotland or pig-sticking in India. Looking at that fur, a whole world, which had been a wonderful world for his kind, reappeared before him.

But the cost — the cost was impossible. It was around fifty thousand dollars, sixteen or seventeen thousand pounds; the equivalent, in fact, of the total budget of Grand Fenwick for a full year. He paled at the thought of the expense and was dismayed that he had been trapped into promising to use his best endeavors to satisfy this desire of the Duchess. Gloriana noted his reaction and said airily, "Is something the matter, Bobo?"

"It's the expense, Your Grace," said the Count. "I do not know how or where we are to get the money. It is beyond our means."

**G**LORIANA did not say anything to this immediately. Rather, she took a piece of toast, spread some marmalade on it with great nicety, and then gave it to the Count, who at that particular moment had no appetite for the nibble.

"Sometimes you underestimate your own abilities, Bobo," she said at length coaxingly. "You have dealt for so long in little things that your view of your own potentialities is reduced. You are made small by smallness, but you are a man who is capable of greatness. I am surprised to see you dismayed at the prospect of getting me a fur coat."

The Count felt a little swelling of confidence at these words, and at the same time was ashamed at his dismay over the cost of the coat. But there rose before him the picture of Bentner with his opposition to expenditures of any kind, particularly expenditures which involved borrowing money. And certainly if the Duchess was to be provided with a fur coat, the money would have to be borrowed.

"We are a nation," Gloriana said firmly. "We are a small nation but a real nation, just like all the other nations of the world. A private person might be appalled at the thought of the cost of such a purchase. But it is utterly ridiculous to think that a nation—any nation—cannot provide its ruler with a fur coat."

"It is ridiculous," agreed the Count. "But it is also true."

"It is only true if you admit that it is true," said Gloriana firmly. "I have already warned you against underestimating yourself and being dragged down by the little things you have to deal with. You haven't been able to get hot and cold water for us nor a good road through the Duchy, but I certainly think you ought to be able to get me a fur coat and I'm going to leave the problem up to you. I'm the only ruler in Europe that has to go around in a cloth coat, and even

## Continuing . . . THE MOUSE ON THE MOON

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if it is of the best Irish handwoven tweed, it isn't fair."

With that she closed the audience and the Count of Mountjoy, put on his mettle by the Duchess, whom he loved, went away to do some very hard thinking—alone.

The Count of Mountjoy did nobly in the presentation of his budget to the Council of Freemen with which, as usual, he coupled a review of international affairs. Even the stolid David Bentner had to admit that on this occasion the Count had excelled himself. His summary of international affairs was masterly, his picture of the Iron Curtain be-

ing extended into space ("affrighting the silence of the spheres with the strident nationalism of man") was the way the Count put it) drew shivers of appreciation even from the Labor back bench. His solemn warning that in times such as these there was a grave charge upon Grand Fenwick to lead East and West into the ways of sanity brought resounding cheers from both sides of the House, since no real effort or cash expenditure was involved.

"In such times as these," the Count continued, "when all the resources of human wisdom are needed

to ensure the future happiness of mankind and his security on his mother planet, it behoves us to be cautious in all matters and to guard well all expenditures undertaken by the nation.

"The Opposition will, I think, be pleased to hear that I have therefore included in the budget no provision whatever for extraordinary expenses such as the improvement of communications within the Duchy or the installation of modern plumbing in the castle, which I have so often advocated, though without success, in the past." (Cautious cheers from the Opposition, which scented a trap in these concessions.)

"However," continued the Count, "I ask both sides of the House to support me in an application for special credits from the United States . . ."

"No loans . . . no loans . . ." shouted Bentner.

"An application for special credits from the United States . . ."

"No loans . . ." cried Bentner. "Who borrows money sells himself."

" . . . for the purpose of . . ."

Bentner was about to interrupt again when he was gavelled into silence by the Speaker.

" . . . for the purpose," continued the Count, "of gratifying a wish dear to our most gracious lady, Her Grace the Duchess Gloriana XII, ensuring her prestige, her dignity, and that of her people."

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*...and has all these time and money saving features:*

### **Saves you washing time**

Galamatic completes an average 12 lb. wash in 15 minutes. This is half the time that a single-tub automatic washer takes to complete the same washload. With Galamatic's twin-tubs, 6 lb. of clothes are being washed while 6 lb. are being rinsed and dried at the same time. Exclusive NO-TANGLE washing action and smooth spin-drying saves ironing time, too. Clothes are drier and have no hard-to-iron creases.



### **Easy to operate controls**

Just set two simple automatic controls and Galamatic does the rest. It washes for the correct time, according to the type of washload.



The heater model, with thermostatic control, automatically maintains the correct water temperature throughout the wash. Galamatic will boil a heavy wash. And Galamatic switches itself off when washing is completed.

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Galamatic uses less than half the water required by many single-tub automatic machines. Hot sudsy water is saved and automatically returned to the wash bowl for a second load. Galamatic wash bowl need not be filled for a small wash load. Galamatic suits country and non-sewered areas.



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Bentner was immediately put out of countenance. The Duchess was not present at this budget address, for the Constitution forbade the ruler of Grand Fenwick taking any hand in matters concerning the raising of money — a proper provision against arbitrary tax demands. But it was traditional that whatever the ruler desired should, within reason, be granted, and any suggestion at all of opposition to such desires, particularly in the case of Gloriana, smacked of a kind of personal treason and disloyalty horrible to think upon.

"As Leader of Her Grace's Loyal Opposition," said Bentner, "I ask permission to point out to the House that in my interruptions of the Prime Minister I meant no disloyalty whatever to Her Grace."

The Speaker granted, whispered to the Clerk of the House, and Mountjoy, who now had Bentner at a disadvantage, went on.

"I am going to take the unusual step of asking that for the next several minutes the House consider itself as a committee sitting in camera. We can resume the open debate upon the budget later. But the details I wish to produce now should be the more effective if they are kept

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## Continuing . . . THE MOUSE ON THE MOON

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secret from Her Grace for the time being, though they can be released later. In short, I would like to surprise her."

The Speaker consulted with the Clerk and then glanced at Bentner, who, having been discomfited once, was not going to risk being discomfited again by raising an objection. He was no great parliamentarian and was constantly outmanoeuvred in this department by the Count.

"It is the sense of the

was once limited to members of the former Royal family of Russia. The cost of a coat, full length, made of such furs would be in the neighborhood of sixteen thousand pounds—fifty thousand dollars in round figures. (There was a gasp at this, but Mountjoy plunged on.) This is the equivalent of the total financial resources of the Duchy of Grand Fen-

will agree with me that it would be a hard thing indeed if we have to go to our liege lady and tell her that this nation, over which she and her ancestors have ruled with such fidelity, love, and devotion for six hundred years, cannot provide her with a fur coat. I myself have not the heart to bear her such a message, and I am sure that the members of the Opposition would themselves be unable to be the bearers of

was the best resource. It was time to make an emotional appeal now.

"Members may well ask themselves, though privately, whether this is not an unreasonable request of the Duchess upon her people. They may ask, and they may be forgiven for asking, whether there is not in this request some tinge of selfishness, of womanly vanity, unworthy of our sovereign lady and foreign to that sweetness and grace of character of which we have all been the beneficiaries. They may secretly inquire of themselves what services she has rendered; what sacrifices she has made, to put so heavy a request before her people.

"My friends, let me attempt to supply the answers to these questions. Our sovereign lady is a woman in the full beauty of womanhood, who never before has put any onerous burden upon her people. Indeed, rather than ask anything of them, she has freely given to them all the gifts (and they are many) which she has at her disposal. Other women, of lower station, and I would venture to say of less strength of character and intelligence, may and, indeed, have carved for themselves brilliant careers in industry, in the arts, in letters, making the purchase of a fur coat, such as Her Grace desires, something readily within their private means. These others own their lives, are responsible only to themselves, can use their abilities and their talents to promote their own careers and their own fortunes. Completely free, no

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### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



House," said the Speaker, "that the open meeting upon the budget has been recessed until I summon it into session again, and the House is meeting now as a committee in camera."

"Excellent," said the Count of Mountjoy. "And now to business, which, I would ask you to bear in mind, is secret. Her Grace has expressed the desire to obtain an Imperial Russian sable fur coat. As members are undoubtedly aware, Imperial Russian sables are those furs of so high a quality that their use

wick for one year, and funds therefore cannot be provided out of our own revenue without such a monstrous increase in taxes that it is not to be contemplated."

"Hear, hear," said Bentner stoutly.

"We are faced, therefore, with the situation of either having to deny our Duchess this request or of obtaining the money in the form of a loan from the United States, repayable, perhaps, over a period of thirty or forty years and at a low rate of interest.

"I am sure that members

such tidings. It is not, I am sure, in the nature of the men of Grand Fenwick to deny their lady this request."

In the short silence that followed there was a murmur about the Council chamber. Mountjoy, a good parliamentarian and very sensitive to the atmosphere of the House, was well aware that he had not all the members with him. He knew that men's minds may often be operated through their hearts, and when a matter might not be carried by an appeal to reason, then an appeal to emotion

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|----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|
| ft. ins. | sts. lbs. | sts. lbs. | sts. lbs. | ft. ins. | sts. lbs. | sts. lbs. | sts. lbs. |
| 5 0      | 7 11      | 7 12      | 8 2       | 5 6      | 9 2       | 9 5       | 9 7       |
| 5 1      | 8 0       | 8 2       | 8 4       | 5 7      | 9 6       | 9 8       | 9 11      |
| 5 2      | 8 2       | 8 5       | 8 7       | 5 8      | 9 8       | 9 12      | 10 1      |
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country in the world is denied them, no profession or career is closed to them. Their lives are their own.

"Such is not true of Her Grace. Her life from birth has belonged to her people. All countries are closed to her, for in duty to her people, she must remain here. All careers, all professions — all use of her talents in the arts of her own advancement and satisfaction — are denied her. Her mind, her talents, her spirit, her ambitions, her hopes — all these she gives freely to her people here in Grand Fenwick.

"My friends, she has given us, she continues to give us, her life in its entirety, freely making the loving sacrifice of sovereigns that every breath they draw belongs to their people. Are we to tell her

## Continuing . . . THE MOUSE ON THE MOON

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that we cannot give her in return a fur coat?"

"No! No!" cried the whole House, led by Bentner.

Mountjoy smiled, paused, and looked around. "There is one other aspect of this matter to be considered," he continued. "I will call it a political matter, though perhaps the better word is patriotic. We have a right to consider whether our own Duchess, in future visits to foreign countries, can properly represent her own dignity and that of her people clad in a cloth coat — though of good hand-woven tweed."

"No! No!" cried Bentner. "Never."

"Precisely," said the Count of Mountjoy. "I take it then that the sentiment of the House is that I should be authorised to apply to the United States of America for funds sufficient for this purpose?"

"Right," cried Bentner, glaring at his supporters.

"I thank you on behalf of her Grace," said the Count of Mountjoy.

"We shall require that in the form of a motion," said the Speaker airily.

The Count of Mountjoy popped his monocle in his eye, glared him-

self at the Speaker, inspected the benches of the Opposition across the floor from him, and then with a twitch of his eyebrow permitted the monocle to drop, glittering like a diamond, to his waist, where it swung suspended on a chain of little gold links.

"I move," he said, "that the Prime Minister of the Duchy of Grand Fenwick be given permission to apply to the Government of the United States of America for a loan of funds sufficient to ensure the continuing prestige of Her Grace and of her people."

The wording was curious, but Bentner, anxious to redeem himself as a loyal and loving subject of the

Duchess, promptly jumped to his feet and cried, "I second the motion."

The vote was unanimous. The decision—to present the Imperial Russian sable coat to the Duchess on her birthday, which was the twentieth of October, and until then nothing was to be said further on the matter.

The Count of Mountjoy and Bentner left the Council chamber in unusual accord, each with the sense of having performed a good day's work.

The rude winds of March stormed across the eastern seaboard of the United States, howling over the flatlands of New Jersey, hissing and shrilling around the battlements of New York and flinging all into a turbulence as far inland as the national capital.

Seated in his office in Washington, D.C., the United States Secretary of State scowled at the flurries of rain and sleet that slashed against the windows opposite his desk, seeing in them a reflection of the furies at work in the world of international affairs—furies which his best efforts had failed to abate after three years in office.

HE envied his predecessors of a few decades back who had, for all the troubles of their times, lived in a world with a set and established number of nations, whose histories, economic needs, and political ambitions were well known to them.

How different matters were now! New nations were popping into being as fast as mushrooms under a full moon. Twenty independent nations had come into existence in Africa in one year alone—some of them the equal of, or even bigger than, some of the oldest nations in Europe. He frequently found himself called upon to advise the President on countries so new their boundaries were not marked on the latest maps, their leaders had, a year before, been unknown ten miles from their birthplace, and their economic needs, social backgrounds, religious, and other conflicts were beyond the knowledge of any of his staff.

Diplomacy in dealing with such countries had been reduced to a guessing game. And at the thought the Secretary smiled grimly. For, in a sense, diplomacy had always been a guessing game.

To reduce the hazards of this guessing game, the Secretary of State insisted that all communications addressed to him from foreign governments should be brought to his attention only when accompanied by a full summary of all the pertinent facts. This summary of pertinent facts, obtained from the heads of particular "desks" in his department, was always forwarded to the Secretary of State in a Red Folder—the color of the folder indicating immediately that the information was complete.

As many as a dozen of these Red Folders were placed on the Secretary's desk during the course of a normal day. There was a pile of them before him now, and after contemplating the gloomy condition of both the weather and international affairs, the Secretary picked up the first of them.

On it was a label reading "Duchy of Grand Fenwick." The Secretary frowned, experiencing a little tremor of anxiety, well aware of the trouble the United States had experienced with this little nation in the past. He felt indeed like putting the Grand Fenwick folder aside and turning to the next, which was marked "West Germany" and which, despite the still unresolved Berlin question, might prove less explosive.

But the Secretary was Vermont-born, and his boyhood training, which had insisted that he never turn aside from anything which was difficult or unpleasant, got the better of him. He braced himself and opened the Grand Fenwick Red Folder and started reading the top-most paper in it.

To page 59

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This consisted of an official communication from the Duchy to the Government of the United States. It was written on the official stationery of the Duchy, with the ducal arms spread across the top. The seal of the Duchy, imprinted over a piece of green ribbon, was attached to the bottom with, to the side of it, the signature "Mountjoy" written in an expressive hand. Below the signature was the title "Principal Minister of State to Her Grace, Gloriana XII."

**T**HE document, as was the case with all communications from Grand Fenwick, was not typed but written in longhand and with a goose-quill pen. It was as neatly done as the original of the United States Declaration of Independence (the Count of Mountjoy had written it himself) and it carried with it some of the authority and, indeed, grandeur of that splendid document. The letter read:

The Secretary of State, Government of the United States of America, Washington, D.C.

Greetings:

I have the honor to inform you that at a meeting of the full representation of the Council of Freeman of the Duchy of Grand Fenwick, held on March the fifth, the undersigned, as Her Grace's Principal Minister of State, was authorised to apply to the Government of the United States of America for a loan-in-aid, the precise wording of the enabling resolution being: "A loan of funds sufficient to ensure the continuing prestige of Her Grace and of her people."

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## Continuing . . . THE MOUSE ON THE MOON

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The amount sought to achieve this estimable purpose, which I am sure will be heartily supported by the Government of the United States (whose welfare we in the Duchy of Grand Fenwick have always close to our hearts) is 5,050,000 dollars. Of this sum 5,000,000 dollars is required to finance a project to send a manned rocket to the moon and 50,000 dollars is to be applied to the purchase of a fur coat for Her Grace the Duchess to surprise her on her birthday.

"What the devil!" cried the Secretary of State aloud to his empty room when he had read this. "Five million dollars to go to the moon and fifty thousand for a fur coat. I've never heard of anything more nonsensical in my life."

He flung the Red Folder down on the desk in front of him, flipped a switch on the inter-office telephone, and snarled into it, "Wendover, have the goodness to come to my office this moment." He flipped the switch back without waiting for a reply. In a matter of seconds Frederick Paxton Wendover, in charge of the Central European desk of the State Department, was in the Secretary's office, cool and collected and anxious to be of help.

Frederick Paxton Wendover was known among his colleagues on the second level of the State Department hierarchy as a man to watch. They agreed that while he was hardly likely ever to become Secretary of State, being incapable of making a public utterance or of creating any warm personal impression on others, he was one of those whose knowledge and

insight into foreign affairs, particularly Central European affairs, would provide sure guidance for many Secretaries less brilliant than himself.

In his personal appearance he was as close to anonymity as a human being can

be. He was of medium size and medium weight. The physical appearance of Wendover then lacked any cold or positive assertion. His temperament was as mild as his appearance. But his mind was better stocked in his own specialties than any other man's in the Government. He had a tremendous grasp of the history and character of

His understanding of others beyond parallel. Even the sight of Wendover standing before him helped to quell the wrath of the Secretary of State and restored some order to his outraged mind. He beckoned him to a chair and stabbing with a finger in the direction of the offending Red Folder said, "I suppose this isn't some joke of yours? I can't believe what I read. Five million dollars for a rocket and fifty thousand dollars for a fur coat? Are they pulling some kind of a joke?"

"Oh, no, sir," said Wendover. "Mountjoy is in earnest. I am quite sure. You didn't read the full communication?"

"No," snapped the Secretary. "I did not."

"I think it would be better if you read it through, sir," said Wendover, and the Secretary picked up the Red Folder again and with a scowl at Wendover continued with his reading.

In your approach to the Congress for the funds required (the letter continued), you will naturally require to know for what reason the Duchy of Grand Fenwick wishes to send a manned rocket to the moon.

In several recent statements, your own President has supplied the main ground for this project, urging the internationalisation of the exploration of space, and stressing that it would be disastrous if the quarrels of nations on earth should be extended to proprietorship of the moon. Commendable efforts have been made by the United States, working through the United Nations, to secure agreement for international

control of the moon — but without effect. It is plain that the old law of discovery, granting prior rights to the first to land, is likely to hold sway in space.

In these circumstances, Her Grace's Government deems it a grave charge upon Grand Fenwick to intervene and to send a manned rocket to the moon at this point, so that a third power, representing nations other than the Big Two, is involved in the matter. This would have the effect of truly internationalising the conquest of the moon, as is the expressed desire of your President, and we are sure that the Congress will wish to implement the desire of the President by voting the necessary funds.

The fur coat . . .

### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



achieve. Nobody, even the closest of his colleagues, could give a good physical description of him. There was a certain studiousness about him, and he gave people the impression of wearing rimless glasses and wire ear pieces. Many were surprised to discover on checking on this detail that he didn't wear glasses at all. He just looked like a man who wore glasses.

the Central European nations, spoke not only their various languages but dialects of their languages, knew their folklore as well as he knew their economics and was able to do that which it is so difficult for most Americans to do — think like a European while remaining an American.

His loyalty to his own country was beyond question.

**B**UT the Secretary didn't want to read about the fur coat and, putting the folder down, looked dazedly at Wendover.

"They can't be serious," he said.

"They are serious," said Wendover calmly. "That is to say, Mountjoy is serious, though I suspect that this is all a plan of his own, and that he is applying for something for which he has not got specific authorisation."

"That's outrageous," said the Secretary of State.

"It was the method of Disraeli in procuring the Suez Canal and of President Jefferson in obtaining the Louisiana Purchase," said Wendover quietly. "In neither case was the legislature consulted until the object was accomplished. Mountjoy fancies he comes from the same mould — and he may be right."

"But, even supposing he obtained this money," said the

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## My skiing's fine, so why has Sam faded right out?



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Secretary, "and I'm not for a moment conceding that he will, what chance does a tiny State like Grand Fenwick, lacking any technological development at all — a State that is utterly and completely agricultural — have of developing a rocket capable of going to the moon when we ourselves have failed time and again?"

"Mountjoy is a statesman of the European mould," said Wendover, "which means that his stated objective in putting forward a plan is not necessarily the main one, nor is it necessarily one which he really intends to implement."

"Put that in plain terms," said the Secretary of State.

"Well, sir," said Wendover, "I would say that Mountjoy's real objective is to get funds (without an increase in domestic taxes) to revamp the whole plumbing arrange-

## Continuing . . . THE MOUSE ON THE MOON

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ment in the castle of Grand Fenwick and also get a start on his highway programme and his tourist hotel."

"Then why doesn't he apply for this kind of assistance, which we are usually willing to give to backward nations?"

"If Mountjoy applied directly to the United States for a loan to improve the—er—facilities in Grand Fenwick, he would bring down the wrath of the whole nation on his ears, for he would be making a national admission that his country was backward."

"He therefore hit upon this rocket pretext, which lets him out and serves our purposes as well — as he explains in his letter."

"Go ahead," said the Secretary. "Say what you have in mind."

"Well, as Mountjoy points out, it is part of the basic policy of this country to obtain, through the United Nations, international control of the moon, so that the quarrels of the earth are not extended to the moon, and the moon does not become a second Berlin, divided between East and West."

"However, if an agreement were achieved with the Russians on international control of the moon, it would really be bi-national control of the moon. It would be basically an agreement between two nations

—the United States and Russia, each with its own point of view, and these points of view are likely to come into conflict at any moment. We might call it international control, but it wouldn't be. It would be basically another Berlin situation — East versus West."

"We, on our part, want to avoid that. We can't avoid it unless there is at least one other party involved. That would give it some kind of international flavor. If we could go before the United Nations and say that in our desire that the moon should be internationalised we had advanced funds for research in getting a manned rocket to the moon to another nation outside our sphere of influence and with which we

have no close connection, then we would have demonstrated our sincerity in attempting to get international lunar control."

"But Grand Fenwick?" said the Secretary of State. "Nobody is ever going to believe that we are serious in offering Grand Fenwick money to get to the moon. Grand Fenwick hasn't got a chance."

"They wouldn't believe it if we offered the money to any other small country," said Wendover. "But Grand Fenwick — Grand Fenwick is different."

"Why?" demanded the Secretary.

"Because of Dr. Kokintz," said Wendover. "He is the world's outstanding physicist and he lives in Grand Fenwick. There is just enough in that for people to suspect that he may be engaged in some kind of research regarding—well, rocket fuels. The man who invented the quadium bomb commands world respect. There is enough world respect for Dr. Kokintz for people to think — even Russia — that our offer to Grand Fenwick is sincere. And it would be sincere. It is a gesture only, of course. But it is a sincere gesture, costing only five million dollars, which will do much to convince the world of our ardent desire to obtain a true international control of the moon—and of outer space when that field is opened up."

"And the fur coat?" asked the Secretary.

"That is undoubtedly a genuine objective of Mountjoy's," said Wendover. "But we have again to look for an ulterior motive, Mountjoy being, as I have stated, a statesman of the European kind. His ulterior motive, I would guess, is that with the presentation of the fur coat, which is tied in with the whole loan, he may be able to mitigate a great deal of the hostility which may develop when what he has done is discovered, because of the people's deep affection for the Duchess."

WENDOVER smiled and went on, "As I said at the beginning, sir, I believe that Mountjoy has far exceeded his authority in applying for this sum. But if he gets what he asks for, and people start getting plenty of hot water in their homes and a good road through the Duchy and decent sanitation, and the Duchess gets a fur coat, then most of that hostility will disappear and he may well become for a while a national hero."

"You think we should grant this request for funds, then?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said Wendover. "Mountjoy is actually doing us a service. He makes it possible for us, with the expenditure of only five million dollars, to put the Russians in a position where they can hardly refuse true international exploration and control of space. That's not as much as one of our big rockets costs, I think, sir."

The Secretary was silent for a while, marvelling at the mental subtleties of the Count of Mountjoy. There surely must be, he pondered, something in the business of diplomacy not merely as a career for one man but as a career for a whole family through scores of generations.

Aloud, he said to Wendover, "Give me a memorandum on this subject and I'll take it up with the President. You can recommend an outright grant. It would look better when we report to the United Nations if we say it was a gift with no strings attached. In any case, we have no hope of getting it back again. But five million dollars is ridiculous. It is too small. It would lack conviction when we go before the United Nations with the announcement. Better make it fifty million dollars. That would make it sound like a more genuine offer for funds for lunar research."

It was several days before Dr. Kokintz found time to develop the pictures he had taken of the bobolinks. During the interim he was busy with his inquiry into the physical and chemical properties of Pinot Grand Fenwick. In any case, Dr. Kokintz was among those millions of people whose peculiarity it



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is that having taken a picture they cannot somehow bring themselves to go ahead and develop it. It was only under the gentle prodding of Tully Bascomb that he finally turned to the negatives, which he had had all the time in the pocket of his jacket, mixed the necessary chemicals, and started to develop the plates.

The results were a disappointment. The centre of each negative was fogged and there were little streaks all over the negatives, radiating out from the fogged area, which Dr. Kokintz assumed were made by scratches on the emulsion.

These scratches, he believed, were his own fault, resulting from keeping the negatives in the plate holders so long in his pocket. The fogging of the centre of each negative he laid to a light leak in the camera, but after examining the camera thoroughly he could find no light leak. In this predicament he called Tully to the darkroom where he was working.

"We must take the pictures of the bobolinks again," he said, showing him the negatives. "This was a bad batch of film."

"It was all new film," said Tully. "None of it more than a month old. It's guaranteed for a year."

"Well, as you see, they are all spoiled," replied Kokintz. "Tomorrow we take some more shots."

"O.K.," said Tully. "The bobolinks have established themselves in the big beech. I left the shelter from which we shot the pictures standing, so they have become accustomed to it. That will make it easier. They are most active at dawn, so we are likely to get our best pictures then."

**A**FTER Tully had left, Kokintz slipped one of the fogged negatives into a light frame to study it. The fogged area in the centre looked like a sunburst and its formation puzzled him. Out from it, like rays of the sun, came a series of streaks. The effect was not, on closer inspection, that of a normal light leak.

"Very strange," he said to himself. "Very strange, indeed. This is more like a radioactive effect. But the plates have not been near any radioactive material."

He thought about where the plates had been stored, recalled that he had had them in his jacket and his overcoat and started looking for the jacket, finding it thrown over the back of a chair. He took the jacket over to a workbench and emptied everything out of the pockets and was dismayed at the number of articles he found. There were eight mechanical pencils, each with a different colored lead.

In addition there were several stubs of pencils he had picked up at one time or another and put into his pockets. There were numerous pieces of paper containing notes he had jotted down — some of them on birds, some of them equations involving the relationship between time and energy and time and space.

There was a shrivelled portion of an apple out of which he recalled he had taken a bite a week earlier, several packets of birdseed, an envelope containing a spoonful of sandy soil (to be analysed for its mineral content), a yo-yo with a knot in the string (representing a promise made to a child the day before), and a letter from the President of the University of Pennsylvania (representing a promise to prepare a paper on the evidence of the spontaneous appearance of hydrogen atoms in outer space).

All these items he laid out on the bench before him, and then fell to examining the fogged negatives again. He glanced from the negatives to the assortment of articles he had taken from his pockets and then took them all, together with the spoiled negatives, to his darkroom.

Meanwhile, the Count of Mountjoy impatiently awaited the reply to his letter to the United States Secretary of State. There were times when he was horrified at what he had done — at the extent to which he had exceeded his authorisation by the Council of Freeman.

During his low periods he was exceedingly nervous and irritable and had put to remain pleasant during his daily visits to the Duchesse Gloriana. She noted his mood, but

## Continuing . . . THE MOUSE ON THE MOON

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concluded that it arose out of his anxiety over his son, Vincent of Mountjoy, a man of twenty-five years of age, who physically resembled his father, the Count, being tall and lean and handsome, but bore no mental resemblance to him at all.

Vincent of Mountjoy took his mental qualities from his dead mother. He had no interest in political intrigue, all his love being reserved for engineering. He had, to satisfy his father, taken a degree in political science at Oxford, but had then studied engineering at the University of Sheffield in England — a university which the Count thought of in terms of a trade or

technical school, an institution summoned into being to turn farmers' sons and butchers' boys into high-class mechanics.

Vincent had taken his bachelor of science in engineering at Sheffield, his master's degree in engineering at the University of London, and then his doctorate at the University of Pittsburg, after which he returned to Grand Fenwick in obedience to his father, who wanted to make a statesman of him.

He was by no means happy there and would have left after a few weeks were he not counselled by

Tully Bascomb to remain at least a year in the Duchy.

"You have been abroad a long time and know very little of Grand Fenwick," said Tully. "You ought to learn something about it. Stay a year. These offers of employment with United States Steel, General Electric, Aluminium Ltd., and the other big companies will still be available to you. But you owe Grand Fenwick and your father at least a year of your life. After all, this is the nation of your birth and your father supplied you with the money for your education."

"But Grand Fenwick has nothing for me," said Vincent. "I'm completely out of place here. It will

just be wasting a year — that's all."

"If you waste only one year out of your lifetime, and that to please your father, the wastage is very small," said Tully. "And who knows? Things may change in Grand Fenwick."

"If they haven't changed in six hundred years, they are hardly likely to change now," snapped Vincent. But he agreed to stay.

The decision was made a little more tolerable by Cynthia Bentner, daughter of David Bentner. She was pretty and good-natured and a very good listener. And although her education had not gone beyond that offered by the one public school in Grand Fenwick, she had a built-in commonsense and ability to understand people that often surprised Vincent.

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MA

## Continuing . . . THE MOUSE ON THE MOON

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He spent a great deal of time in her company. He talked of all his problems, his ambitions, and his frustrations, and sometimes he didn't talk at all, but just found it restful to be with her.

Occasionally they quarrelled. The quarrelling was all on his part, the result of his frustrations.

"You have a brain, but you don't do more with it than bake apple pies," he said at the close of one of these quarrels, and left her. But he came back some days later and apologised.

"But you are quite right," said Cynthia. "I'm not educated. I just had the ordinary education we have here in Grand Fenwick and I wasn't one of the top students. But I don't think everybody has to have a thorough education. There is a lot of work to be done in the world that doesn't require education. There are a lot of needs that have to

be filled that don't call for education at all."

"Like what?" demanded Vincent.

"Like listening to people," said Cynthia Bentner. "There aren't any degrees given for it, but it is something someone has to do."

When she said this Vincent felt more ashamed of himself than ever. Cynthia seemed more of a complete human being than he was, and the thought first annoyed him and then humbled him. But whenever he thought of the brilliant career in engineering that lay ahead of him, he could see no place for Cynthia Bentner or Grand Fenwick in it. The two were strangely linked with each other, as if the girl were the personification of the country. And yet there were times when the thought of life without her to listen to him

seemed the bleakest prospect.

Certainly some, though not the major, part of the Count's anxiety arose then from his relationship between his son and Cynthia Bentner. For the father was horrified at the thought of his son marrying so intellectually undistinguished a girl and, seeing the two of them more and more together, began to wonder whether he was wise in keeping Vincent in Grand Fenwick.

HE was in a dilemma. If Vincent went away he would be lost to his father and Grand Fenwick for good. If he remained he might, the Count argued, ruin his life by marrying the wrong woman.

"It is a pity there is no one in the Duchy suitable for my son to marry," the Count said one day to Tully.

"Perhaps it is not such a pity," replied Tully. "Vincent is too young to marry yet."

"He's twenty-five years of age," retorted the Count.

"Yes, but he's emotionally immature," said Tully. "He still thinks of himself as the most important person in the world — the one who has to be suited in all things. That is the attitude of the perennial bachelor, who by his nature is emotionally immature."

"By the way, we got some excellent pictures of the bobolinks at last. The first set of negatives were fogged, though."

"Congratulations," said the Count. "I've no doubt that's very important."

"It will cause a great deal of stir among ornithologists," said Tully. "Bobolinks are normally confined to the north-east coast of the United States."

"And a very good place for them, too," replied the Count, and went off leaving Tully wondering why he was so edgy.

Awaiting then, in an agony of anxiety, the American reply to his note, the Count once more sought consolation from Dr. Kokintz. Others

is about?" For answer the scientist produced a number of developed photographic plates. They were all of them jet black without a single mark on them.

"There should be streaks on some of them," said Kokintz, "and there aren't. It must be the overcoat."

When Dr. Kokintz was perturbed in this manner it was impossible for the Count to get any sense out of him.

"What did you do with this overcoat?" demanded Kokintz of Mrs. Plummer, holding up the overcoat.

"Sponged and pressed it," said Mrs. Plummer.

"Sponged and pressed it!" cried the doctor. "You may have sponged and pressed away a tremendous scientific discovery. You went through the pockets first?"

"Yes."

"You found anything?"

"There was one of them things (pointing to a photographic plate holder) and an old crumpled up envelope."

"And what did you do with them?"

"I put that thing (again pointing to the plate holder) in the bottom of the closet. And I threw the envelope down there with it."

"Please get both of them immediately," said Kokintz.

Mrs. Plummer went off and returned with the two oddly assorted items. Without



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HAZEL . . .

. . . by Ted Key



" . . . and a three and a four . . ."

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Launceston's Channel 9 at 7 p.m., Thursdays;  
and Perth's Channel 7 at 8 p.m., Thursdays.

did not like to disturb the doctor when he was busy in his study, but the Count of Mountjoy felt himself bound by no such nicety and, having given a perfunctory knock, entered the scientist's apartments.

"Did you find my overcoat?" asked the scientist, and looked at him blankly. "You are not Mrs. Plummer."

"No," said the Count.

"Please find Mrs. Plummer and ask her what she did with my overcoat," said Dr. Kokintz. "If it is not the overcoat, then I do not understand it." The scientist was plainly distracted, and although the Count of Mountjoy resented being made into an errand boy he went off in search of Mrs. Plummer and returned some minutes later with the overcoat and Mrs. Plummer.

"Ah," said Dr. Kokintz. "If it is not the overcoat, it is a mystery."

"Well, it's a mystery to me right now," said the Count of Mountjoy. "Would you mind explaining what all the fuss

another word Dr. Kokintz took the plate holder and went into his darkroom, where he remained for some time. The Count of Mountjoy dismissed Mrs. Plummer, who went away somewhat ruffled, but recovered her good spirits by relating to her fellow servants that Dr. Kokintz was up to his experiments again and might bring the whole castle down about their ears before the night was out.

The Count awaited the return of the scientist from the darkroom, but he was a long time coming, and in any case was concerned with incomprehensible problems dealing with fogged photographic plates. The Count, therefore, left to brood in his own quarters about his own problems, first among them the reply from the United States Secretary of State.

To be continued  
The novel "The Mouse on the Moon" is published by Frederick Muller Ltd. and will be available shortly in Australia.



singing in an untrained and unpleasant tenor voice.

"She may be weary, Women do get weary

Wearing the same shabby dress—"

"O.K.," I said. "What do you expect her to wear while she's mopping the floor? An opera cape? Ethel has lots of good clothes."

"Knows how to wear them, too. I noticed that right off."

I went over to the other end of the basement and stared out of the window. I'd been looking forward to Saturday, too. That's the trouble with having a repairman in the house. It doesn't do one bit of good to stand and watch him, but it's impossible to concentrate on anything else. It is for me, anyhow—always has been.

I turned and walked back. "You find the trouble?" I asked.

"Wouldn't be surprised. These things get out of kilter sometimes, you know, just like everything else." He put down the wrench and picked up some pliers. "I remember one time a woman called me out to fix her washer. It was in awful shape. Turned out she'd used it to clean some clams. A whole bushel."

"What did she do that for?"

He shrugged. "Going to have a clam bake, I guess."

I put out my cigarette under the faucet of the washtubs and laid it on the windowsill. There were about half a dozen others. We never seem to have any ashtrays around the basement.

"Yes," the man said for no reason I could see, "I was showing your wife a stove when she was in the other day. It's the latest deluxe model—all automatic. I wish you could have seen the look on her face."

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"Yes," I said, "I'm sorry - I missed it."

"She likes to cook, you know. Said your favorite dessert was cherry cobbler."

I said, "Blueberry."

"Blueberry cobbler, was it? Anyway, she mentioned that she hadn't been able to do much baking lately. Sounds like the thermostat on your oven is shot."

"It's the oven door—it won't stay closed."

"Well, it doesn't matter. Like I always say, a good cook deserves a good stove; a bad cook needs one." He glanced up at me. "You get it?"

"Look," I said, "as long as you're here why don't you fix the washer?"

He said, "That's what I'm doing."

I said, "Fine." I walked away.

Over near the furnace there was a lot of broken glass on the floor, along with some bolts and nails and so on. I had been looking for some staples a couple of days before in this jar and it had slipped out of my hand. I hadn't felt like cleaning it up at the time. Now I got a coffee-can and started to salvage what I could. No sense in the afternoon's being a total loss.

Inside the washer Caruso had begun to sing again. This was the part in which the woman gets to thinking about all the things she's never going to have.

"Listen," I called to him, "my wife has as many appliances as any woman on the block. Mixer—blender—toaster—"

"She mentioned the toaster. Said half the time the toast doesn't pop up."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 10, 1963

## Continuing . . . A LITTLE TENDERNESS

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"Nothing's perfect," I said.

"I'll tell you what to do. You come down to the shop and pick out any toaster in the place. Bring it home and make a hundred slices of toast. If every single one doesn't pop up, the toaster's yours. Free of charge."

"What would I do with a hundred pieces of toast?" I asked him. I had just cut my hand on a piece of glass. I went upstairs and put a bandage on it. That isn't easy to do with one hand.

When I got back downstairs the fellow was just stubbing out a cigarette on the floor. I picked it up and put it on the windowsill with the others. He glanced up at

the sill, then back at the floor, and shook his head. "You go bowling much?" he asked me. "You and the wife?"

I had already answered the first part of his question by saying "Fairly often" before he added the second part. Then I had to change it to "No."

"Ethel doesn't care much for bowling," I said.

"Uh-huh." He started to sing the song again. It was the part in the middle where it tells about her grief and care, and how a gentle word helps to ease things. I banged my hand on the side

of the machine until he stopped. "Now, look," I said, "your little scheme isn't going to work, so you might as well give up. You're not going to trick me into buying a lot of stuff I can't afford."

He gave me a puzzled look. "How's that again?"

"The way you keep hammering at me with that song," I said. "Sure, I know most of our things are pretty beat up. I'd like to buy Ethel everything brand-new, but right now it's out of the question."

He picked up the back plate and started to fasten it on the machine. "Tell me something: do you know the words of that song?" I nodded. "O.K. then. Can you tell

me one place where it even mentions money?" I shook my head. "No, you can't. Tenderness, a little smile, things like that. Those are what's important to a woman." He got to his feet, plugged in the washer and turned it on. "There, listen to that—notice the difference?"

It sounded the same to me. "But all this sales talk you've been giving me—"

"I enjoy a little pleasant conversation," he said. "You get to know all different kinds of people. I didn't mean anything personal by it." He switched off the machine and began to wrestle it back to the wall. "As a matter of fact, I'll bet there isn't a washer on the block that couldn't use a little fixing up—a little adjusting."

"You may be right."

To page 64

## Beverages are best from CANS

Canned beverages give you more freshness—more sparkle. And they're lighter to carry—stack more easily in cupboard or refrigerator—chill quicker. No breakages either—and no returns.

Canned beverages are absolutely pure—every can is brand new when filled, and never used again. Buy soft drinks, beer, fruit juices in Cans. Keep a supply handy—enjoy them at any time.



You can trust the contents of a can,

—because nothing seals like steel.

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BHP Tinplate—product of Australia.



Page 63





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Add Sucaryl. Just one tablet (or two!) and you add the sweet natural flavour that makes weight-watching a pleasure. Now you can enjoy that extra 'cuppa' as sweet as you like, whenever you like, because Sucaryl is calorie-free. No magic formula, no strong willpower—just easy-to-use Sucaryl with its sweet natural taste. Ask your chemist for both liquid and tablet Sucaryl, and for your free copy of the Sucaryl Recipe Book. Or write: "Sucaryl Recipes," P.O. Box 101, Cronulla, N.S.W.



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for natural-tasting sweetness

ABBOTT'S CALORIE-FREE SWEETENER FOR WEIGHT-REDUCING AND DIABETIC DIETS.

Continuing . . .

## A LITTLE TENDERNESS

from page 63

"I know I'm right." He slapped the lid of the washer and gave a little laugh. "You want to know the truth, my own washer at home is in worse shape than this one. The wife keeps after me to fix it, but — I don't know — it seems like every time I get around to it there's something else — an emergency call, something."

He started picking up his tools and putting them back in the kit. Then he got going on the song again, whistling this time. Our song. "A real catchy tune," he said. I nodded. "A lot of truth in it, too." I followed him up the basement steps. They needed painting.

It was about an hour after he left when Ethel came home. I watched as she got out of the car—a fine-looking woman. You wouldn't be surprised to see her on any stage. I helped her carry in the packages and pile them on the couch.

"It looks like an awful lot, doesn't it?" she said. "I'm afraid I spent more than I intended."

"Ethel," I said, "Look at me." She did. "Ethel, do you ever regret giving up a career on the stage?"

"What in the world —" Then she noticed the bandage. "You've hurt your hand." "A scratch," I said.

"You'd better let me look at it."

"You're evading the issue."

"There isn't any issue, and you know it. I was never interested in a career."

"Not at the time, maybe." I crossed the room and rested one elbow on the mantel, trying to get the most poignant effect from my lines. "But there must be dreary days — times when you consider the cooking, the cleaning, the mending, and you think it might have been different."

"Anybody can get tired of housework," she said. "There's no secret about that." She paused, eyeing me thoughtfully. "You wouldn't have been talking with Miriam by any chance?"

"What does Miriam have to do with it?" (She lives next door and is one of Ethel's closest friends.)

"It's kind of a funny coincidence. She was saying just the other day that sometimes when the house and kids get too much for her she likes to imagine she's a famous actress — steeped in luxury and all that. So then I admitted I did, too. I expect most women do some time or other. It's just day-dreaming — it doesn't mean anything."

"I see." I decided this part of the conversation had gone far enough. "You know that new play that just opened at

the Colony; how'd you like to see it tonight?"

I had expected this would get a reaction, and it did. But only for a moment. She sighed. "It would be wonderful," she said, "but we couldn't get tickets this late. Besides, I've already shot the budget for this month." She came over and brushed my hair back with her fingers. "It was sweet of you to think of it, anyway."

"I've already arranged for the tickets and a sitter. And I've reserved a table at Pierre's."

She stared at me in a state of shock. Then she put her arms around my neck. "I don't know what crime you're trying to cover up," she said, "but whatever it is, it's worth it."

"You know," I said after a minute, "if things had worked out differently I might be taking my wife downtown tonight to see you on the stage. I like it this way better."

Ethel said, "You and me." She stepped over and picked up a package from the couch. "Look, why don't you fix us a drink while I take this over to Miriam? It's a blouse I exchanged for her."

"I thought she was going to meet you downtown."

"She was, but then she remembered the man was coming to fix her washer, so she had to wait for him."

I said, "He was supposed to fix Miriam's washer?"

"That's what I said. Apparently he's a real weird character. Miriam said she stopped by his shop only intending to stay a minute and she was there an hour. He practically talked her arm off." She glanced out the window. "I was hoping I could get a look at him — you didn't notice if he was there, did you?"

I SAID, "Ethel, I think there's something you ought to know."

I took her by the hand and led her over to the easy-chair. I sat down and pulled her on to my lap. She was looking at me expectantly.

"This fellow who was supposed to fix Miriam's washer did show up," I said. "Only he showed up here. He fixed our washer."

Ethel said, "That's impossible."

"It does seem that way, doesn't it? But you know I've said all along those fancy numbers you got for the house are impossible to read."

"Didn't he even ask your name?"

"He called me Mac. Said he'd come to fix the washer. Well, you had mentioned that it wasn't working right."

Ethel started to laugh. She rested her head on my shoulder and laughed until she was shaking. I started to laugh, too. Finally she sat up and wiped her eyes. "Poor Miriam. I guess I'd better go break the news."

She started to get up.

I pulled her back. "What's the rush?"

She snuggled against me. "Well, now that you mention it —" After a moment she chuckled. "It's mean to laugh, but when I think of him coming to the wrong house —"

I tightened my arms around her. "He came to the right house," I said.

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(The words quoted on page 42 are from the song, "Try a Little Tenderness," by Harry Woods. Jimmy Campbell, Reg Connelly (c) 1932; renewed 1960 Robbins Music Corporation, New York, N.Y. Used by permission.)

## \*\*\*\*\* AS I READ \*\*\*\*\* THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting July 3.

|                                                                                                                                                    |                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p><b>ARIES</b><br/>MAR. 21—APR. 20<br/>★ Lucky number this week, 7.<br/>★ Gambling colors, blues.<br/>★ Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.</p>            | <p>★ Be at your scintillating best, because the week is glamorous and full of romantic promise. A success period in which all things prosper — love and luck especially. Go to it!</p>                |
| <p><b>TAURUS</b><br/>APR. 21—MAY 20<br/>★ Lucky number this week, 6.<br/>★ Gambling colors, lilac, pink.<br/>★ Lucky days, Sun., Tuesday.</p>      | <p>★ Love, luck, and lottery are favored. For some, unscheduled and successful short trips. The working lass could benefit from concessions on the job and better relations with the boss.</p>        |
| <p><b>GEMINI</b><br/>MAY 21—JUNE 20<br/>★ Lucky number this week, 1.<br/>★ Gambling colors, green, red.<br/>★ Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.</p>       | <p>★ Despite an undercurrent of minor annoyances, you have good influences galore. Perhaps not as good as last week, but keep on the target. A windfall for some. A highly successful week!</p>       |
| <p><b>CANCER</b><br/>JUNE 21—JULY 20<br/>★ Lucky number this week, 3.<br/>★ Gambling colors, grey, lilac.<br/>★ Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.</p>    | <p>★ This could prove to be a week of successful and spectacular achievement. Matters concerning love, romance, personal affairs, and the home are under more than smiling stars.</p>                 |
| <p><b>LEO</b><br/>JULY 21—AUG. 20<br/>★ Lucky number this week, 1.<br/>★ Gambling colors, green, lilac.<br/>★ Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.</p>       | <p>★ Leo folk are romantic souls, and this week should provide unusual glamor. Financial matters are also in good shape. Saturday is ideal for social occasions. You could make new friends.</p>      |
| <p><b>VIRGO</b><br/>AUG. 21—SEPT. 20<br/>★ Lucky number this week, 3.<br/>★ Gambling colors, tricolors.<br/>★ Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.</p>       | <p>★ With stimulating influences helping you in personal and domestic matters, be your own public relations officer. Your stocks could rise higher than you imagine. Push your projects.</p>          |
| <p><b>LIBRA</b><br/>SEPT. 21—OCT. 20<br/>★ Lucky number this week, 1.<br/>★ Gambling colors, green, lilac.<br/>★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.</p>     | <p>★ A marvellous opportunity to initiate and pursue new ventures to a successful conclusion. You should be really inspired, and originality and freshness should mark your efforts.</p>              |
| <p><b>SCORPIO</b><br/>OCT. 21—NOV. 20<br/>★ Lucky number this week, 6.<br/>★ Gambling colors, purple, red.<br/>★ Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.</p>   | <p>★ Mentally, excellent for planning and thinking difficult problems through fruitfully. On the practical side, the time to buy that dream block of land or to invest spare cash.</p>                |
| <p><b>SAGITTARIUS</b><br/>NOV. 21—DEC. 20<br/>★ Lucky number this week, 8.<br/>★ Gambling colors, lilac, blue.<br/>★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.</p> | <p>★ You could find friends rallying to your support to assist in new plans. Your popularity stands high, and some may receive a handsome present from an admirer. Be your enterprising self.</p>     |
| <p><b>CAPRICORN</b><br/>DEC. 21—JAN. 20<br/>★ Lucky number this week, 7.<br/>★ Gambling colors, tricolors.<br/>★ Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.</p>    | <p>★ All that concerns your career and standing in the world is under smiling stars. Excellent for improving relations generally. Favorable influences encourage successful speculation and luck.</p> |
| <p><b>AQUARIUS</b><br/>JAN. 21—FEB. 19<br/>★ Lucky number this week, 9.<br/>★ Gambling colors, green, white.<br/>★ Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.</p> | <p>★ Aquarians should have a more than ordinary share of that elusive thing—good luck. Romance and love are happily expected. With friends helping, this should prove a successful week.</p>          |
| <p><b>PISCES</b><br/>FEB. 20—MAR. 19<br/>★ Lucky number this week, 7.<br/>★ Gambling colors, tan.<br/>★ Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.</p>           | <p>★ You should emerge from a pleasant and successful week more romantically favored than most. Glamor, the contact with the fascinating stranger, happy party-going are in the stars.</p>            |

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



Fortunately, before Edward could reply, the bell rang.

"I'll go," said Keith, and shut off the sofa.

Edward opened his mouth in protest that Betty was his girlfriend to let into his flat, but the sound of the front door and Betty's voice saying "Hallo, there — now, you must be Keith," made the comment quite futile.

"Hallo, darling," Edward looked at Betty. Firmly, he strode across the room and kissed her.

"Betty, darling," Edward said fervently, "lovely to see you."

"And this," said Betty, extricating herself from Edward's arms, "is Paul? How do you do?"

"Fine, thank you."

Betty sat on the sofa and Keith and Paul promptly sat each side of her.

For a moment there was a comfortable silence and then Paul said companionably: "Can you make trifle?"

"Yes," said Betty. "Are you mad about it?"

"Umum."

"Not with sherry," said Keith, "and, anyway, I know how to make it. I'm going to do the cooking for Edward while we're here."

"That's wonderful," said Betty, "but if you find you've got a lot to do—I'll make you a trifle."

"Oh — would you?" said Paul. "You see sometimes Keith's trifles go soggy in the middle."

"It only went soggy once," said Keith indignantly.

"Where do you go to school?" asked Betty.

"The French School," said Keith.

"Do you like it?"

"It's all right."

"There's a boy there," said Paul, curling up with frightful scorn, "whose a coward,

## Continuing . . . BACHELOR UNCLE

from page 29

a cry-baby, and a sneak. We hate him. Do you know what we did last term?"

"Sent him to Coventry," said Keith, "for a whole week. No one talked to him."

"Not that," snapped Paul contemptuously, "that wasn't anything. A whole crowd of us took him to the playground. And one boy had a gun."

"A real gun?" asked Edward, appalled.

"It looks jolly realistic," said Paul, "but it fires blank cartridges. Only he thought it was a real one. So we said: 'We're going to kill you.' And he started to cry."

"And," said Paul, crouching now with the intensity of recollection, "we said: 'We're going to kill you 'cause you're a rotten sneak.' So we pointed the gun at him and he was crying and we said: 'You can have one last wish before you die.'"

Absorbed, Edward asked with hushed respect: "And what was his last request?"

Paul faced his audience with contempt: "He said: 'Please don't shoot me.'"

Edward managed, by exercising iron control, to keep a straight face and said: "As a last request from a man about to die, I think it was eminently sensible."

"And I," said Betty, "think you were very cruel." She glanced at her watch. "Good heavens — it's half-past eleven already."

"Bed," said Edward, "you're both in the spare room. There's one divan bed, and a camp bed."

"Bags I the divan," said Keith.

"No — me," said Paul, bristling.

Betty intervened: "Keith is taller than you, Paul."

Paul's expression was thunderous. "He always gets the best — just because he's older."

Mutiny was imminent. Edward decided on naval discipline.

"I," he said firmly, "am in command. Keith has the divan; Paul, the camp bed. Next week, you can swap if you want to."

Edward was pleased to note that this, his first at-

tempt at dealing with behaviour prejudicial to good order and discipline, was not challenged.

The boys said polite good-nights and Keith, at the door, turned to Betty and said: "Will you come and see us again?"

Now, said Edward to himself, he invites my girl-friends round to my flat.

"Of course I will," said Betty smiling. "With a trifle."

Keith answered gallantly: "Oh, just come, anyway. Good-night."

Edward had forgotten that the unearthly hour of 8 a.m. existed on a Sunday morning. It was his normal week-end custom to sleep till

around eleven, telephone a sleepy Lorraine at twelve, with a cup of coffee to hand, and plan an indolent lunch somewhere in the country.

But a hand as hard as a six-ounce boxing glove shook him on the shoulder and a voice said cheerfully:

"I've made you a cup of tea."

It was Keith.

"Thank you," said Edward, weakly.

"What," asked Keith fiercely, "are we going to do today?"

Edward was still only half-conscious. "I have to telephone Lorraine at twelve—"

"Is that another girl-friend?"

"Yes."

"Is she as pretty as Betty?"

Being so closely questioned in Edward's sleepy state was like being under a truth drug — he answered without feeling that a questionnaire on his girl-friends with a fourteen-year-old boy was in any way out of the ordinary.

"In a different way," he said, drowsily.

"Does she work like Betty?"

"Well, she models and demonstrates at exhibitions."

"Do you like her as much as Betty?"

"I don't know," said Edward, dazedly. "Is there any more tea?"

"What would you like for breakfast? Fried bread, bacon and eggs with ketchup?"

Edward remembered his steward in the navy. He, like Keith, had been cheerful and hungry in the morning. Edward had dealt with him, and now he dealt with Keith.

"Look, Keith — I'm not at my best first thing in the

morning. Understand? The tea's fine. You cook breakfast for yourself and Paul. I'll have a bath and then we'll decide what we're going to do today. All right?"

"Okay," said Keith, with unruffled good humor.

The smell of frying bread, bacon, and a furious altercation between Keith and Paul as to whether it was necessary to have sugar on Sugared Puff Corn drove Edward to the sanctuary of the bathroom.

He emerged shaved, bathed, glowing, and ready for anything. The telephone rang. It must be Betty, thought Edward, since it was far too early for Lorraine.

"Great Scott!" Edward gasped. "Has something happened?"

"Darling, it's a gorgeous morning, isn't it?"

"Er, yes . . . Lorraine, what are you doing up at this hour?"

"You seem to forget sometimes," said Lorraine icily, "that I'm a working girl. I need your help."

Edward mentally adjusted his shining breastplate, and said fervently: "Anything I can do — you only have to ask."

"Will you drive me down to Upper Willows?"

"Where is it, and why? Of course I will."

Excitedly, Lorraine explained that last night while in The Golden Cobra Club with Freddie she had met a wealthy tin-opener manufacturer who had a new model to be launched in London and Paris. He had offered her the chance of demonstrating it at the Paris Hardware Exhibition.

"I told him," said Lorraine gaily, "that I spoke quite enough French for that. Anyway, darling, it'll be a dream of a job."

"Why," asked Edward carefully — he was long accustomed to Lorraine's big chances, lovely jobs, and wonderful opportunities — "do you have to go down to Upper Willows?"

"Because the inventor will be there at his house, and they want someone ready to fly over on Monday. That little somebody, darling, is going to be me."

"But do you speak enough French?"

"I can study up enough — and my fat little manufacturer doesn't speak a word of

To page 66

## FROM THE BIBLE

● "Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might."

— Ephesians 6:10.

tempt at dealing with behaviour prejudicial to good order and discipline, was not challenged.

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Australia's Top-Selling Lotion — because every skin needs



1½ oz. Bottle - 2/9 3 oz. Bottle - 4/6 6 oz. Bottle - 7/-

and for those who prefer a cream — **HERCO OLIVOL SKIN CREAM** 4/9 per Tube

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This is a woman's lotion, especially formulated to delay the obvious signs of your biological age. Turtle Oil—the finest moisturiser for all types of skin — has all the nutritive materials to maintain a youthful skin as well as rejuvenate an ageing one. 3 oz. Bottle - 11/9.

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French, so I can kid him. Besides, all Frenchmen speak English, and I don't want to sound conceited, but I think my charm will overcome any shortage of vocabulary. Will you call for me at twelve?"

Edward mustered the ship's company in the galley and gave them the order for the day.

"We're going to the country," he announced.

"Are we going to see some friends?"

"Well — sort of."

"Girl-friends?" inquired Keith, poker-faced as a chief petty officer with years of service behind him.

Edward explained.

They arrived at Lorraine's flat fifteen minutes late. She swept out to greet them.

The tin-opener manufacturer and the inventor made them welcome. After lunch Mr. Mortiby took Keith and Paul into the garden

and then into his workshop.

Lorraine was being briefed in all the finer sales points of the new tin-opener by the inventor.

Suddenly they all heard the noise of an aeroplane sweeping low over the house. Everyone rushed out.

"Look," shouted Keith. "A private plane."

Mr. Mortiby jumped up and down. "It's Monsieur Cabirol — my French partner."

Seconds later, M. Cabirol, immaculately suited, was saying hallo in faultless English, and Mr. Mortiby was presenting Lorraine as though she were a priceless vase.

"This is the young lady I found who will demonstrate for us at the Paris exhibition."

## Continuing . . . BACHELOR UNCLE

from page 65

M. Cabirol took Lorraine's hand, kissed it, then looked into her eyes. "Without doubt, m'amselle, we shall sell a million."

Lorraine, now suddenly terrified at being unexpectedly face to face with her French-speaking employer, murmured that she would naturally try to do her best.

Then M. Cabirol said, but this in very fast French: "Well, mademoiselle, where did you learn to speak French? I'm sure every Frenchman you met longed to teach you—yes?"

"Oui . . . er non," Lorraine gasped, not having understood a word.

M. Cabirol roared with laughter. "You English girls, so modest, so beautifully aloof. It makes you so exciting."

Keith and Paul threw each other a significant look.

"Non," said Lorraine desperately, and watched M. Cabirol move to talk to the inventor.

Keith hissed in Lorraine's ear: "He said you were so modest—exciting, beautifully aloof. And where did you learn French?"

Keith, intent on whispering, and Lorraine, abject and frightened, failed to realise that M. Cabirol was right behind them. He said to Keith, a little edge to his voice, and again in French: "So you speak my language, mon enfant?"

Keith replied, Paul joined in, and it all sounded like a starlings' reunion. Lorraine, realising that she had lost the Paris job, swept over to Edward.

"Those little brutes," she said, quite overlooking the fact that Keith had only been trying to help. "Just take me home now!"

Edward made civilised goodbyes to Mr. Mortiby, the inventor, and to M. Cabirol, who smiled at Lorraine with complete composure. "I am so sorry m'amselle, but if you ever come to Paris may I be the first person you telephone?"

The drive back to London was uncomfortable, but eventually Edward delivered a monosyllabic Lorraine to her flat.

"I'll give you a ring tomorrow, sweet. It's just the most awful bad luck—"

"You and your nephews," snapped Lorraine, and stormed up the steps.

Edward got back into the car. He was angry. The boys had behaved perfectly—Keith had tried to help. He wasn't going to have his ship's company insulted. He suddenly realised how much they had come to mean to him.

He was jolted out of his reverie by Keith saying to Paul: "Can't you just hold on till we get into the flat?"

He turned and saw Paul in the back. He looked green. Keith, with a purely Gallic gesture of resignation, said: "He'll be all right once he's actually been sick."

They headed for Edward's flat at full speed. Keith said professionally: "We ought to make him eat something — so that he's got something to be ill on."

"Keith, I know. Spare me the details. It couldn't be food poisoning, could it?"

"We haven't been sick, have we? And we've eaten the same things."

"No . . . Perhaps," said Edward, inspiration dawning, "a little bit of female nursing would help?"

"You mean ring Betty?"

EDWARD did. Betty arrived twenty minutes later. In no time Paul was tucked up in bed, the appreciative recipient of female attention. He was soon asleep.

Then Betty cooked bacon and eggs, which Keith and Edward wolfed appreciatively, and as soon as possible Edward packed Keith off to bed.

He said, with a sigh of relief: "Betty, darling—I can't thank you enough. What about a brandy?"

Betty stood up. Her brown eyes were almost black, her softly curled hair a skein of silk about her face.

"Time for me to go to bed, too," she told him sweetly.

"But, darling, it's only ten o'clock—"

"I," said Betty, "am sick and tired of being your domestic girlfriend. Enough of coping. Enough of understanding. Enough of being undemanding. Enough of being on call in every crisis."

For the first time Edward saw Betty — really saw her. And a second later he told himself: I'm never going to let this girl out of my life again.

At which moment the telephone shrilled.

"Edward? It's Angela. I'm flying back tomorrow. Robert is nearly fit now. Are the two boys all right?"

"They're fine."

"Wonderful. I'll ring you from the airport tomorrow."

Edward replaced the receiver. "Angela is flying back. She'll pick up the boys tomorrow. You know, I shall miss them."

"Do you quite realise how good you've been with them?"

"Good heavens, no. Now listen, Betty, darling, what you were saying just now. I'm sorry—I have taken you for granted . . ."

"You have, indeed."

"I won't any more."

"Meaning?"

"Will you marry me?"

"Yes."

"Oh, darling!"

Then Edward said huskily: "Boys are fun, you know."

And Betty, in his arms, whispered: "Darling, from now on I shall be quite happy to be on call to you . . . in any crisis."

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CONTINENTAL CHICKEN CASSEROLE

See easy recipe below

## TASTE THAT CHICKEN! Unmistakably Continental

Taste it in every rich sip of Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup. Only Continental has such a rich, all-chicken taste, such home-made goodness! Taste that goodness tonight. Serve the soup with the all-chicken taste: Continental brand Chicken Noodle . . . Australia's biggest selling soup.

Look for the colourful new Continental packs. There's a different recipe on the back of each one!



Home-made soup in minutes, Series 4

Taste it in every luscious mouthful of

Continental Chicken Casserole!

A wonderful new recipe with Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup ingredients.

12 oz. haricot or lima beans; 8 oz. salt pork; 4 cloves of garlic, chopped; 1 pkt. Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup; 1 chicken joint per person; 1 oz. margarine (use Fairy or Vidale where available); 1 lb. ripe tomatoes, peeled & cut into slices; ½ lev. tspn. sugar; ½ cup dried breadcrumbs.

**Method:** Soak beans in cold water 12 hours. Place in a saucepan with pork, garlic and soup. Blend in 1½ pints water. Bring to boil, cover, simmer 1 hour. Melt margarine in pan and fry chicken joints. Place in a deep casserole dish a layer of beans, then chicken joints, then remainder of beans; season. Cook tomatoes to pulp with sugar, spoon over beans. Sprinkle breadcrumbs on top. Place in barely moderate oven (300°F. gas, 350°F. electric) for 1 hour. Serves 4-6 portions

Taste the home-made goodness of

# Continental soup

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# MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

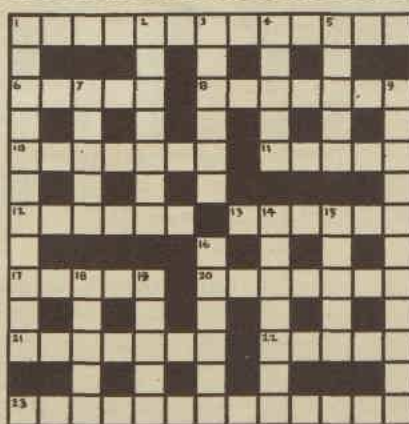
THE VISITORS from space failed to sell their strange "suchi crystals"—common salt on Earth—and take off to find another planet to buy their wares. But another adventure is in store for Mandrake. NOW READ ON...



## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- To be seen when an innocent man is condemned (3, 3, 5).
- Was violent and mostly old (5).
- Sever Dante and the inside will be green (7).
- Like a Greek hero who fell into the sea when flying from Crete (7).
- Small civet which is a donkey in its heart (5).
- Stableman at an inn (6).
- Such transformer is used for raising the voltage (6).
- False gods made of nothing embedded in broken lids (5).
- Tears up our pots (7).
- Ebb and flow in the same direction as the wind (3-4).
- Leg in the fireplace (5).
- Part of Scotland for site and shells (8, 5).



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

- I err to trial (anagr., 11).
- Nineteenth-century machine destroyer in England (7).
- An oven for devotion lasting nine days (6).
- Mistake or mistake (5).
- So arm wanders about (5).
- Gee! A number of floating logs in transplanted living tissue (5).
- They have gone beyond the pale (11).
- Ends of a railway in mitre (7).
- Forked instrument in an apron garb (5).
- Belonging to a king whose stable was not cleaned for thirty years (6).
- No bees are fat (5).
- Such life is full of inanimate objects (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

# Fashion PATTERNS

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Fashion House, 244/8 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address: Fashion Patterns, Box 4866, G.P.O., Sydney, New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



F7549. — Smart two-piece suit with front pleat. Sizes 12, 14, 16, and 18. Requires "A" three-quarter sleeves, 3½ yds. 54in. material; "B" short sleeves, 4½ yds. 36in. material. Price 4/.

F7509. — Dressy frock and matching jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 54in. material OR 5½ yds. 36in. If required, 3 yds. 36in. lining. Price 4/9.

F7461. — Practical and casual five-piece sports outfit. Sizes 22 to 38in. bust. Requires: Five-piece set, 5½ yds. 56in. material. Skirt, 1½ yds. 56in. OR 1½ yds. 36in. Blouse, 1½ yds. 56in. OR 1½ yds. 36in. Jacket, 1½ yds. 56in. material OR 2½ yds. 36in. Slacks, 1½ yds. 56in. material OR 2½ yds. 36in. Overblouse, 1½ yds. 56in. material OR 2½ yds. 36in. Price 4/.



F7257. — Girl's winter school uniform. Sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44in. length. Requires 1½ to 2½ yds. 54in. material OR 1½ to 2½ yds. 36in. lining if required for yoke facings in heavy 54in. material; 1½ to 2½ yds. 36in. cotton interlining. Price 3/6.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

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No. 831.—LUNCHEON SET  
Attractive luncheon set is cut out to embroider on white and cream Irish linen. Centre mats, 3/9 each; place mats, 3/6 each; matching serviettes, 2/- each. Postage, 6d. extra for each item.

No. 832.—GIRL'S FLANNELLETTE SLIP  
Warm winter slip cut out to make in pink, blue, and white flannellette; lace trimming supplied. Sizes 2 and 4 years, 13/11; 6 and 8 years, 17/6. Postage 1/6 extra.



• Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.





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COLDREX acts immediately to reduce nasal and sinus congestion; ease pain and reduce fever; build resistance to infection; helps speed recovery. 12 tablets, 4/6; 24 tablets, 8/-.

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with NYAL PLURAVIT Multi-Vitamin Capsules. One capsule daily supplies 21 essential vitamins and minerals your body needs daily. 30 days, 22/6; 90 days, 52/6.

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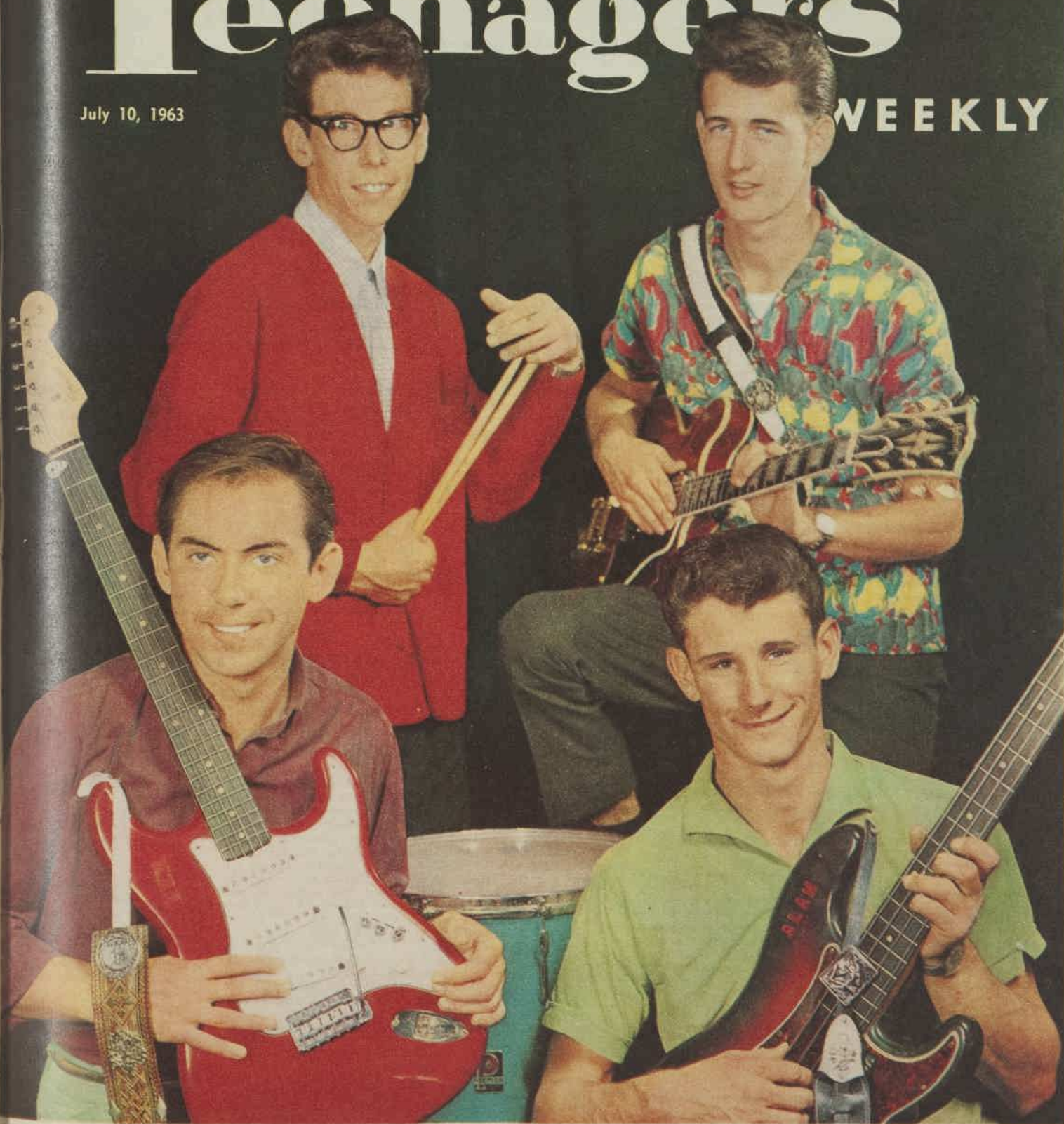
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

# Teenagers' WEEKLY

July 10, 1963



## CLIMBING THE CHARTS

THE DENVERMEN, whose first disc, "Surfside," soared to the top of the charts and whose second single, "Blue Mountains" - "Night Rider" (also written for them by Johnny Devlin), looks like being another success. These Sydney boys rehearse five days a week, run three dances, and are

currently working on an LP for release in September. They'll be visiting Melbourne soon, where they'll do a Festival Hall appearance, a lunch-hour concert, and dance dates. From left, in front, Tex Ihaz and Alan Crowe; at back, Phil Bower and Les Green. Their recording company is E.M.I.



# LETTERS

## Kitchen tea opposed by bride

I AM to be married in a couple of months, and a friend has kindly offered to give me a kitchen tea. However, although I appreciate her generosity I feel somewhat reluctant to have a party for what seems the sole purpose of collecting presents.

Admittedly none of the gifts need be expensive, but in my case the people invited to the kitchen tea would also be guests at the wedding, which would mean an additional present.

I think this is too much. What do other readers think? — Margaret A. Michie, Woodend, Vic.

## Wig wag

MY two friends and I bought a wig between us to try it out. When it came to my turn I had it set in a really high "beehive" style and wore it when we went to the pictures.

The boy sitting behind couldn't see a thing, and just for a lark his mates told him to ask the lady in front to "please remove her hair."

Can you imagine their faces when I did? — Dianne Bixon, Sydney.

## School uniforms

PERHAPS more girls' schools could take a tip from Stuartholme school and allow the girls a choice of colors in summer uniforms (see T.W., 12/6/63). Not all girls are suited to the same color scheme. The violet-eyed, raven-haired beauties look ghastly in brown, and a genuine brownette just as frightful in blue. Let's give the whole spectrum a go next summer. — "Glory," Geelong, Vic.

## PUZZLE

• In preparation for the days when Australia will have decimal currency, here is a simple problem.

You are offered two similar jobs, each to last 30 working days.

The pay for job A is five royals a day.

The pay for job B is one cent for the first day, two cents for the second day, four cents for the third day, eight cents for the fourth day, and so on until the 30th day each day's pay being double that of the previous day's pay.

Which job would you take?

Answer, page 7.

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

## Mature teens

I AM a 53-year-old grandfather. For many years I have been reading The Australian Women's Weekly, but only lately have I been reading Teenagers' Weekly.

Over the past decade I had acquired the view that all teenagers are juvenile delinquents, but from the letters published each week I have realised that the teenagers of today have a very mature outlook on life. — "Grandad," Loxton, S.A.

## Fear of future

RECENTLY I read in an English magazine a series of letters by young girls who all seemed to be in a hurry to experience as much as possible in the shortest space of time, because, to quote one writer, "over us loom shadows which make us feel insecure."

I do not feel that a catastrophe is waiting for me around the next corner, nor do any of the many teenagers I know.

Do other Australian teenagers feel that a shadow looms over them, portending a horrible and sudden end, or does our mode of life make it easier for teenagers here to take their pleasures as they come, and not rush madly from one to another? — E. Gray, Valley, Brisbane.

## Superstition

I HAVE bought the pattern for my wedding frock and I wish to make it myself. However, my mother prefers a dressmaker, saying it would be too much of a worry for me, and as I see my fiance every night and weekend I would never have an opportunity to sew.

Apparently my fiance is not allowed to see the frock at all. Is this restriction absolutely necessary? Neither of us is superstitious, if that is all that is involved. — "Apprehensive," Findon, S.A.

## Typewriter right?

MY mother says that I should handwrite all my personal letters, but I think that if a typewriter is available a typewritten letter is just as personal, and in some cases certainly more legible. Is a typewritten personal letter a breach of etiquette? — P. Thompson, Highett, Vic.

## Friendship garden

MY "friendship garden" forms a great part of my life. From packets of easy-to-grow seeds, pot-plants, and bulbs it grew and grew. Now it is a fair-sized plot entirely devoted to plants given to me by friends for running errands.

The joy of tending and watching plant life is a boundless source of interest. Happy memories, color, and perfume are always with me. — Pam Stuart, Broken Hill, N.S.W.

## School papers

SCHOOL students are not encouraged enough to express themselves through school magazines or newspapers.

Last year I was editor of one of our three school papers. One of these lasted six months, another lasted about a year, and mine folded up after 18 months of service to the school. The school magazine lasted only three issues.

The students would have been willing to support these efforts had they received encouragement. The truth is that they failed through lack of support from the teachers.

Surely in a venture requiring time and thought such as this one did, students could expect a little help and encouragement from their teachers. — M.C., N.S.W.

## Second language approved

• "Wondering," married to a European, said (T.W., 5/6/63) her husband wants their children to learn his language as well as English, but some of her friends opposed the idea.

LET your children learn their father's language. There will be no "making" them learn it, they will learn it from him as they learn English, and as easily, and it will be a bond between the children and their father.

Who knows, however good his English is, he may be still homesick for his native tongue, and what happier way to enjoy it than with his own children?

Why do you not learn it, too? I do not mean as a boring lesson with textbooks and grammar, but as a simple conversation, even if you never learn to read or write the language.

Your friends are narrow-minded, and how do they know you "will never be going to Europe to live"? A visit could be possible, and in a few years' time you may have a group of youngsters eagerly planning working holidays overseas. — (Mrs.) Winifred Lane, Narragin, W.A.

YOU should accept the fact that while your children are truly Australian, they have



"That steady of hers was a real drag, man — he dumped her before she had a chance to dump him."

## Majority friendly

MY sincerest sympathies go to Ruth Sput (T.W., 5/6/63), who was justifiably upset at words written on a fence condemning the Jews. What a terrible thing for any human being to write anywhere.

The Nazis' persecution of the Jews is to me disgusting, inhuman, and completely excusable, and I am shocked that any such appalling sentiments should exist in Australia.

Nevertheless, I am sure that the majority of Australians feel

as I do — nothing but friendship and understanding toward you and other members of the Jewish race. — Julia Green, Belmont, N.S.W.

## Next week

• Five eye-catching fashions for spring and summer are featured in our next issue. They include new sleeveless coat effects, new-look shifts, and a skimmer dress.

their father's blood, too, and should be allowed to inherit the culture of his land.

The Government pays thousands of pounds annually to have foreign languages taught in our schools so that our culture may be widened. Why ignore this culture in your own home? — "No Wonder," Geelong, Vic.

CHILDREN learn a language very easily. I am married to a Latvian who can speak his own language as well as German and English fluently. I am learning German myself, and will certainly let my children learn all three of these languages. — "Harmless," Darwin.

OBVIOUSLY your friends do not speak a second language. You may never go to Europe, but with trips abroad becoming so popular they may become a "must" by the time your children grow to maturity.

Besides paying a tribute to your husband, who has taken the trouble to learn our diffi-

cult language, it would be unfair to deprive your children of a valuable asset acquired naturally in the home. — Joan St. John, Geelong, Vic.

YOU have a wonderful opportunity to help your children benefit from a thorough knowledge of a second language. What better stimulus could your children have to learn a foreign language than that offered by the patient coaching of an interested parent?

Your children will thank you in later life when they realise the advantages in travel, the professions, and cultural activities that a second language gives them. — L. R. Smith, Coogee, N.S.W.

REVERSE the position. If you lived in your husband's country, would you not be eager for your children to learn English? So go ahead and let your husband teach your children his native tongue. — Marguerite Wallace, Roseville, N.S.W.



*They are taught the  
social graces as  
well as astronautics*

# Air cadets train for Space Age

● Spacemen of the future could be among the 53 cadets of the U.S. Air Force Academy, Colorado Springs, who recently made a 13-day study tour of Australia and New Zealand.

CLEAN-CUT and well groomed, they were a wonderful advertisement for the Academy and for their country.

The boys visited Canberra, Melbourne, the R.A.A.F. Academy at Point Cook, Adelaide, Woomera, Sydney, and New Zealand.

A tour of this kind is part of the four-year course at the Academy and occurs at the end of the second year. This is the first time a cadet class has come to Australia, but others have been to Europe, South America, and the Far East.

Two of the cadets, Bart Holaday, from North Dakota, and Craig McKinney, from Texas, told me that the Academy had a long association with Australia.

Wing Commander Fred Knudsen, now C.O. of basic flying training at Point Cook, was exchange R.A.A.F. officer at the Academy from June, 1960, to January, 1963. He taught military science and was also deputy director of military training.

"All the cadets got to know and like him," Craig said. "He made us interested in Australia."

"Through him and Squadron-Leader Tony Fookes, the present exchange officer, we knew a lot about this country before we came."

During these tours the cadets not only learn about Air Force establishments, but are also briefed by experts on the political and social life of the country.

On the Australian tour they visited a sheep property near Canberra to see how wool is

By  
**Margaret Berkeley**

grown, and later, in Melbourne, at a woollen mill, they saw what happened to the wool.

The youngest of the U.S. military academies (its counterparts are the Navy Academy at Annapolis and the Army Academy at West Point), the U.S.A.F. Academy, which now has 2500 cadets, turned out its first graduate class in 1959.

Colonel George J. Cameron, the Academy's chaplain, who was in charge of the Australian tour, said that applicants for cadetship must be between 17 and 22. The average age of the 53 cadets who visited Australia was 20.

Qualifications for entry are stringent — only 755 were accepted this year from 32,000 applicants — and of the Academy's first 1000 graduates seven were Rhodes Scholars.

When a cadet graduates, he is a second-lieutenant with a regular commission. This is equivalent

to a pilot-officer in the R.A.A.F.

Astronautics is part of the curriculum at the Academy, and special arrangements can be made for graduates to go on to civilian space establishments.

Fourteen graduates of the Academy are now attending Purdue University in Indiana to further their studies in this field.

But the curriculum places as much emphasis on the humanities as on the sciences.

"It satisfies all the requirements for an ordinary university degree, plus all the requirements for a military career," Colonel Cameron said.

And on top of that, cadets are turned-out polished to the nth degree in all the social graces, such as dancing and the niceties of Emily Post.

"Many of the boys don't know the finer points of etiquette

when they first come to the Academy," Bart Holaday said. "So the upper classmen help them out at the parties and dances organised by an official hostess."

"We discuss these things at mealtime, and you'll often find three or four cadets getting together for a special session studying problems of decorum."

Does rigorous discipline of the type traditionally associated with military academies prevail at their Academy?

"There is a class system," Craig said, "and the fourth-class year can be very tough."

"But there is a purpose behind it. We have a saying, 'You have to learn to follow before you can learn to lead.'"

While being interviewed in the foyer of their Melbourne hotel, Bart and Craig showed no impatience, although they were already late for evening dates with Melbourne girls.

**CADETS Jim Thomas (left), Bart Holaday, and Craig McKinney (right) talking with their chaplain, Colonel George J. Cameron, at their Melbourne hotel.**

As they prepared to say goodbye, Colonel Cameron reminded them that taps would be at 2.30 a.m., "because they've been good boys," he laughed.

He added that the officers had never had the slightest trouble with the boys on these tours.

"But we have to look after them and make sure they get enough rest," he said.

"A pleasure to have met you, ma'am," the two cadets said.

And they walked off in their neat blue uniforms, spacemen of the future, perhaps — but certainly very presentable earthmen for the present.



**AERIAL VIEW** of the ultra-modern U.S. Air Force Academy at Colorado Springs. Set in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, the buildings of aluminium, white marble, granite, and glass are dominated by the chapel (centre background), with its 17 spires.



# SPRING FASHIONS IN THAI SILK

● Popular shapes and styles take on a newly pretty air in this handful of delicious Thai silk fashions for spring. Colorful, clinging, and light-as-cloud, nowadays Thai silk is a preferred fabric that imparts a look of luxury (at within-reach prices) to sports and casual wear.

Pictures by staff photographer  
Adelie Hurley.



TOP-HIT of the season—the sleeveless long-line jacket that buttons through and ties low on the hips (sizes XSSW to SW, 7 gns.), worn with parchment tapered slacks (sizes 24 to 28in waist, 7 gns.).



EASTERN CHARM (left) in long-line tunic top that falls straight down from a small stand-up collar and is slit on the sides. Massed necklaces lend a teahouse touch. (Sizes XSSW to SW, 7 gns.)





SHORT shoulder-straps (above) are bow-tied to match the bows on sides of the skirt in this easy-fall shift style. (Sizes XSSW to SW, £9/19/11.) Fluted straw hat banded with matching material (59/11).

VIVID Thai silk hipster dress (left), sleeveless and narrowly shaped on top, with self-belt and deep inverted pleats on sides. This design buttons through from neck to hemline. (Sizes XSSW to SW, £11/11/-)

PALE silk shift (right) is caught high under bust with flat bow. (Sizes XSSW to SW, £13/19/11.) Slotted rouse tie at waist is sole trimming of design at far right. (Sizes XSSW to SW, 10 gns.)

(Fashions from Sportswear Dept., Cursons, Sydney.)

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — July 10, 1963



Teenagers' Weekly — Page 5



Louise  
Hunter

Here's

your answer

### Family tree

"I WOULD like to know how I can find out a few details about my family tree. My grandfather has already told us many things. He has shown my mother the crest ring and told her that our family has a castle in Scotland. This is named after us. I would like to know if this castle is still standing, as my grandfather is very old and has been in this country a long time. We think that he came over with his father, but we aren't too sure, as his mind keeps wandering. I have heard that tracing the family history can be expensive. Is this true?"

"Missing Link," S.A.

The Society of Australian Genealogists, which has a research officer in each State, will probably be able to supply at least some of the information you want. You should write to the Society at its head office, 148 Phillip Street, Sydney. You will be sent a form to fill in, listing family particulars.

The charge for research (which is done by means of a large collection of books and records) is fixed by the amount of time it takes and is usually about 10/6 an hour.

### Teen triangle

"RECENTLY I spent a weekend with a very good friend of mine, and her brother had a friend who appealed to us both. Before this, my friend fell in love with this boy and he liked her, too. During this weekend he turned his attentions to me and I could not help returning his affection. My friend and I now do not seem to get on as well as we used to. Even though she says it's not because I am now going steady with the boy, I think it must be. What should I do? I have asked my friend does she want me to stop seeing the boy, and she says 'no,' but I feel that I cannot stand the strained atmosphere any longer, because it may endanger our long-standing friendship."

"Triangle," N.S.W.

Your friendship with this girl was endangered the moment her boy-friend became interested in you. If she is still in love with him, you can't expect her to be relaxed and cheerful in your company, which reminds her continually of him. It's quite likely that hurt pride prevents her from admitting that losing him to you is the cause of the strain between you.

Unless she finds romance somewhere else very soon, you may have to decide who you want most to keep — your boy-friend or your girl-friend.

### Dates and friends

"I AM a girl in my middle teens who can't decide between two boys. One is a boy I met about a year ago. He is very nice to me, but only treats me as a good friend. He always talks to me, but that's as far as it goes. The other is a boy who goes to the youth club I belong to. He has talked to me casually, and whenever he sees me he

smiles at me. I haven't really met him yet, but my friends say they will introduce us. I like both boys a lot and I would like to go with one of them, just casually — nothing serious. They are not interfering with my school work. I have never gone with a boy (though all my friends have). But I would not like to lose the friendship of either of these two."

"Decision," Tas.

It looks as though the decision is up to the boys, doesn't it? I'm sure they both have a fair idea that you like them. The one you have known for a year has had plenty of time to ask you out (if he thought you were old enough), so you'd better pin your hopes on the other one.

There's no reason why you should lose the friendship of the other boy if you go out with one of them. Dating one boy doesn't automatically mean you cease being friends with other boys — in fact, it's a very good idea that you make sure it doesn't.

### Jealous fiancé

"I HAVE recently become engaged, and my fiancé and I plan to marry early next year. This August my mother and I would like to go back to our home town in another State for about 10 days. As I'm not likely to be able to after I'm married, I would very much like to see all my relatives and friends again, but my fiancé is against

my going, because of my ex-boy-friends there. Am I being selfish in wanting to go back to my home town? We have only been living in this State for six months, and I met my fiancé here."

"Undecided," Qld.

You're not being selfish. It's only natural that you should want to see your relatives and old friends again, particularly now that you have a brand-new engagement ring to show them and wedding plans to tell them about.

If it could be arranged, it would be a fine idea to have your fiancé go with you, or at least join you for the last few days of your holiday.

If he can't go, have a talk to him and point out that as you are marrying him in preference to any of your former flames, he should have enough confidence in your love for him to trust you out of his sight for 10 days.

### Reluctant bride

"I AM an 18-year-old girl, engaged to be married in three months' time. I have just found out that I am very much in love with a married man in the office where I work. Every time I see him I feel dizzy and I do not know what I would do if I did not see him every day. He is 36 years old and has three children. My girl-friends at work say it is just a crush. I was in love with my fiancé, but now the sight of him does not thrill me as much as that of the man in the office. Do you think it is only a crush I have on him, or do you think I should leave the office and try to forget him? I cannot break with my fiancé because all the arrangements have been made for the wedding and some presents have already been received. Everyone wants us to be married, as we have been going together ever since primary-school days."

"Entangled," W.A.

Even if it means returning dozens of gifts, postpone your wedding. You're obviously not ready to go to the altar, and if you go through with it you're heading for trouble. If the sight of this man in the office makes you feel dizzy now, someone else (not your husband)

## A word from Debbie



TIRED of your old winter suit?

Can't afford to buy a new one? Well, rejuvenate it and pep it up — it's so simple.

If made in a light shade, have it dyed another color. The result is a completely different looking outfit.

Change old buttons for new. Invest in the new gold and silver medallion type.

Edge the jacket edges, sleeve cuffs, and collar with Chanel ribbon braid.

Or just have it dry-cleaned and pressed and add a tartan mohair stole for up-to-the-minute fashion glamor, but only with a plain fabric.

Or buy one of the new chiffon or silk shirts to wear underneath. Have a contrasting color, like a navy-blue suit with a lime-green blouse. Wow!

will probably be making you feel dizzy in six months' time.

Leave your job and take a few weeks' holiday by yourself. If that's not possible, find another job and ask your fiancé not to see you for a few weeks.

Your trouble is that you started going steady much too young and haven't had the chance to get to know other men. You'll get over your infatuation for the man in the office much quicker than you think. But the important thing is to sort out your feelings for your fiancé. It would be very wrong to marry him just because other people want you to.

### Life must go on

"I AM a 16-year-old girl. Two years ago I was madly in love with a 19-year-old boy. We had been going steady for about seven months when he died after a car accident. Since then I have dated occasionally, but I still haven't got over my first love, and I seem to be only using other boys up. Can you tell me how I can get over this, please?"

"Confused," Vic.

Many people have probably told you that time will solve your problem. But in two years (particularly at your age) you should have had time, not so much to "get over your first love," but to adjust yourself to living fully in the present and enjoying life with other young people again.

Are you sure you haven't built up an image of this boy in your mind — one with which you've been comparing all the boys you've met since, and with which they've fallen short? To admit this is not being disloyal to his memory. You were very young when you knew him, and we're all apt to look back at our first love through rose-colored glasses.

Don't keep looking for someone to replace your first boy-friend. Try just making friends with the boys you meet — and girls, too. If you don't belong to a youth club, join one. And don't look backward too much.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Beauty  
in brief

## OLIVER HAIRCUT

THE much-talked-about Oliver haircut is a good bet for teenage girls who are prepared to abandon the bouffant for a short, boyish style.

The Oliver haircut is, of course, a straight pinch from the famous musical-comedy "Oliver!", seen here, and based on the Charles Dickens classic "Oliver Twist."

In the play Master Oliver and a group of attractive youngsters, who dance and sing their way through it, all have Oliver haircuts, which give them a shaggy, waiflike appeal and worldliness.

For the girls there are many versions of the Oliver hairstyle, or cockney cut, as it is sometimes called. It's a cute little shape, by and large, short, rounded with a capped crown and ears peeping out, or not, as you prefer.

The effect is particularly fetching framing a wide-eyed pixie face.

Thick top hair, brushed into long bangs which flop over the forehead, falls into wispy ends. These shaggy bangs can also be slanted across the forehead or pushed back casually as if an earnest young hand had casually



shoved the straying locks out of the eyes.

In the feminine version of the new style pictured above the top hair combs off from a short side-part, bangs are long and bouncy, the ears are uncovered.

Cut in a curve to hug the nape of the neck, back hair can be curled slightly for extra softness or brushed straight with a wisp or two to break the line.

— Carolyn Earle



LISTEN HERE—with Diane Roberts

## Dancer and musician turns to singing

● One of the most versatile artists in Australian show business is 22-year-old Peter Brandon. In addition to dancing and playing the trumpet, drums, and piano, he is now succeeding as a singer.

SINGING is only a recent addition to his list of talents, but he is already one of the familiar voices on "Bandstand."

A New Zealand boy, Peter has been playing trumpet since he was 12 years old, influenced by musical parents. His mother was a singer and his father a violinist.

When Peter left school, he kept up his musical studies,

and got a job working during the day in a lingerie firm.

A singing and instrumental group, The Sapphires, were planning to make a tour of the North Island when one of their members couldn't make it at the last minute, so Peter auditioned and got the job.

After this he started playing with other groups appearing in clubs in Auckland, and finally gave up his job to devote himself to a show-business career.

His first record, "The Tall Oak Tree," was released in New Zealand, Australia, and England. He made three visits to Australia, and the third time he stayed on to study music at Sydney's Conservatorium.

Peter had made friends with Merv Hall, one of the Four Clefs, when the group toured New Zealand with Johnny Lockwood, and when one of the Four Clefs left Merv asked Peter to replace him.

They first worked in Melbourne, doing three TV shows a week, and appeared with Raymond Burr, Guy Mitchell, and Vicky Benet.

Coming to Sydney, the group worked in a nightclub and appeared on "The Limb Show" and "Singalong."

Peter then decided to break out on his own as a single act. He figured things wouldn't be too tough, because he was already well known from working with the Clefs.

But that was just the trouble. Everybody remembered him as a group member, and nobody seemed to want him alone.

"I was getting really depressed and thinking of throwing in the lot," he said. "But then I auditioned for 'Bandstand,' and was signed on the spot for 12 months."

"The only trouble now is that nobody knows what to bill me as—a singer, dancer, or musician."

"I'm now concentrating on my singing, but hope that when I'm more established I'll be able to get out there and surprise everyone by going into my full routine."

THE success of Ray Price's latest album, "One Day I Met An African," was not only good news for Ray and the Quartet, but behind the scenes it has kicked off what could be a new career for Sydney University student Bill Flickier.

Bill, a first-year engineering student, wrote one of the tracks on the album, "My Lover Mr. Moon," a pretty, haunting melody featuring Pat Rose on clarinet. It's the first number 19-year-old Bill has had recorded, and he hopes for more.

When Bill was five he studied the violin in his native Poland, and since coming to Australia six years ago he switched to learning guitar.

He says his engineering degree comes first, so he'll concentrate on his studies, but he could have a profitable sideline on his hands.



JOHN LAWS, Sydney disc jockey and national TV star, has a visit from Harry the Hairy Ape himself, who presented Johnny with a copy of his record, "Harry The Hairy Ape" (Philips 45). A nonsense record by Ray Stevens, it is similar to his last hit, "Ahab The Arab." If you liked "Ahab," you'll be just wild about "Harry." On the flipside is "Little Stone Statue."

COL JOYE and the Joy Boys are certainly moving about. Recently returned from a trip to the snow with Judy Cannon, where they played at Thredbo, they are now busily preparing for a big Queensland tour in August.

The first performance of the tour will be at the Brisbane Festival Hall, and from there they will go to Cairns and work back down into N.S.W., appearing at Lismore, Casino, and Taree.

Judy Stone and Rob E.G. will be among artists on the tour, and altogether they will make 36 one-night stands and expect to be away about a month. They will all travel in a hired train.

A NEW Festival LP, "The Best Of Col And Judy," is just that—the best and most successful songs Judy Stone and Col Joye have recorded. One side features Col, the flipside is all Judy.

If you missed out on any of their earlier discs, this is the one to buy, and it would also make a great gift.

FESTIVAL have come up with a double first this week—a new record label and a new artist. The label is RG and

the artist is Jimmy Hannan, and together they have produced an RG EP, "Jimmy Hannan Sings"—and very pleasantly, too.

Jimmy is already well known as compere of TCN's "Saturday Date" and the national quiz programme "Say When."

Jimmy went overseas to try his luck and he gained a wealth of experience working in Canada and the U.S.A. with top artists like Carmen McRae, Eydie Gorme, and Steve Lawrence.

As a recording artist he handles numbers like "All The King's Men" and "Highway Of Love" with equal ease, in a smooth, warm style.

### Puzzle answer

● Here is the answer to our puzzle on page 2: If you accepted job A at five royals a day, your total earnings would be 150 royals—but you would be very silly, because if you took job B your earnings would be 10,737,418.23 royals!

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## WORTH HEARING

### Stravinsky, Ravel, Bizet: Orchestral works

THE World Record Club issues a record containing three suites of descriptive orchestral music. The composers are Stravinsky, Ravel, and Bizet; the music is played by the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Carlo Maria Giulini.

Despite their differences, the three suites have this in common: they are all, in one way or another, "make-believe" music. They bring to mind the stories and fantasies of childhood which never quite lose their fascination for us.

"The Firebird," Stravinsky's first ballet, is based on a Russian fairytale about a captive princess, a wicked magician, a prince who rescues the princess, and the magic Firebird which helps him. Stravinsky's music glows with color and Giulini gives the suite one of the liveliest of the many recorded performances.

Ravel's "Mother Goose Suite," a set of subtle and delicate tonal pictures, calls up episodes from famous fairy stories—Sleeping Beauty, Tom Thumb, Beauty and the Beast.

Bizet's "Children's Games" is a delightful suite of nursery pieces, ending with a breezy "galop."

—Martin Long

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## PUNCH AND DUTY!

● I see that a young woman member of the West German Bundestag (Parliament) has been receiving bundles of marriage proposals.

THIS, of course, is just one of the problems a woman must face if she wants to rule a country as well as the roost.

A pretty parliamentarian must be prepared for bills—and coos!

Indeed, there's even a legislative love song. You know it—"Pale Hansard I Love!"

Women politicians would certainly change the style of American Presidential election propaganda.

Lady candidates would really "soft soap" voters. You would see perhaps an ad. with the two lives of the parties. A line would say: "Who will get the White House?"

Even though she gets her P.M.'s mixed up, a girl who is late for a date could easily become Chancellor of West Germany.

She only has to do what she always does—add an hour! I see, too, that the black eyes have it—meaning female intrusion—also.

It appears that a Mrs. Kyoko Shimada, a 29-year-old Japanese housewife, is a regular boxing second.

Some superstitious pugs would perhaps regard it as a bad omen—having a second whose name ends in KO.

Even if Shimada a good fist of the job!

Generally, however, they should be welcomed with open arms. What feller would knock back the chance of getting a girl in a corner?

Of course, married women would be in big demand as seconds. A wife is wise in ways that apply to boxing.

Throwing in the towel, for instance, should be just as easy with a ring as with a washing-machine.

Single girls would mostly be unsuitable—hit and miss, you might say.

Some marriageable ones, however, would be good as second second thoughts. They must be marriageable though.

Only in that way could boxing be known as the noble art of self defence!

—Robin Adair

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# Sprinting to Tokyo

● During the spring and summer months ahead, hundreds of Australians will be running faster and yet faster. They'll all be chasing the same rainbow, but only a few, such as 17-year-old Joyce Bennett, of Western Australia, will catch it.

**THIS** elusive "rainbow" is well worth the chase, for at the end of it is a tailored-to-measure Australian blazer and an enviable trip to the Tokyo Olympics.

Standards set by the International Amateur Athletic Federation (the governing body of the Olympic Games) are so high for Tokyo that on last season's performances only 15 Australian women would make the track and field events.

Joyce Bennett, who recently was chosen as "Sports Star of the Month" in her home State, is one of these.

She'd make the grade both on her 100-metre and 200-metre performances, and she's so keen to get to Tokyo that next season she could make last year's times look silly.

Joyce, who lives in Guildford, has been interested in running since she was at primary school, where she had several wins in her age group.

By Cynthia Robinson

Later, at Stirling High School, she proved in fast fashion that her early wins were no flukes. At 15 she started developing Commonwealth Games dreams.

And her dreams came true at the Perth Games last November, where she won a silver medal in the 200yds. event and a gold medal in the women's relay.

Joyce, a shorthand-typist, first zoomed into the sporting headlines during the Commonwealth Games trials in Melbourne last October. Trained by former Olympic champion Shirley Strickland, Joyce was THE surprise of the trials.

One of the last girls named in the Western Australian squad, she staggered everyone (herself most of all) by beating Betty Cuthbert in the final of the 220yds.

In the Australian championships in Brisbane last March she again beat Betty and won

the 220yds. event in 23.5 secs.

This performance, which was on a wet track, is considered to about equal Betty Cuthbert's 200-metre world record of 23.2 sec., which was set when Betty was exactly Joyce's age.

Joyce—who was also second in the 100yds. at the Australian championships — has proved that she has the temperament and style of a "big occasion" champion, a factor which endears her to team selectors.

For relaxation Joyce studies classical piano-playing, and last year she passed Grade Five in University exams.

She also spends some time making her own clothes (with her mother's help), but claims that there's little time left over for other hobbies or interests.

"And at my age romance certainly doesn't enter the picture," said Joyce. "My dreams are of winning a trip to Tokyo. Dreams of winning the hearts of handsome boys will come later."

Next Week: Kay Bruner



JOYCE BENNETT, "the girl who beat Betty Cuthbert," has already proved that she has the temperament and style of a "big occasion" sprint champion.

